



SWING SISSON



POISON IVY



BIG TOP



ROSCOE



SHENANIGAN

# FEATURE

COMICS

SM  
★  
9

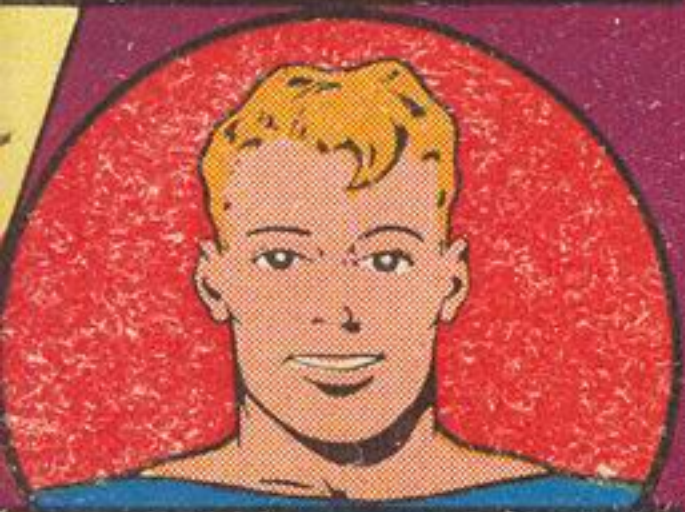


SEPTEMBER  
No. 114

*The* **DOLL MAN**  
*meets*  
**TOM THUMB,**  
a menace his own  
size!



LALA PALOOZA



RUSTY RYAN



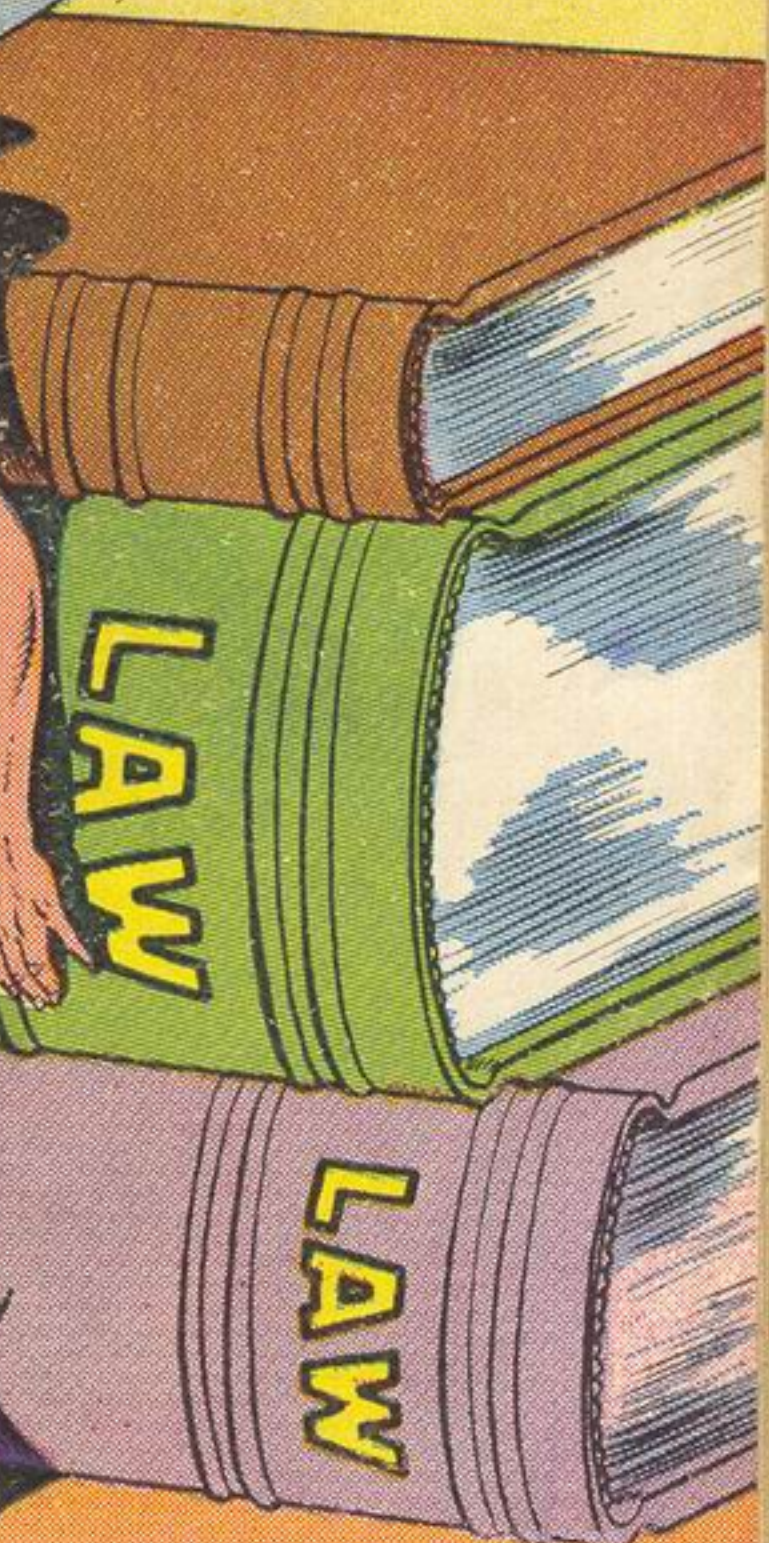
PERKY



BLIMPY



10¢







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



**WANTED!** *Skinny Weaklings* to become **HE-MEN**

Let me **PROVE**  
I can make **YOU**  
**TOUGH AS**  
**TARZAN**

inside and out... in double quick time  
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!

says *George F. Jowett*  
**WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER**



"The Jowett System  
is the greatest in the  
world!" says R. F. Kelly,  
Physical Director  
Atlantic City.

**Give me 10 Minutes a Day**

**Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength**

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

**PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT**

Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Molding A Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that will surge through your muscles. But better order all five courses for \$1.00!

**READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY**  
**ABOUT JOWETT. WHY DON'T YOU FOLLOW IN**  
**THEIR FOOTSTEPS!**



**A. PASSAMONT**, Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.

**REX FERRIS**, Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he: "I owe everything to Jowett methods!" Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!



**SEND FOR JOWETT'S**  
**PHOTO BOOK OF**  
**FAMOUS STRONG MEN!**

This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for this FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.



**JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE**  
230 Fifth Ave., Dept. Q-79 • New York 1, N. Y.

**BUILD A BODY**  
**YOU'LL BE PROUD OF**

**Send for These**  
**FIVE Famous Courses**  
**NOW in BOOK FORM**  
**ONLY 25c EACH**  
**or ALL 5 for \$1**

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

**10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!**

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only ONE DOLLAR—or any one of them for 25c. If you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded!

Don't let this opportunity get away from you! And don't forget—by sending the FREE GIFT COUPON at once, you receive a FREE copy of the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."



**FREE GIFT COUPON!**

**JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE**  
230 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 1, N. Y. **DEPT. Q-79**

George F. Jowett—Please send by return mail, prepaid, FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, along with courses checked below:

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> All 5 Picture Courses complete for which I enclose \$1.00 in full payment  | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Chest, 25c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Molding Mighty Legs, 25c   | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Arm, 25c   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Grip, 25c   | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Back, 25c  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1.00 plus post.) no orders less than \$1. sent C.O.D. |  |

NAME .....

AGE .....

(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY. INCLUDE ZONE NUMBER)

ADDRESS .....



# The DOLL MAN

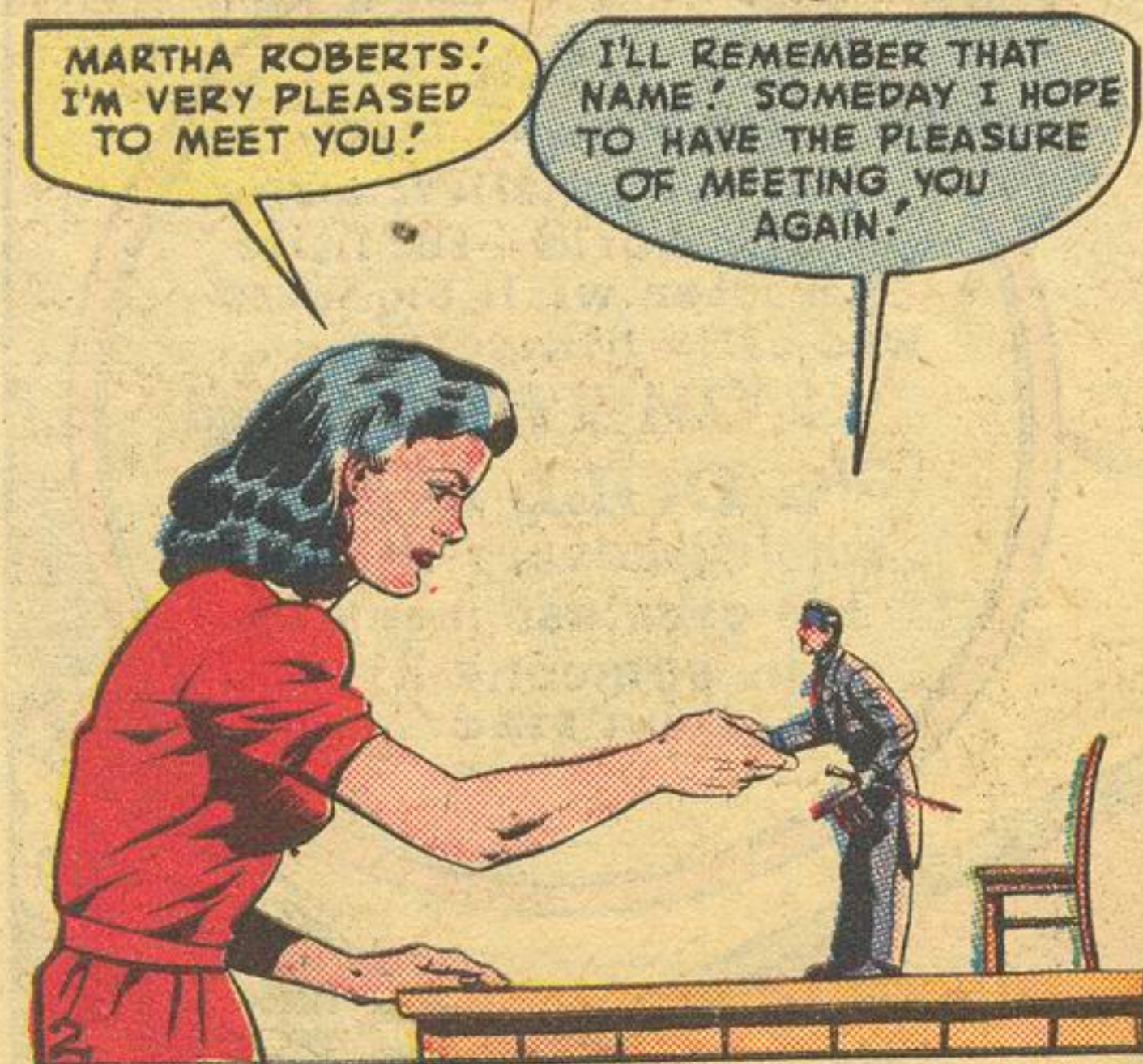
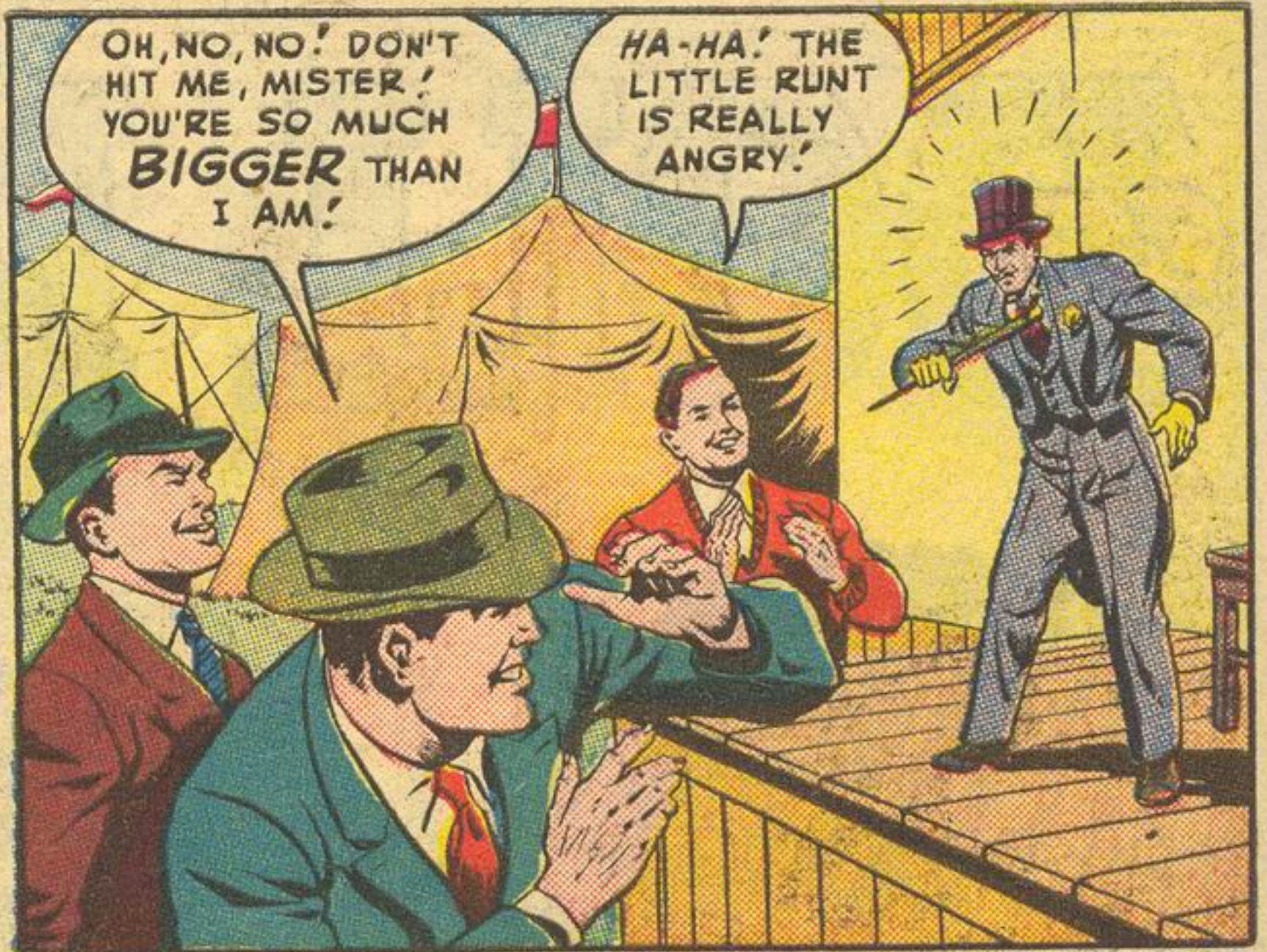
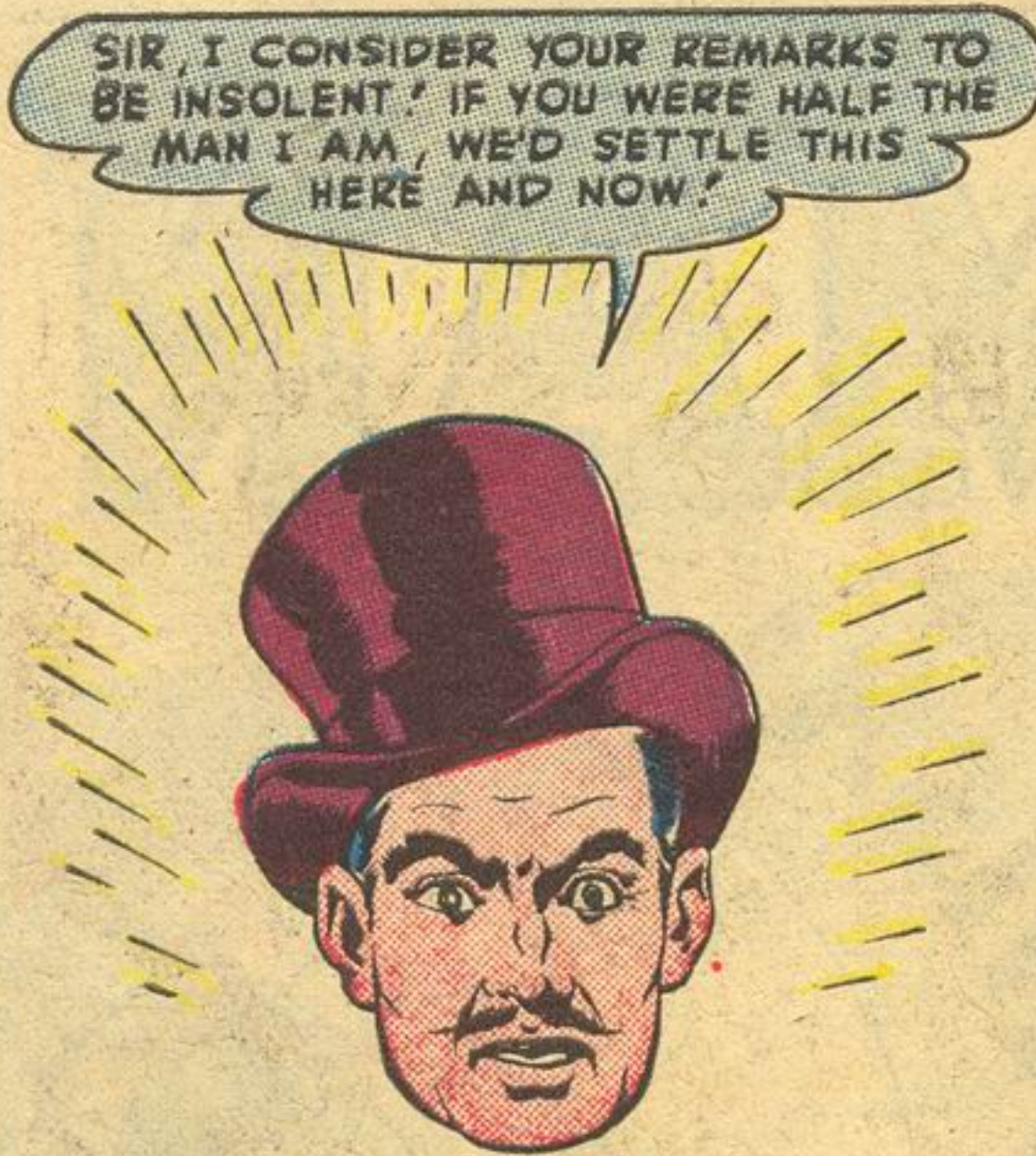


Step up and meet  
the two smallest men  
in the world...the little  
character with big ideas  
who calls himself

**TOM THUMB** and  
**The DOLL MAN**,  
who discovers one of  
his greatest menaces  
in someone his  
own size!

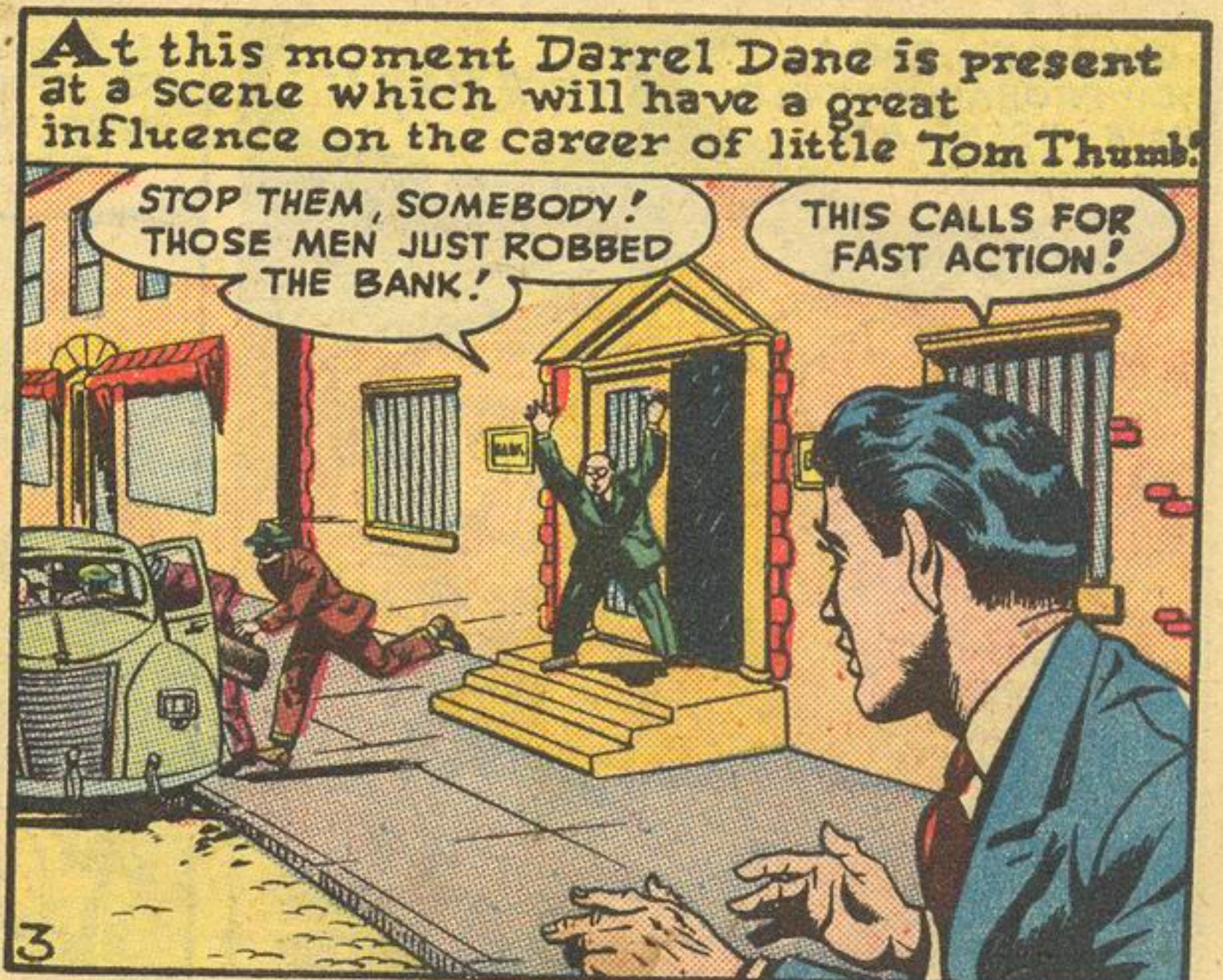
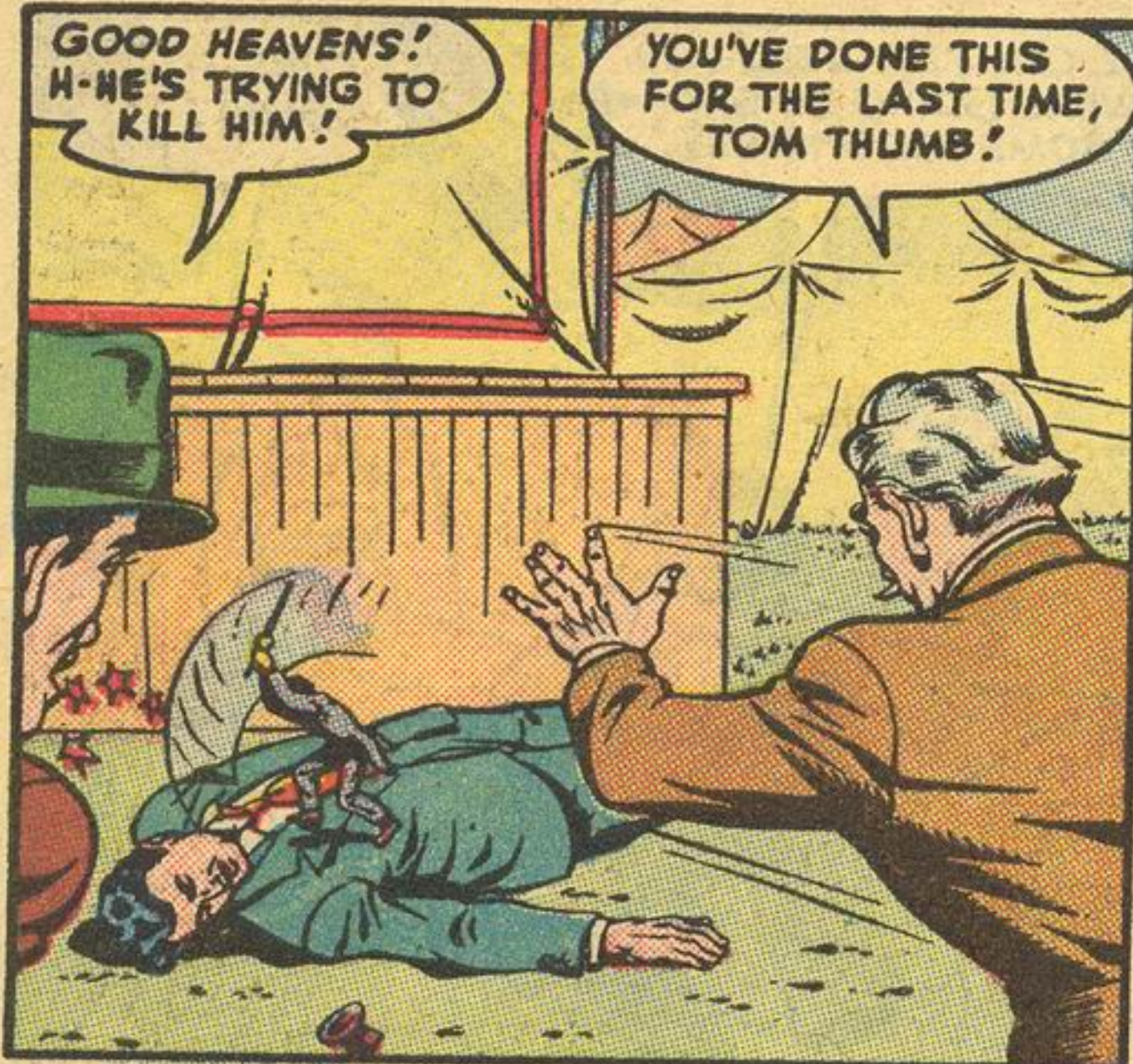


FEATURE COMICS





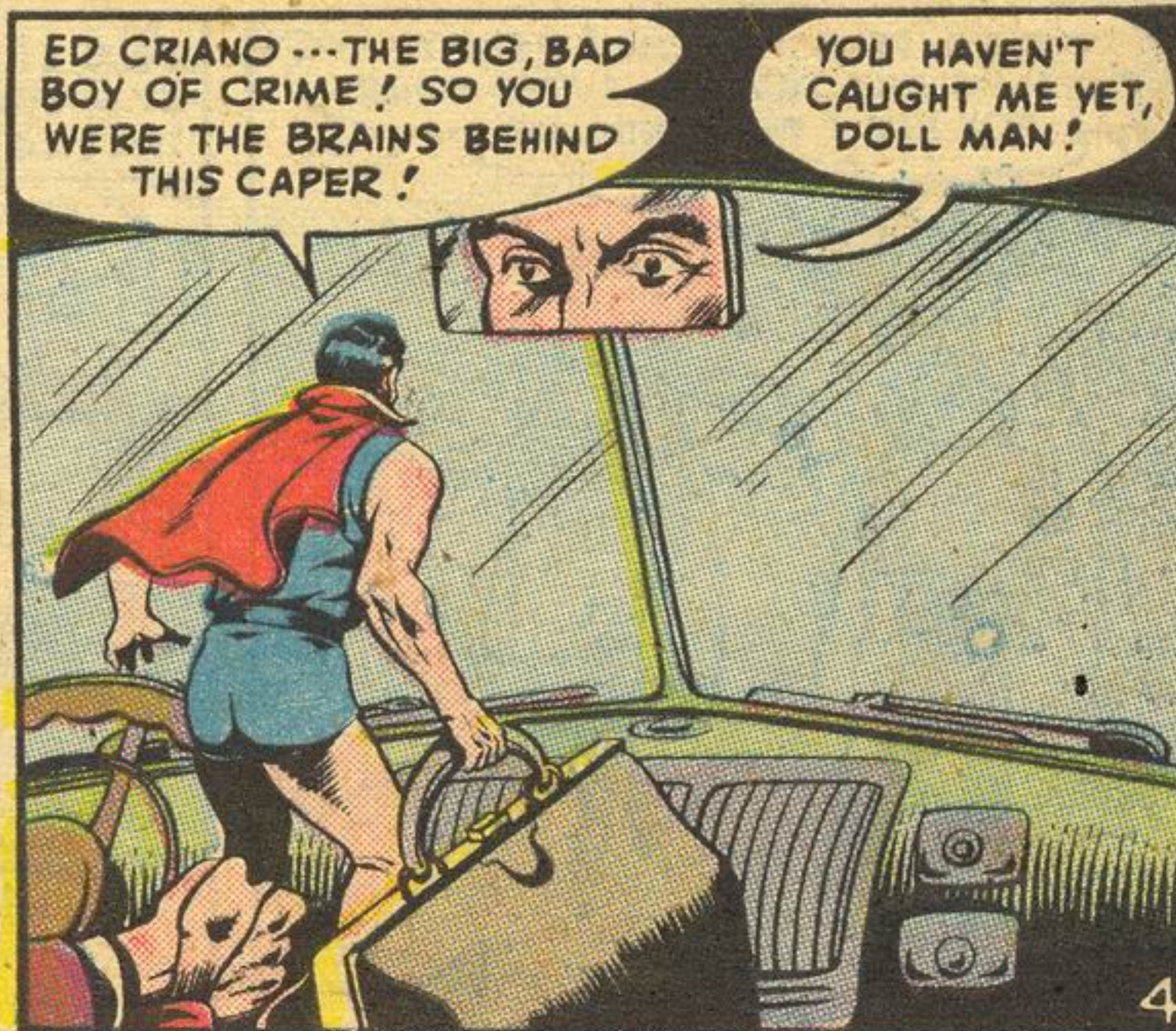
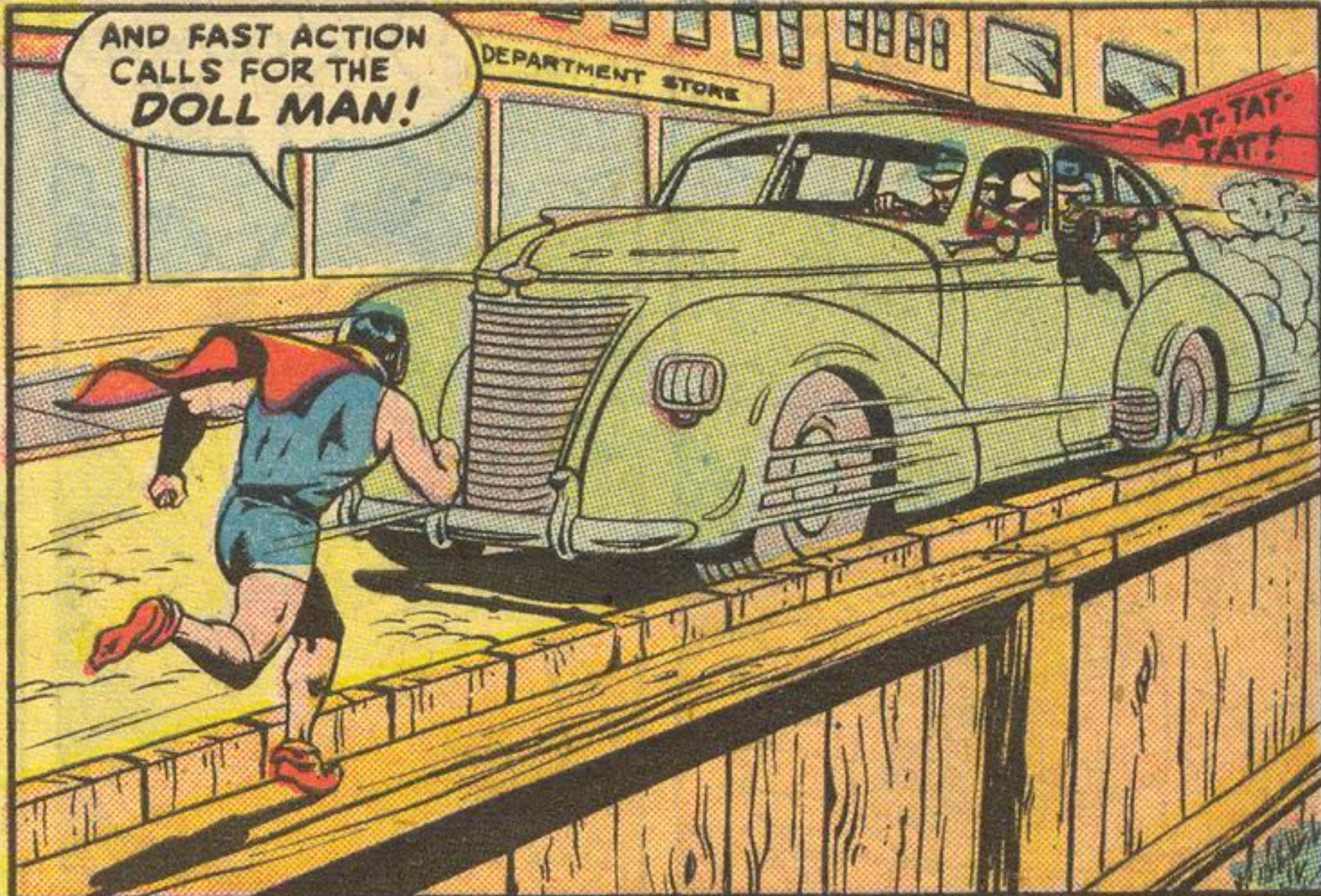
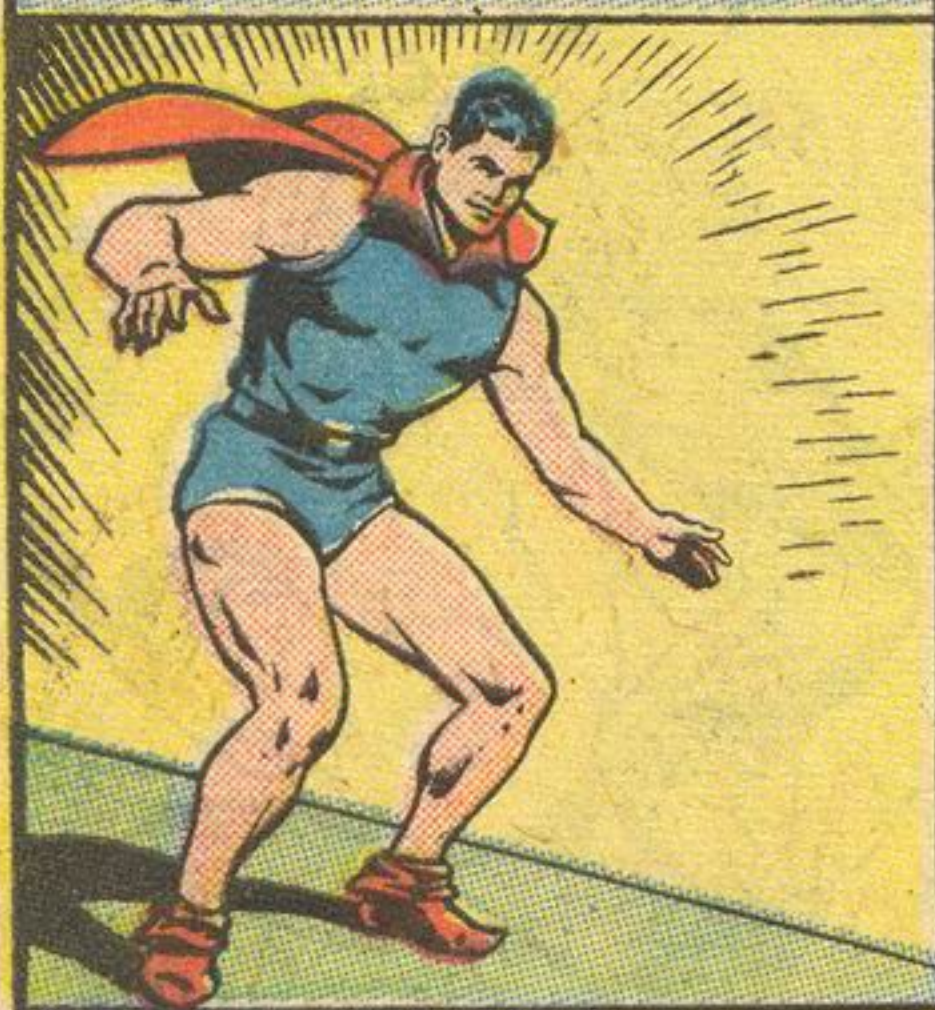
FEATURE COMICS





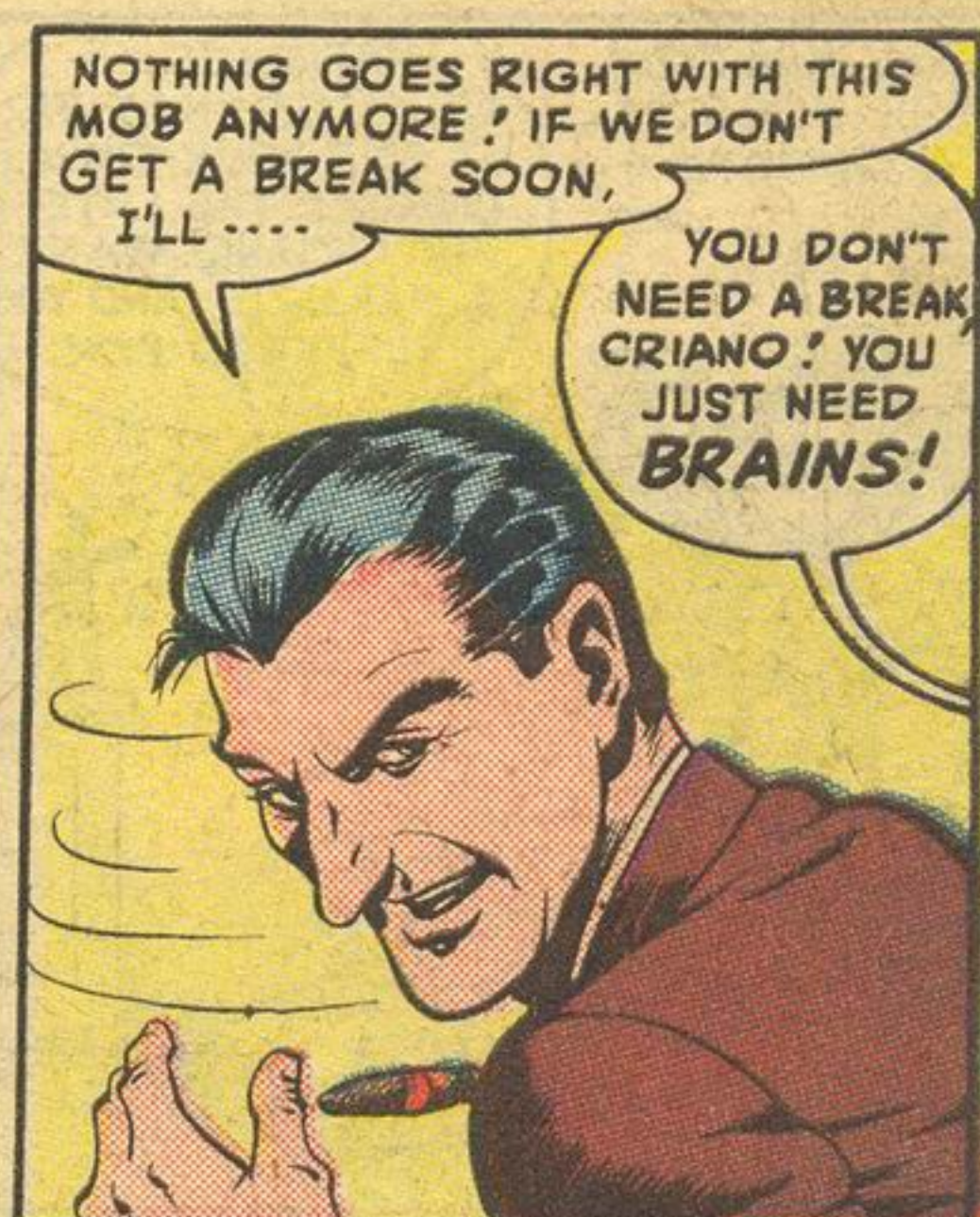
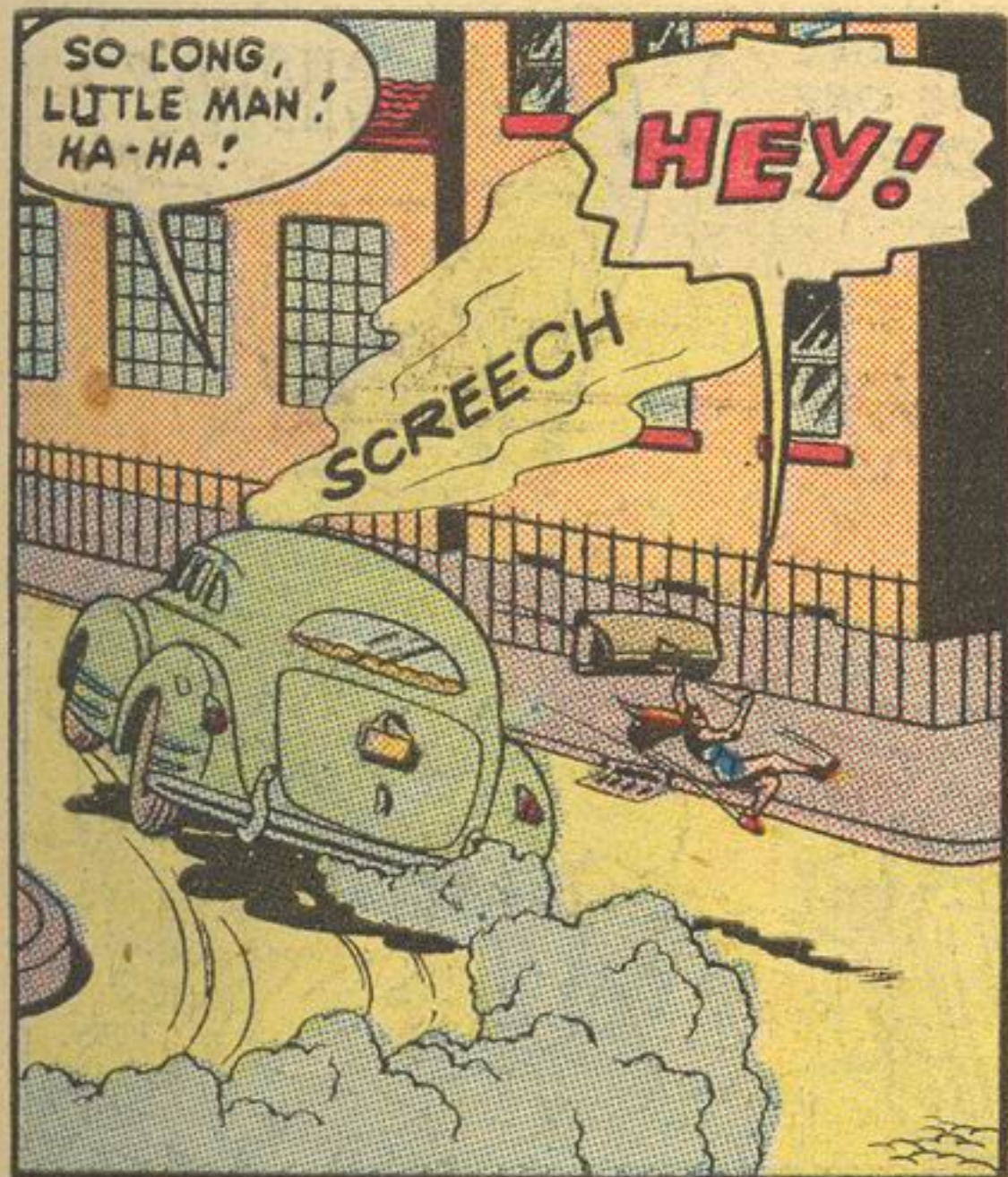
FEATURE COMICS

Darrel Dane possesses the unique ability of condensing the molecules of his body to form the dynamic **DOLL MAN!**

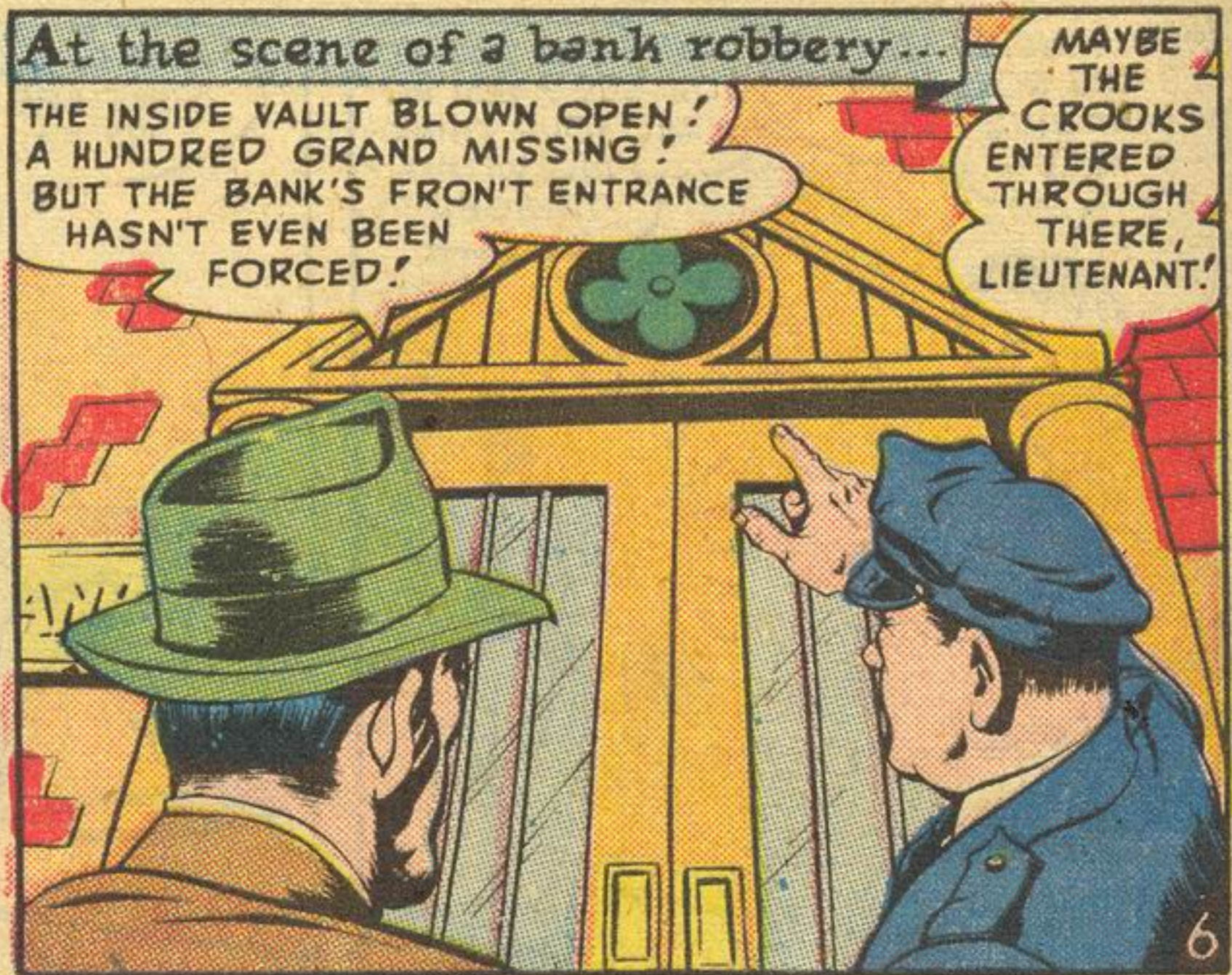
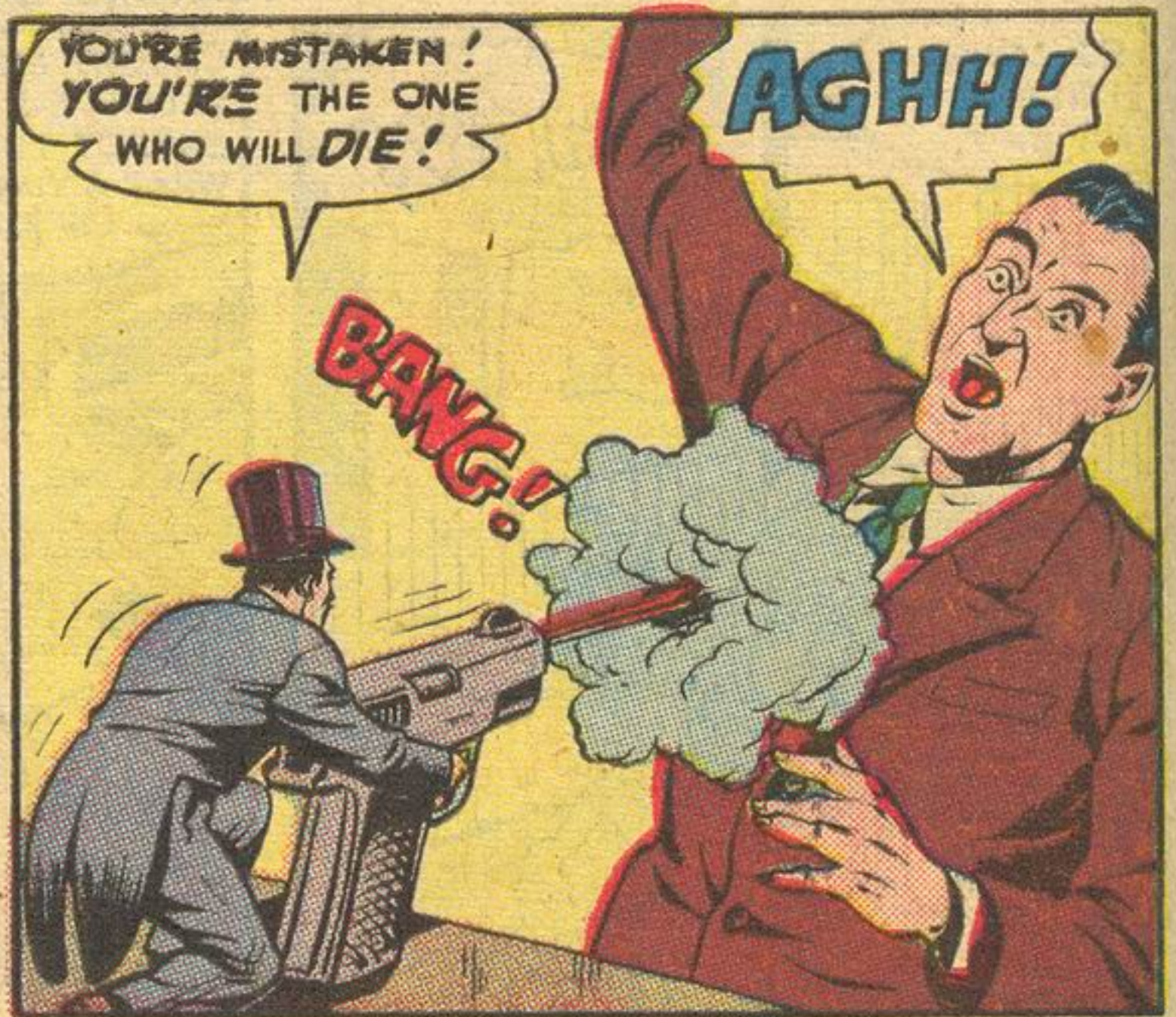
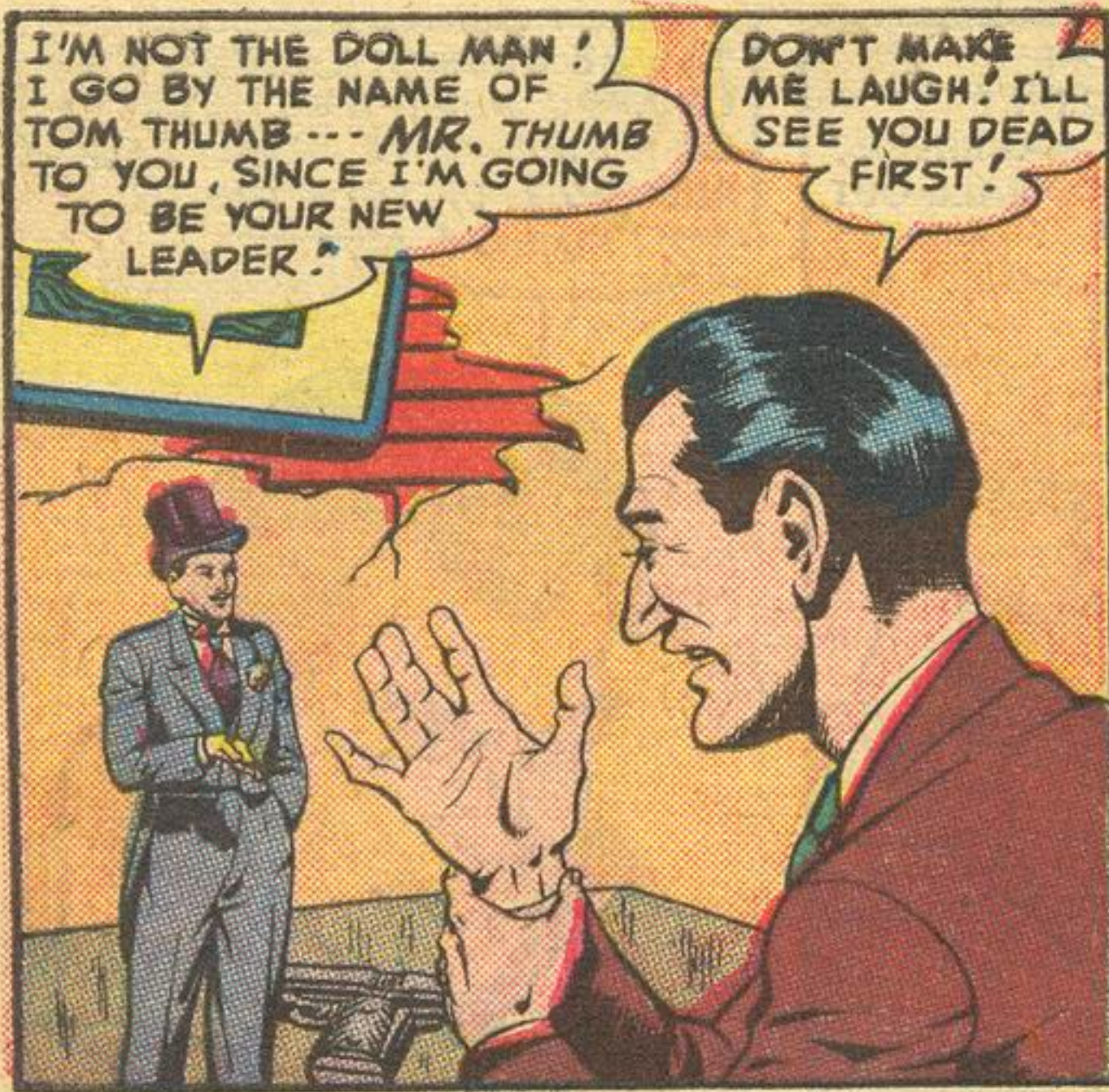




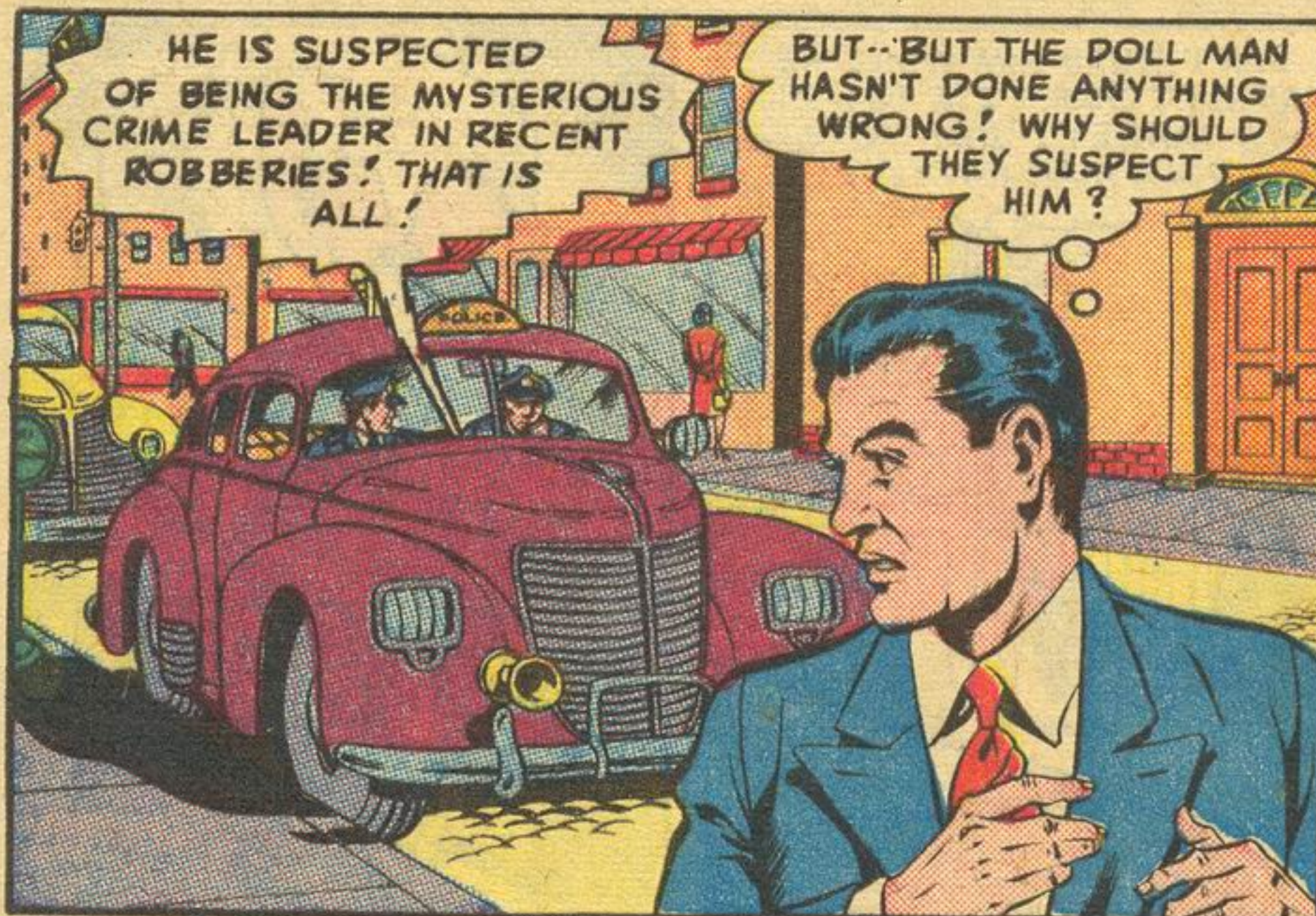
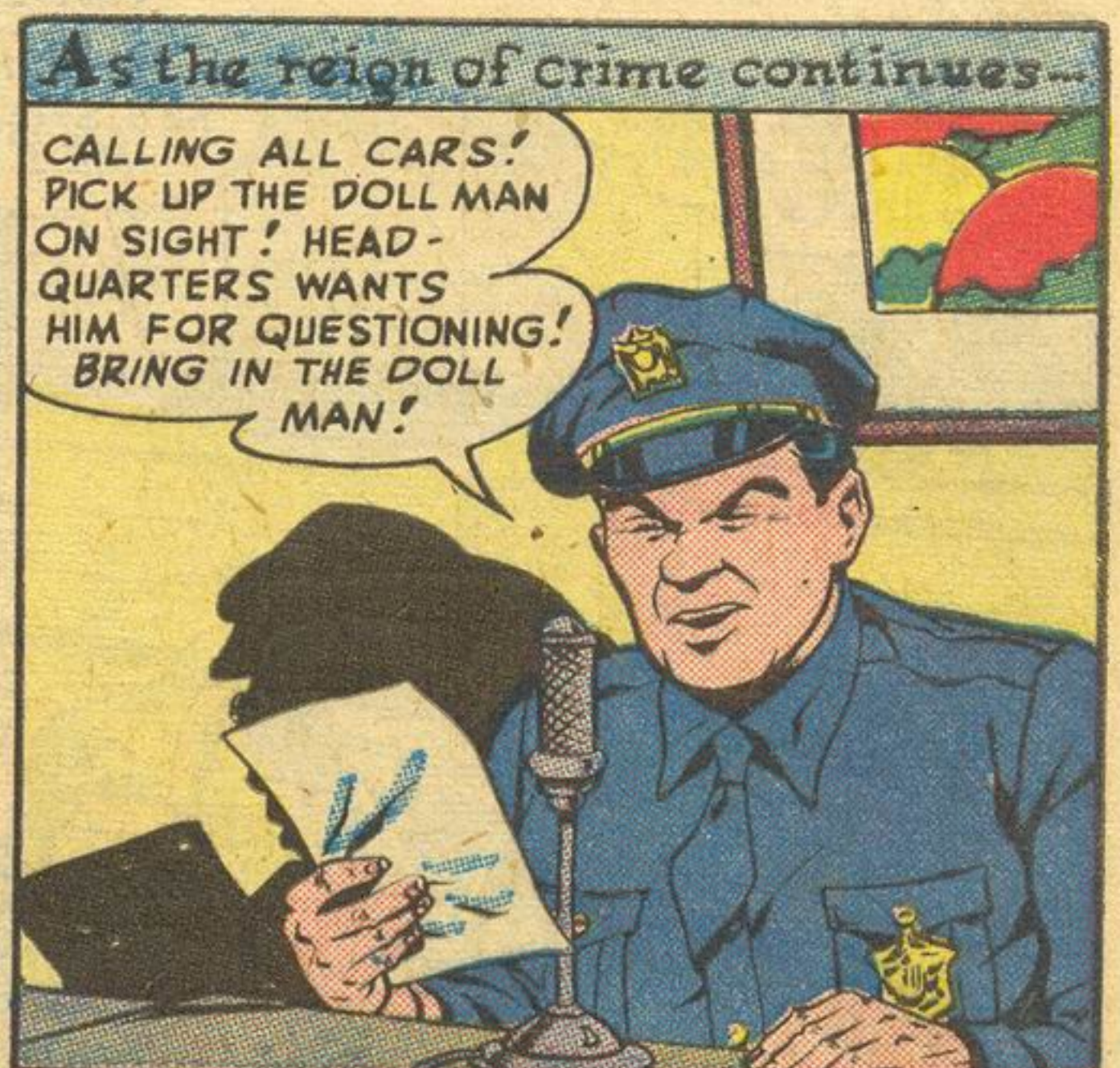
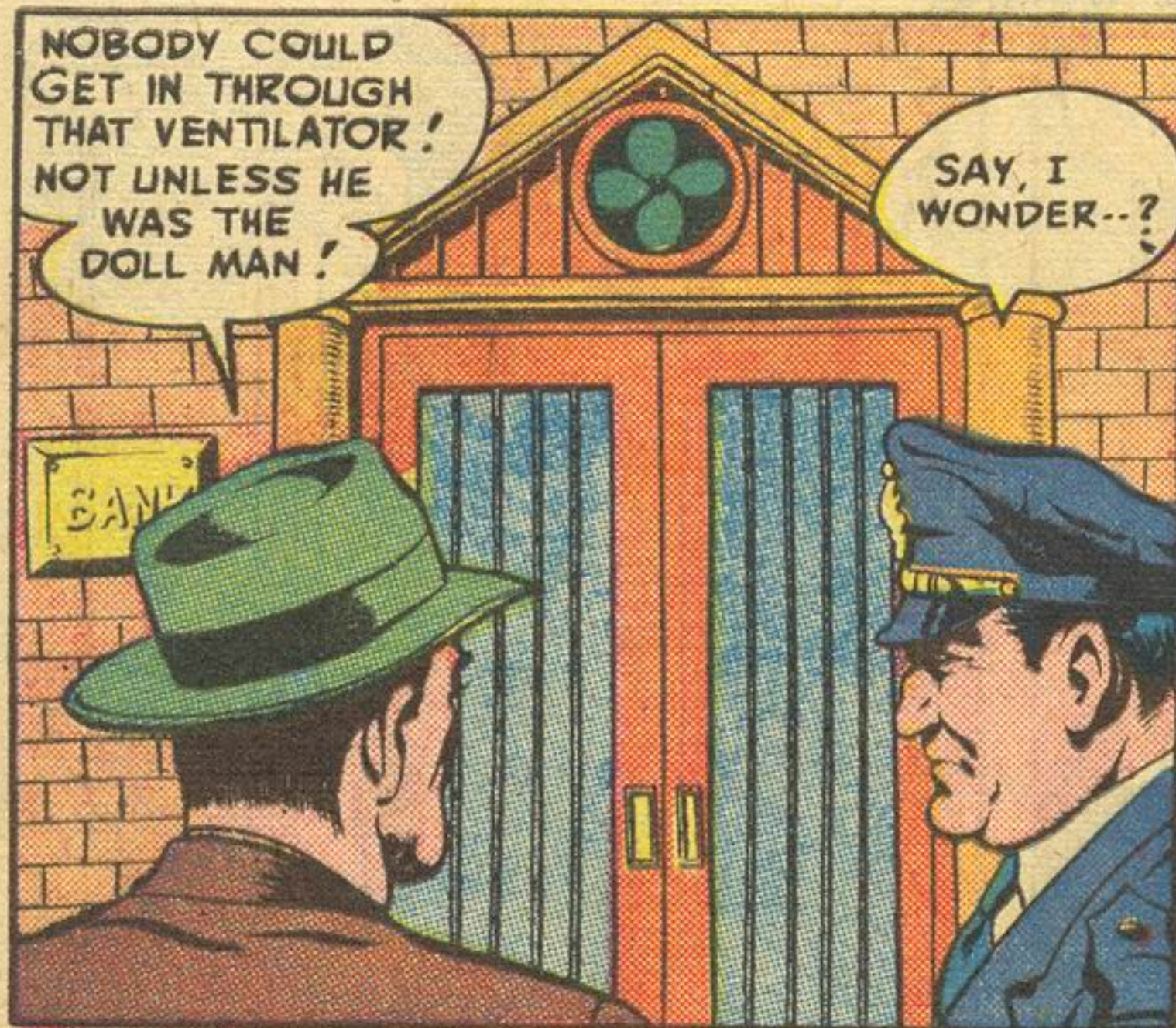
FEATURE COMICS





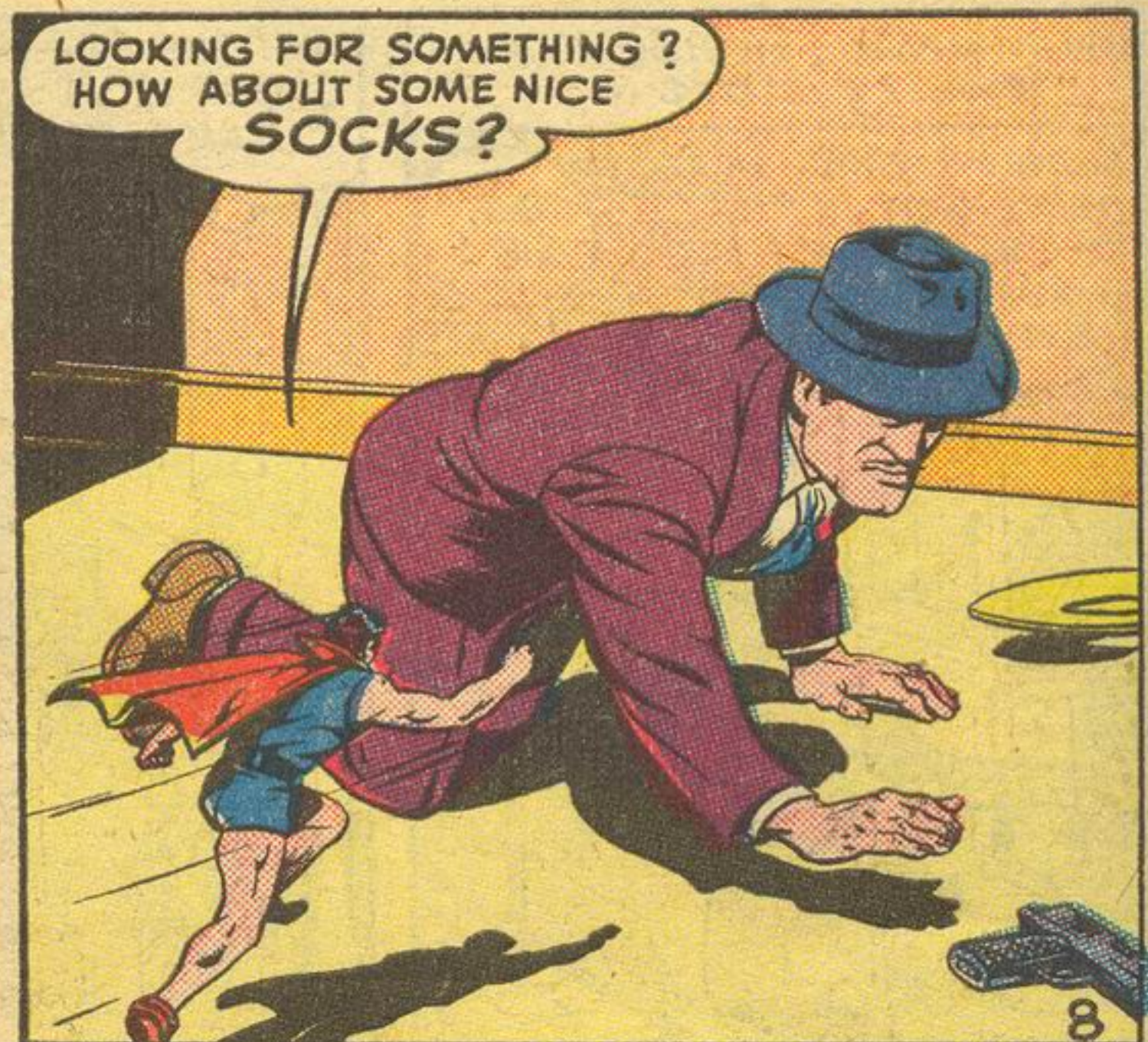
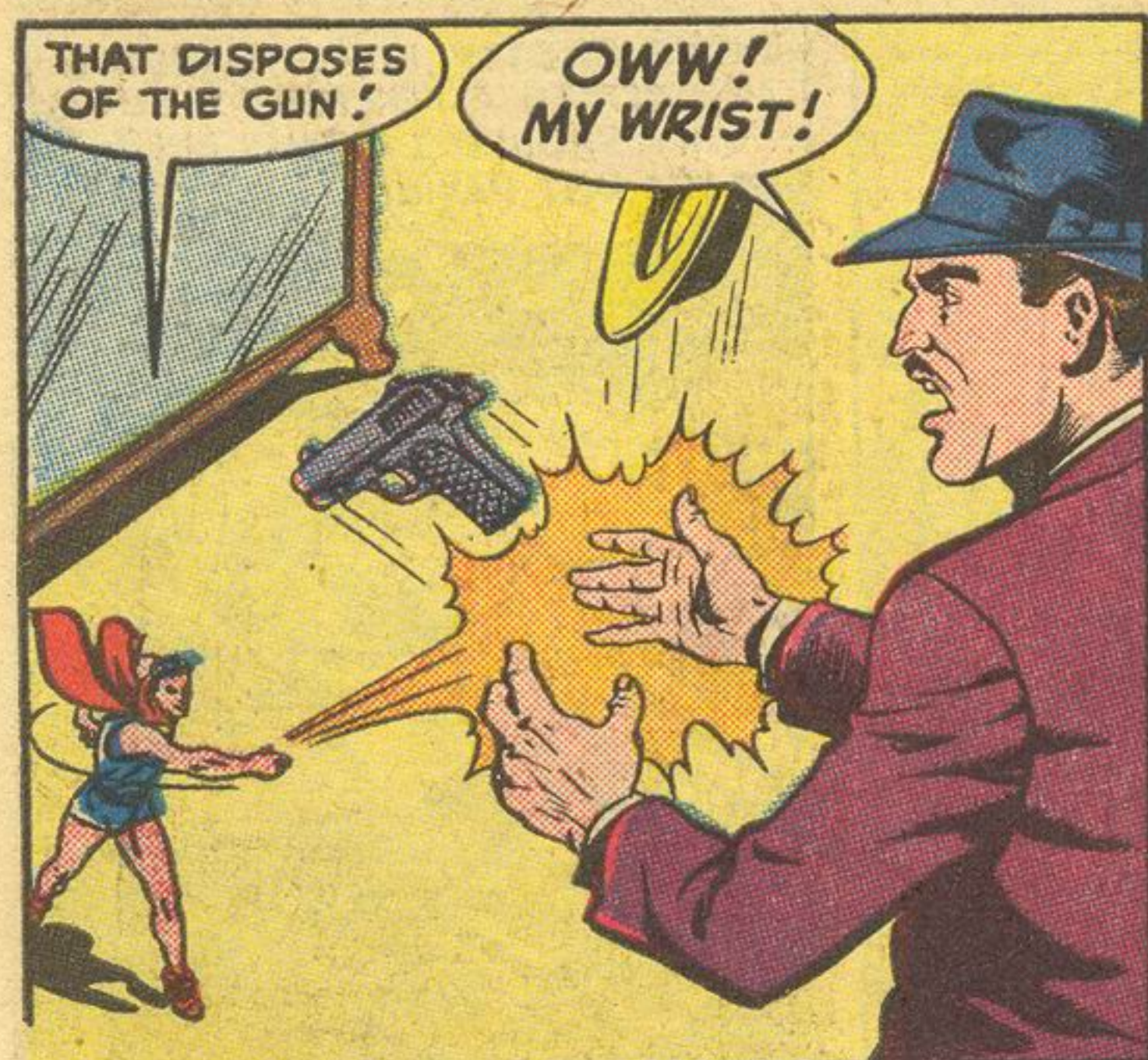
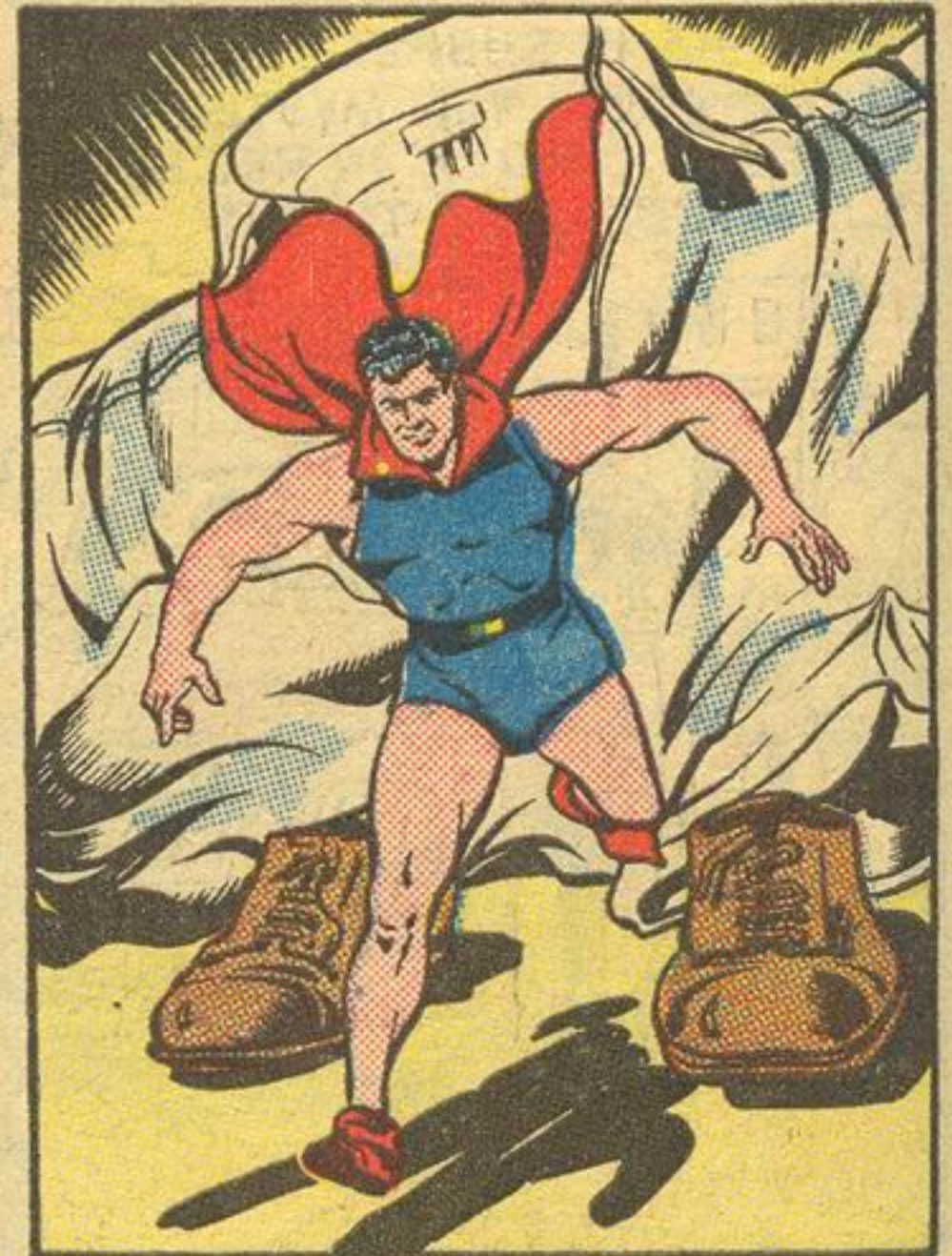
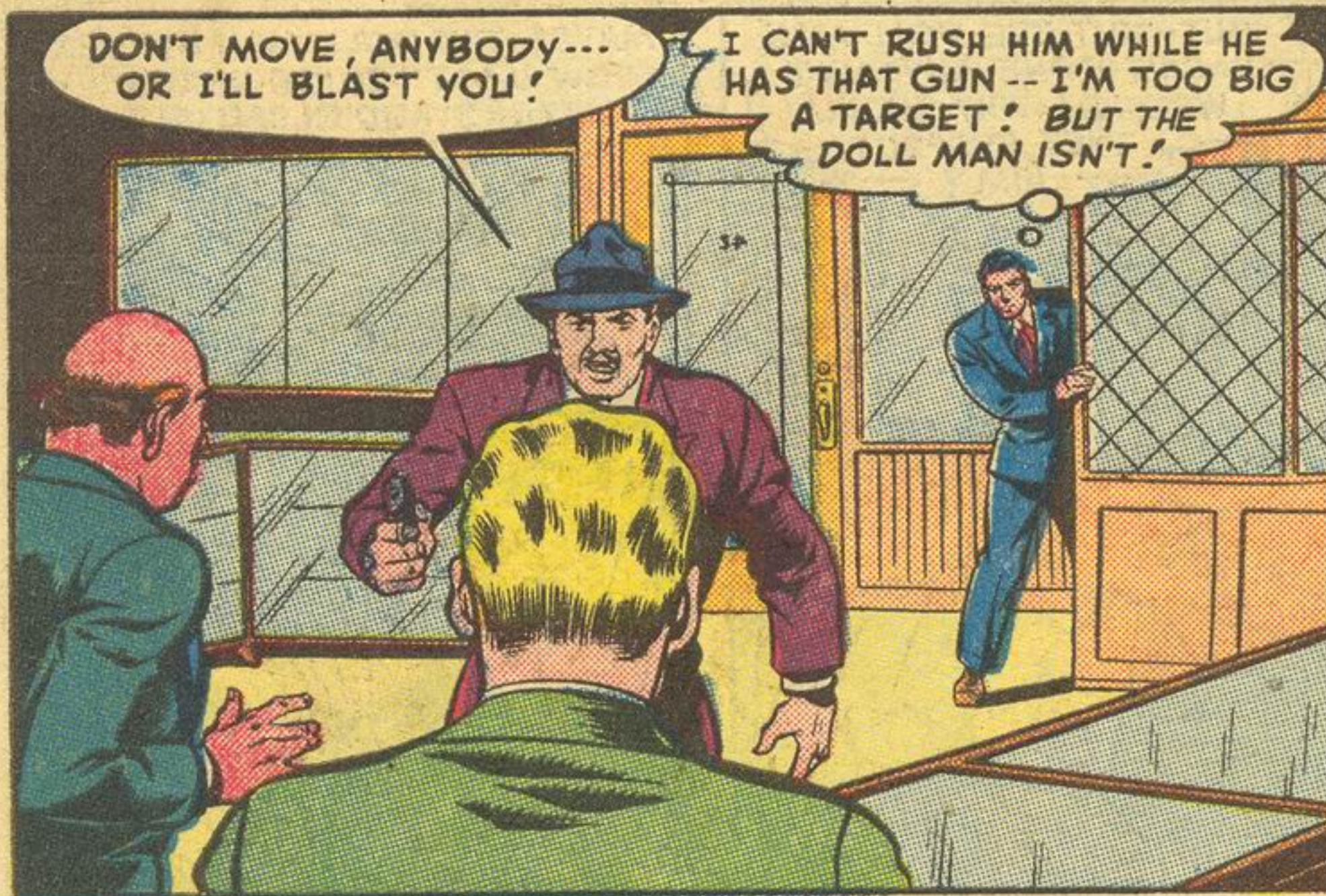
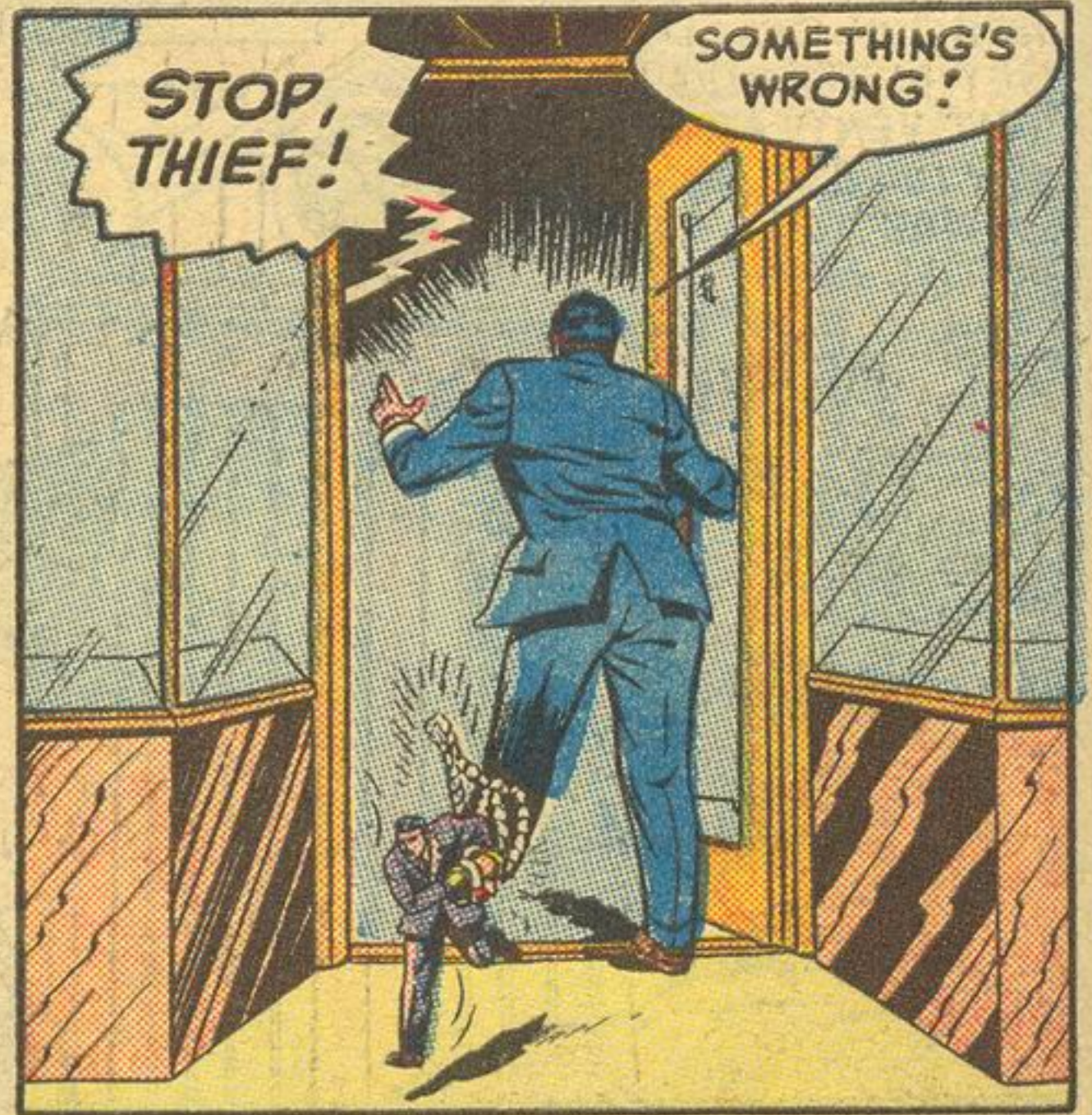
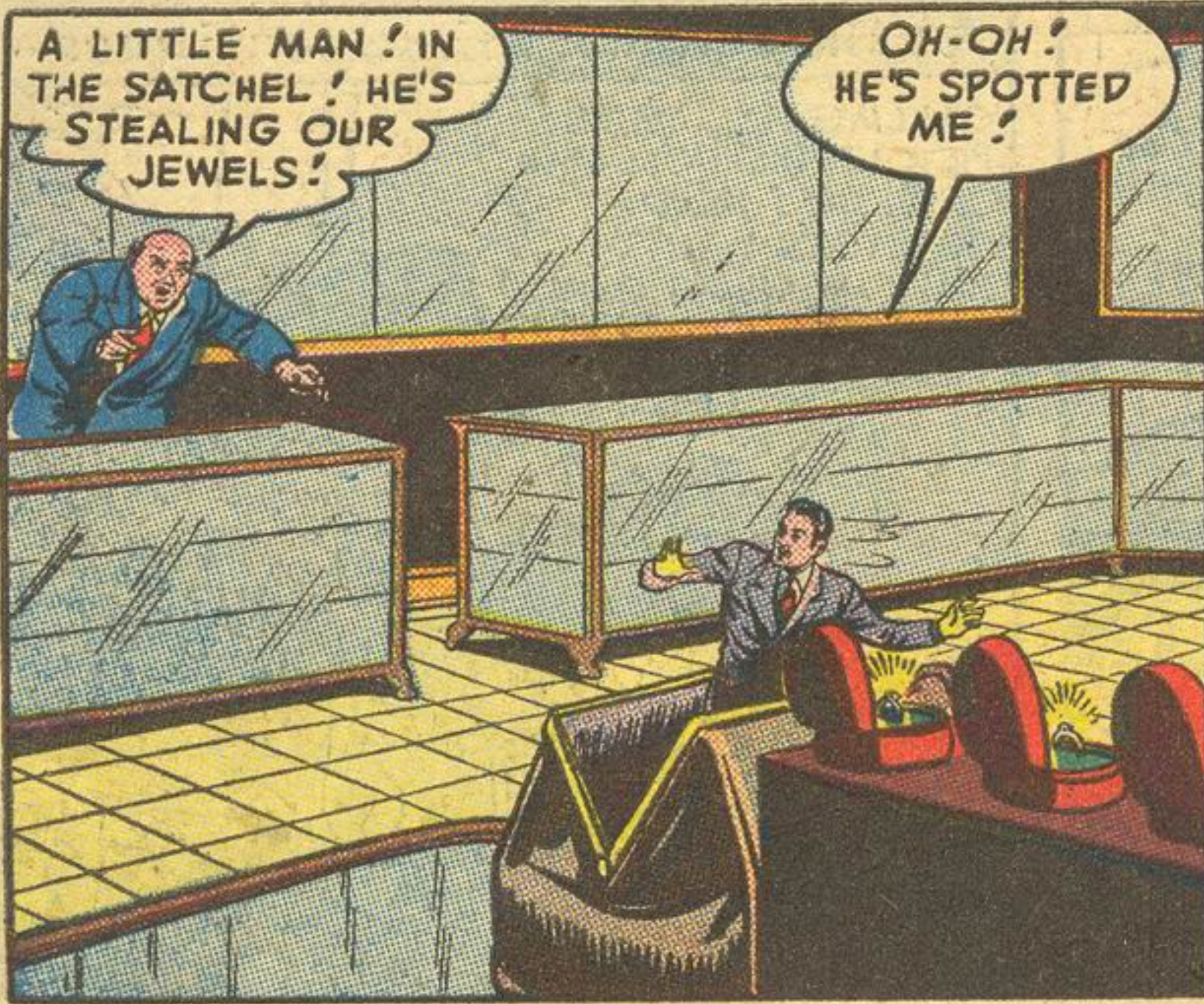








FEATURE COMICS



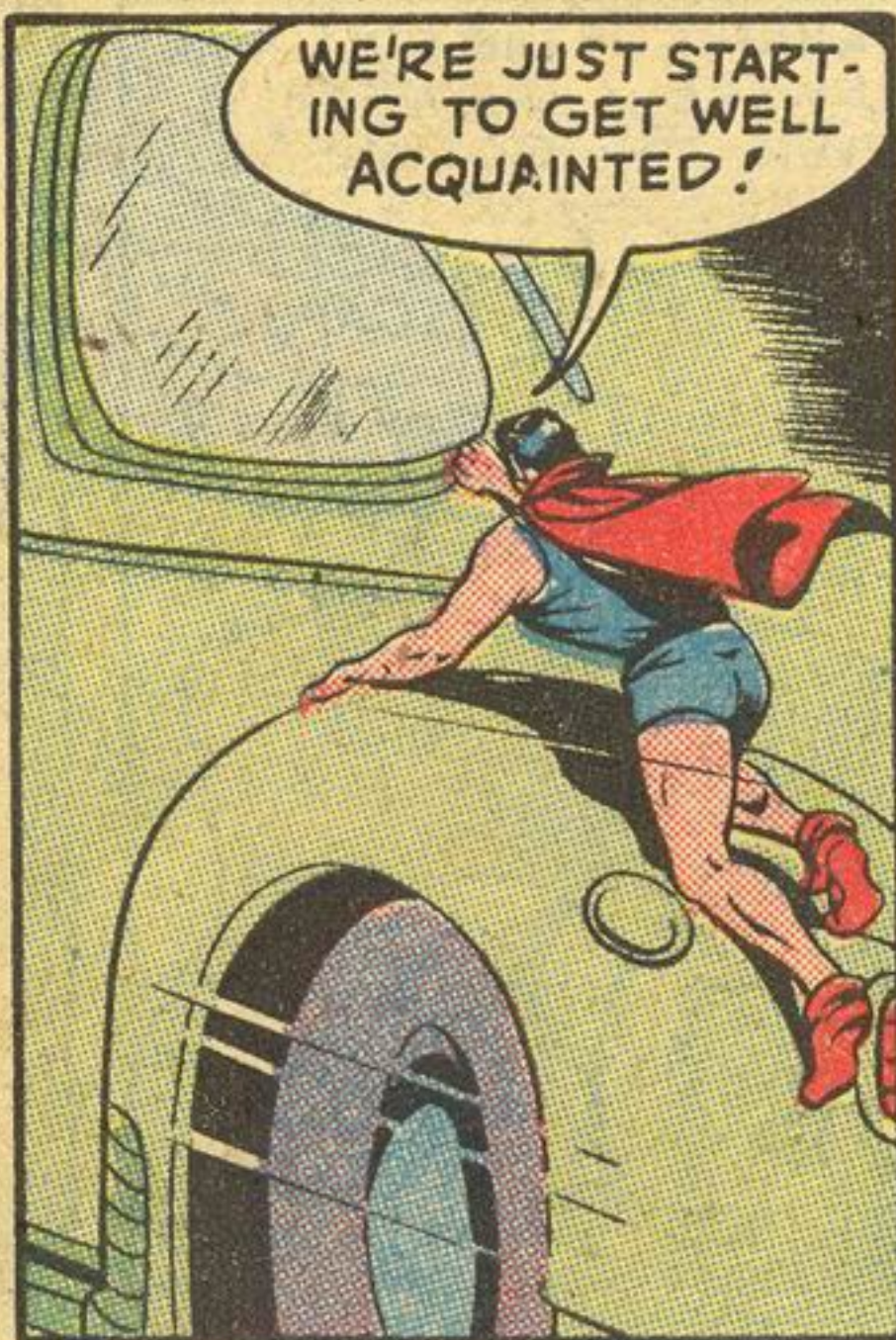
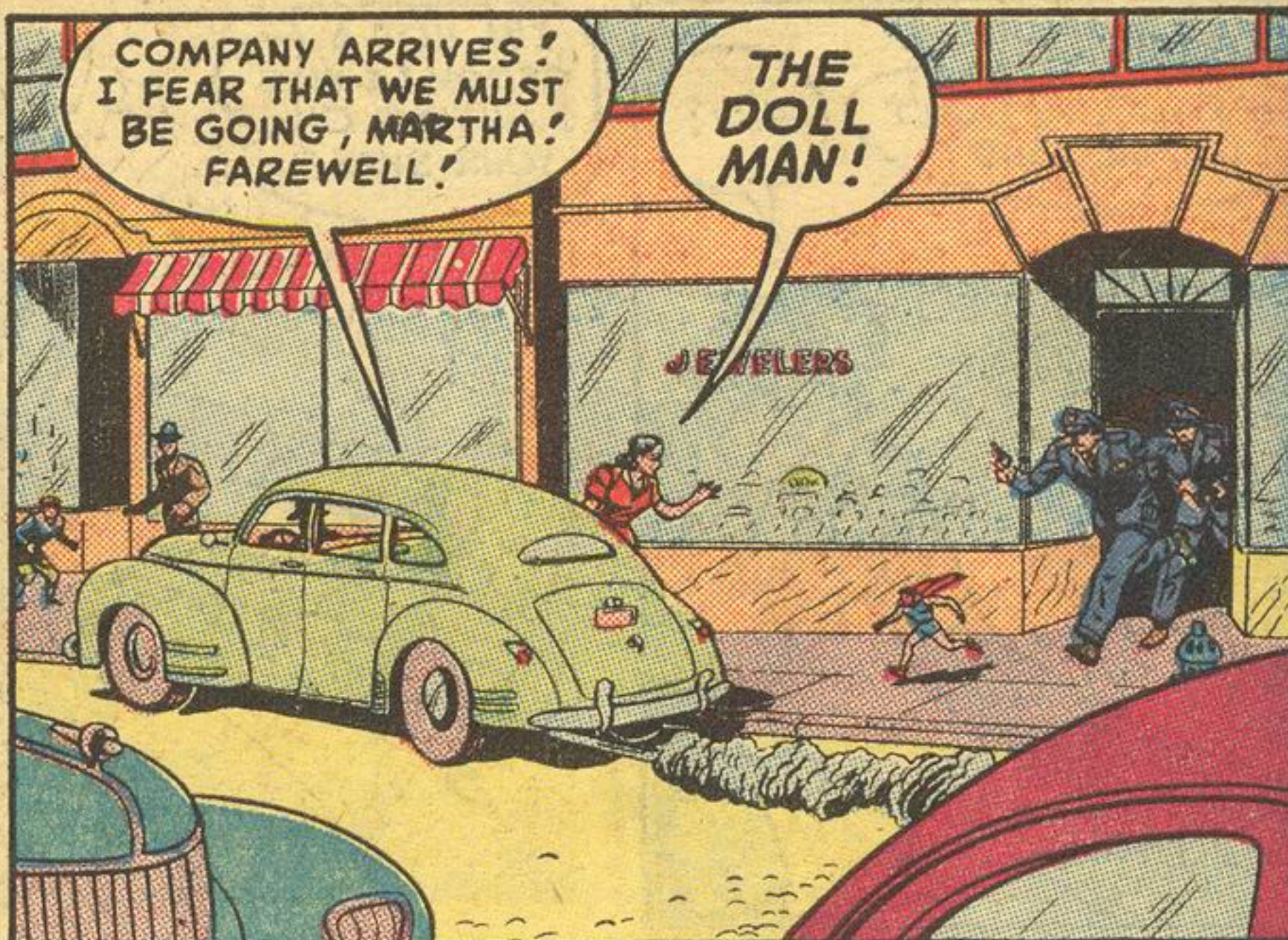
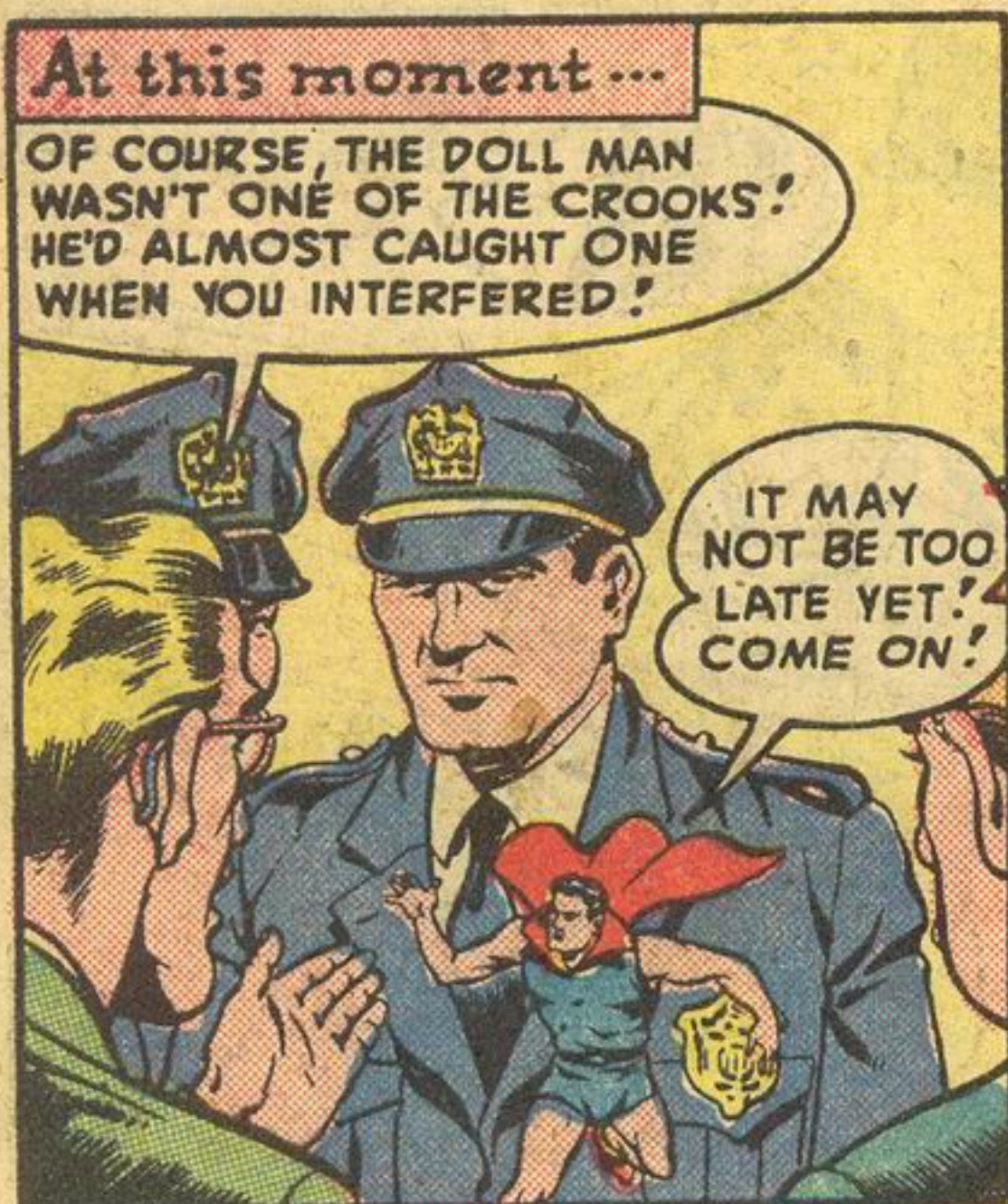


FEATURE COMICS

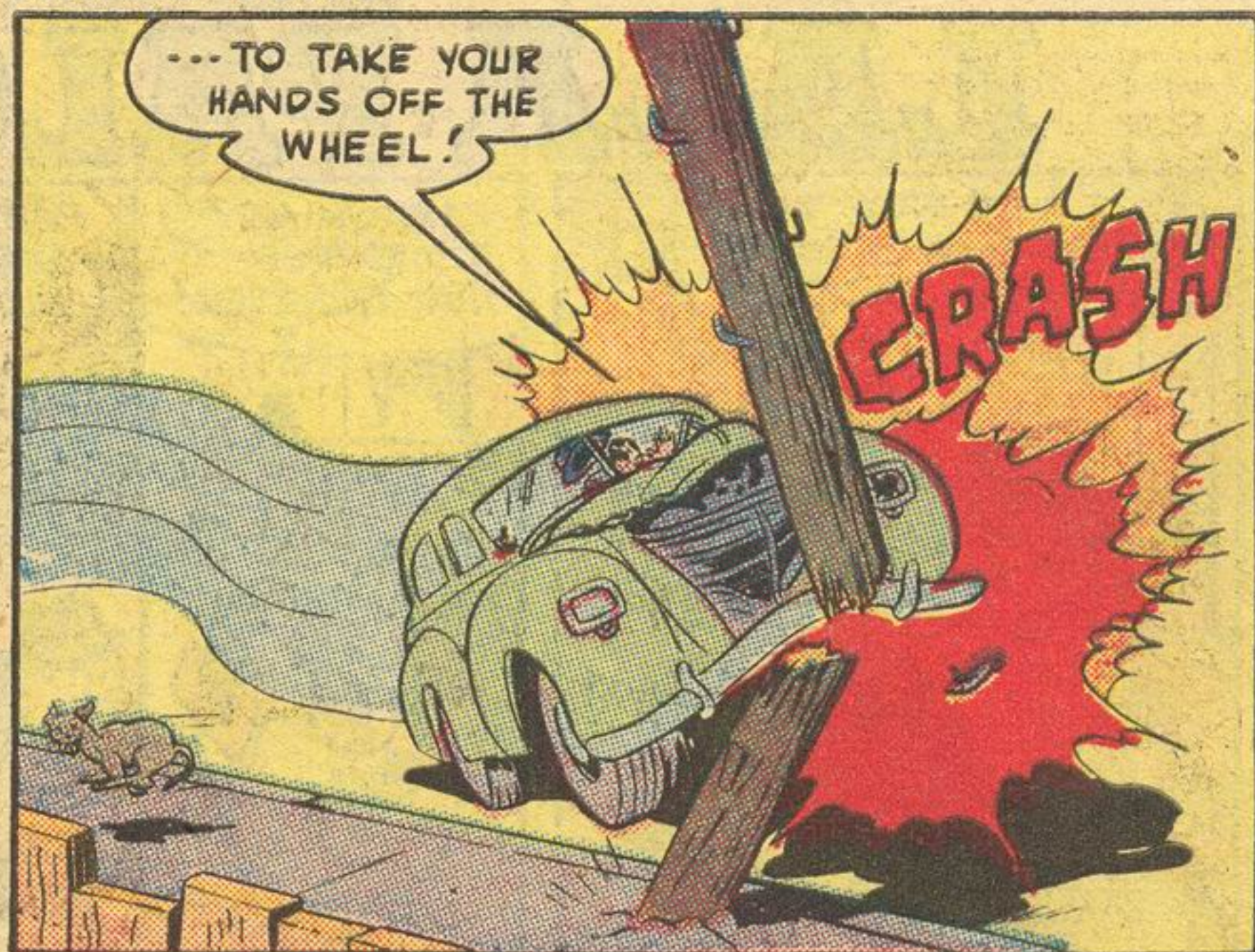




FEATURE COMICS

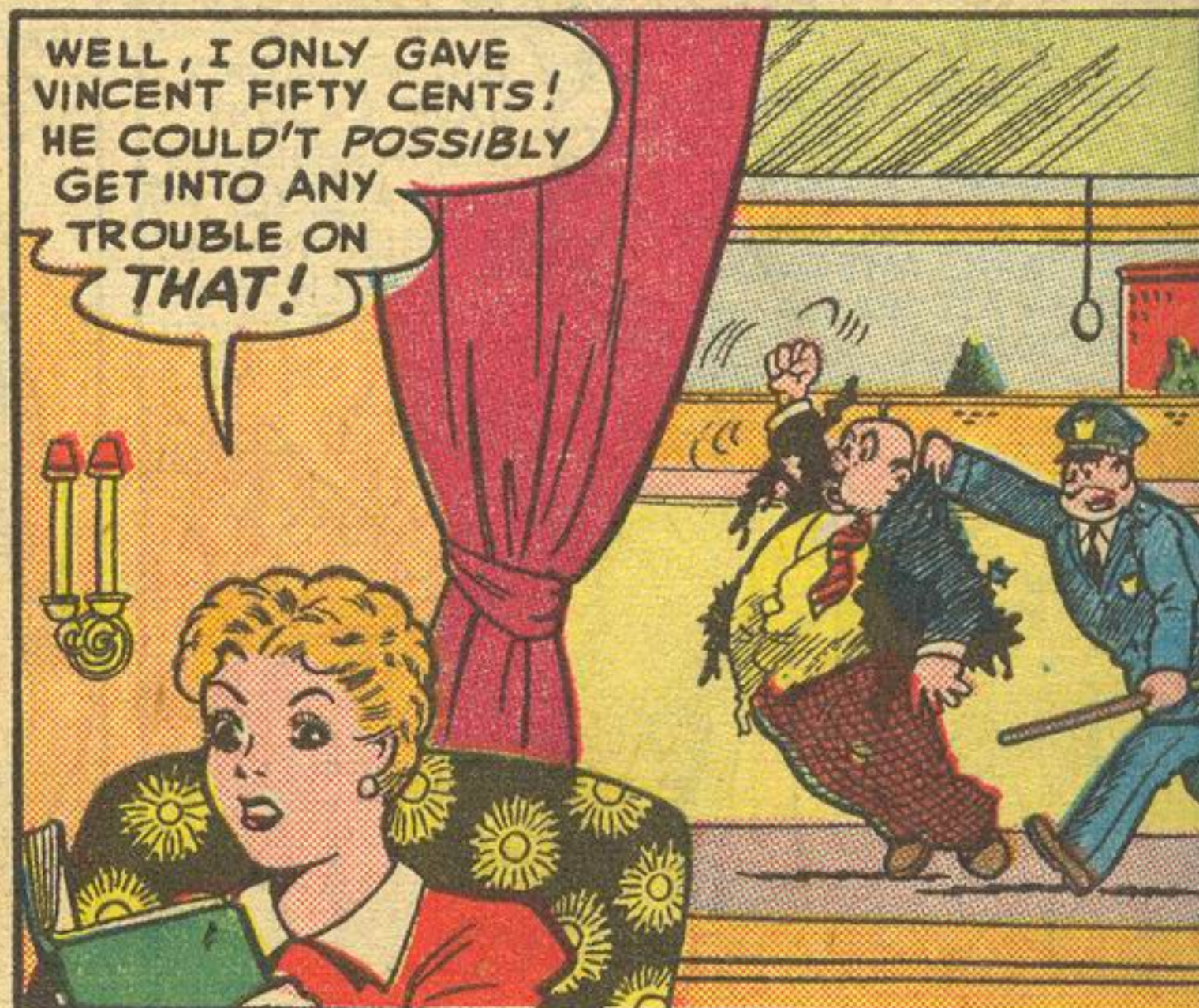
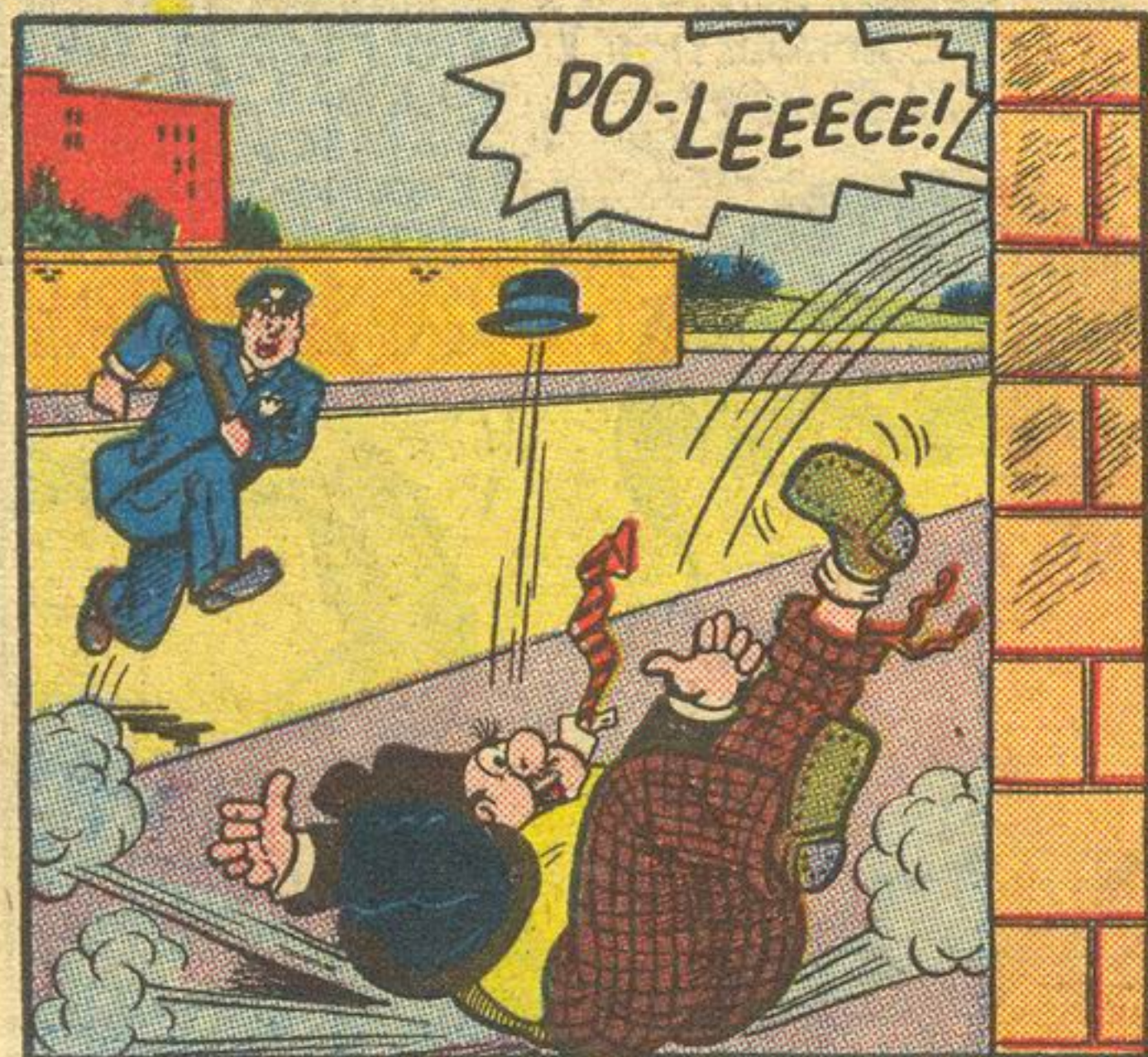
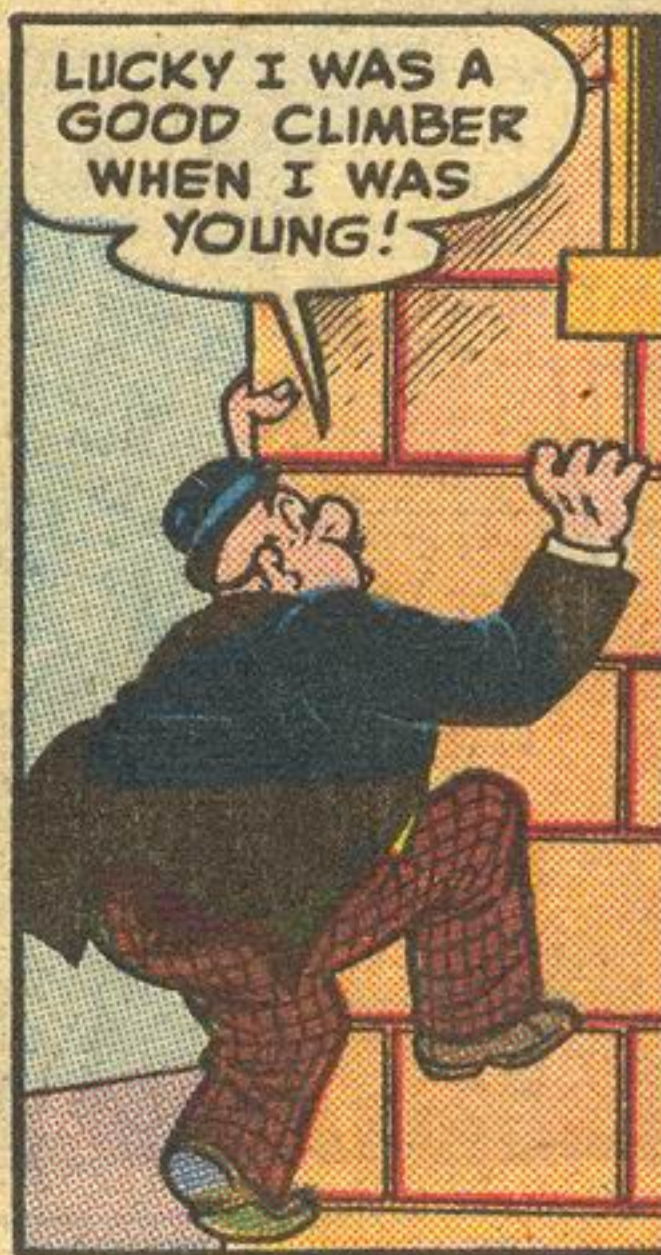






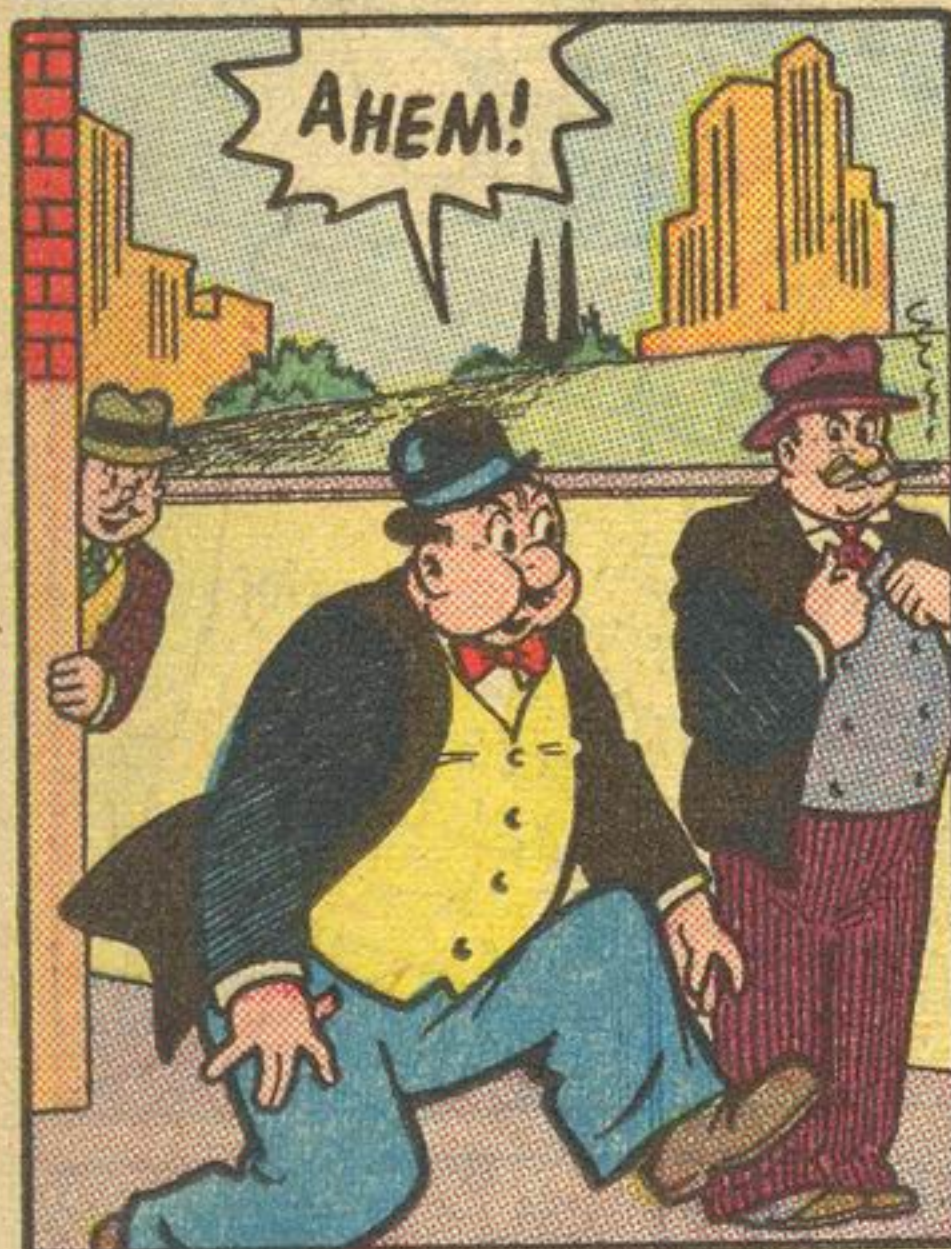


# FEATURE COMICS LALA PALOOZA





# LALA PALOOZA









# FEATURE COMICS

GOLLY, THAT'S TRUE! AND MY LIP'S FATTENING UP! I WON'T BE ABLE TO BLOW A LICK!

PARDON, GENTLEMEN! I COULDN'T HELP BUT SEE AND HEAR! IT SO HAPPENS THAT I HAVE BEEN A TRUMPETER IN MY TIME--THOUGH AT LIBERTY NOW--



-- AND IF I COULD BE OF ASSISTANCE-- YOU MIGHT SHOW YOUR GRATITUDE BY--ER-- AND MY NAME'S LIPPY!

MAYBE WE'RE GETTING A BREAK! SHOW US WHAT YOU CAN DO, LIPPY! IF YOU CAN PLAY AT ALL, THERE'S A PIECE OF MONEY IN IT FOR YOU!



NOT BAD, NOT BAD! YOU'RE HIRED FOR THE EVENING! SLOSH SOME SALVE ON YOUR KISSER, TOBY, AND GIVE IT A REST!

I'LL HELP CARRY THE DRUMS! AFTER THIS I'LL KEEP MY BIG MOUTH OUTA THE WAY OF KNUCKLES!



At the Van Bustle's...

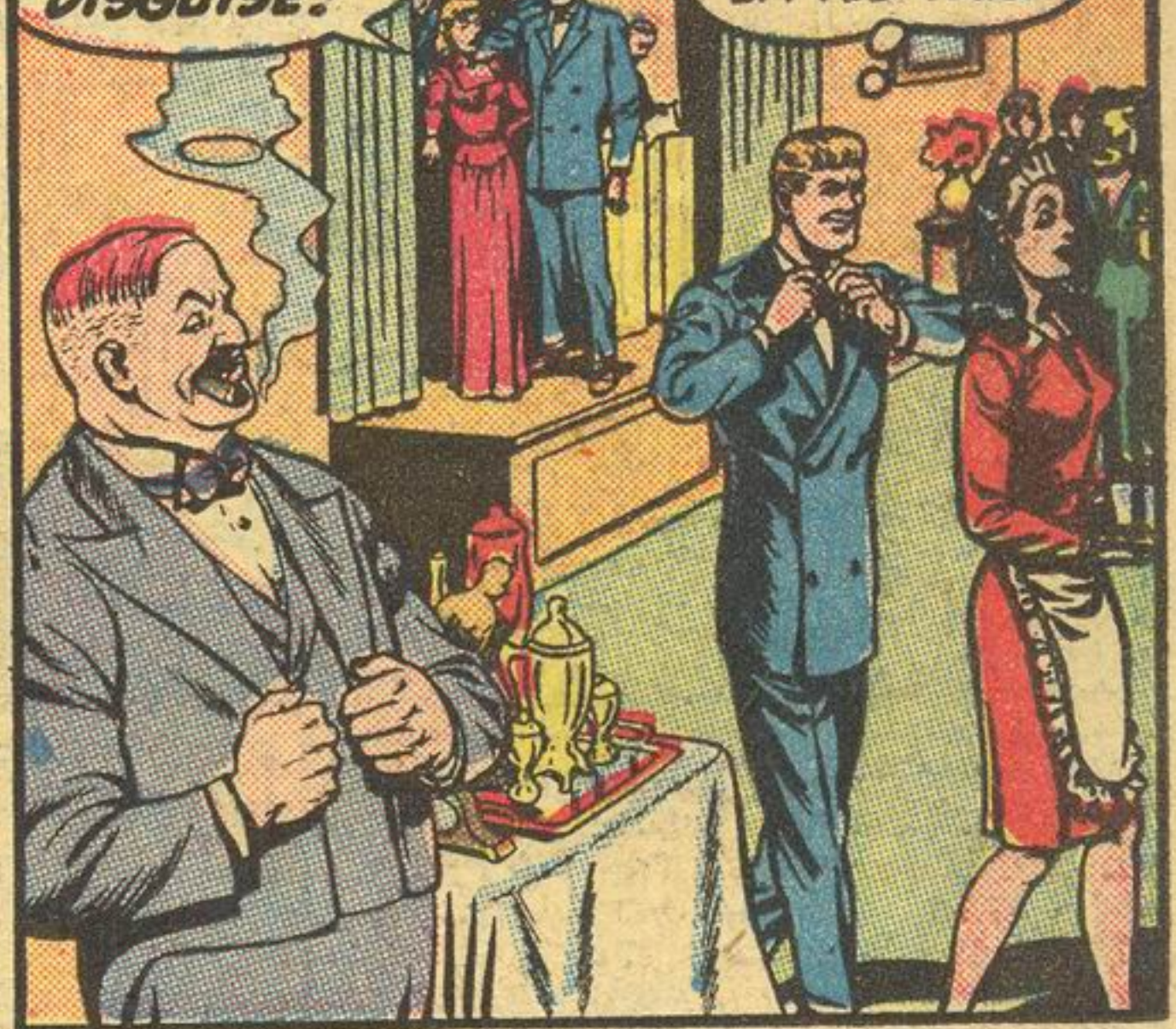
OOOH--OOOH! THE MUSICIANS-- BUT YOU **SHOULD** HAVE GONE AROUND TO THE **BACK DOOR!**

WE MIGHT HAVE LOST OUR WAY GETTING UP TO THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE AGAIN, MRS. VAN BUSTLE! WHERE DO WE SET UP FOR THE MUSIC?



WHAT PRESENTS, SWING! AND COULD ANYBODY MISTAKE THAT DETECTIVE IN **DISGUISE?**

MY LIP'S SO SWOLLEN, I CAN'T EVEN WHISTLE! I'D BETTER JUST MAKE SIGNS TO THIS CUTE LITTLE TRICK!



THAT BAND CAN REALLY GIVE OUT WITH GLAMOR, HUH?

LISTEN TO THAT LIPPY CHARACTER PLAY **MY** TRUMPET! HOPE SWING DOESN'T BOUNCE ME AND HIRE HIM!



NOT SO SOUR, LIPPY, OR YOU'LL BE FIRED FROM ANOTHER **JOB!**





FEATURE COMICS





# FEATURE COMICS



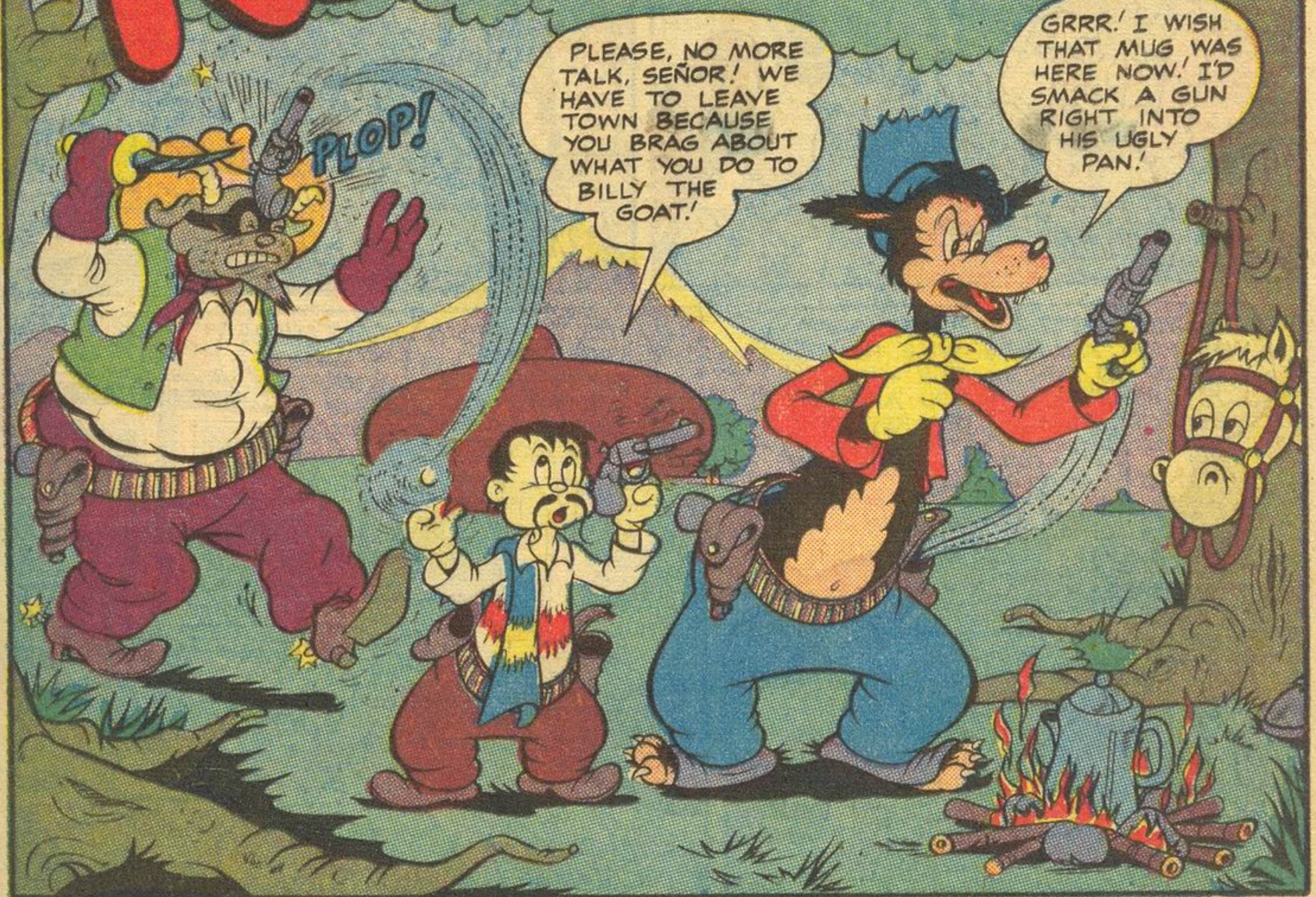


FEATURE COMICS



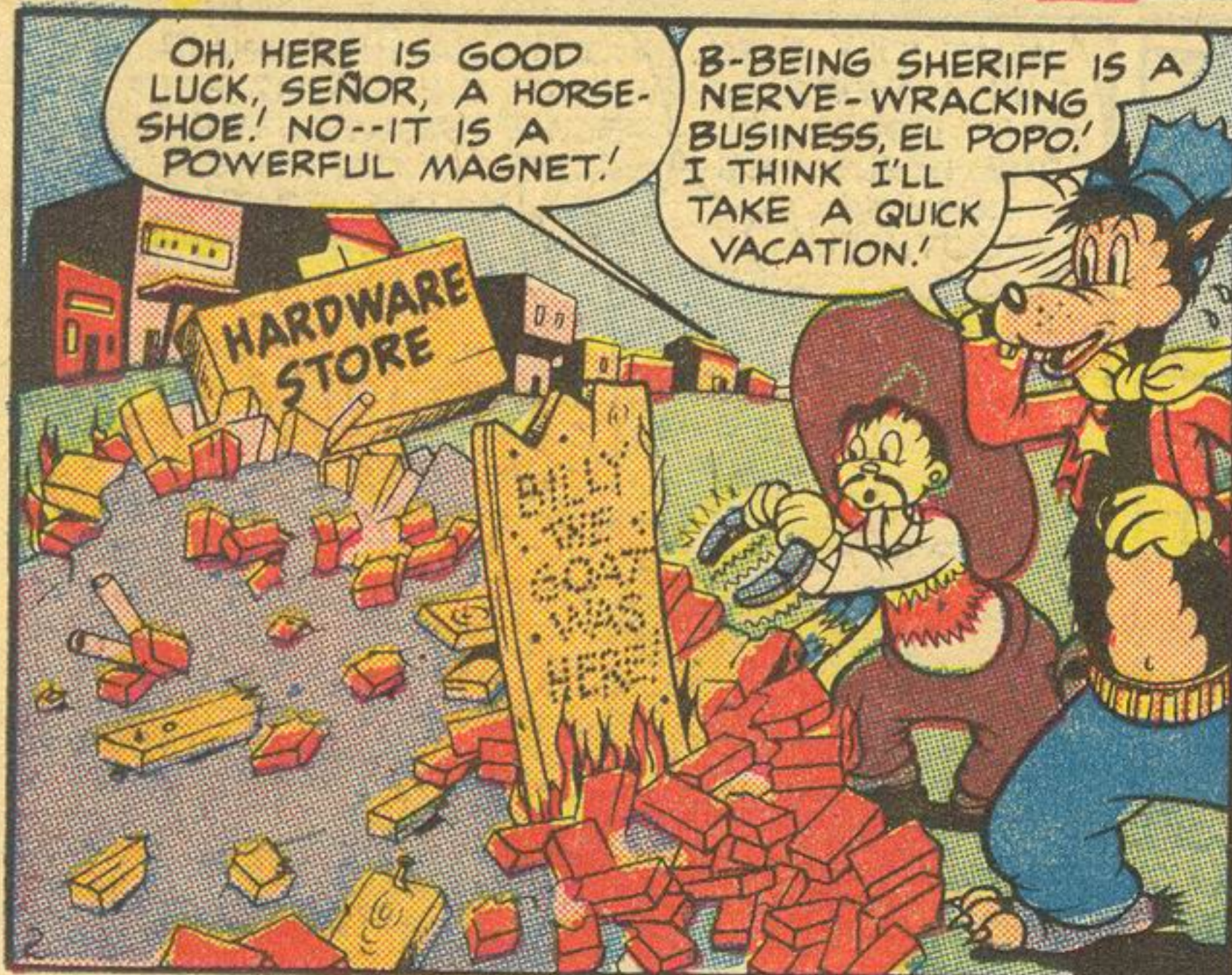
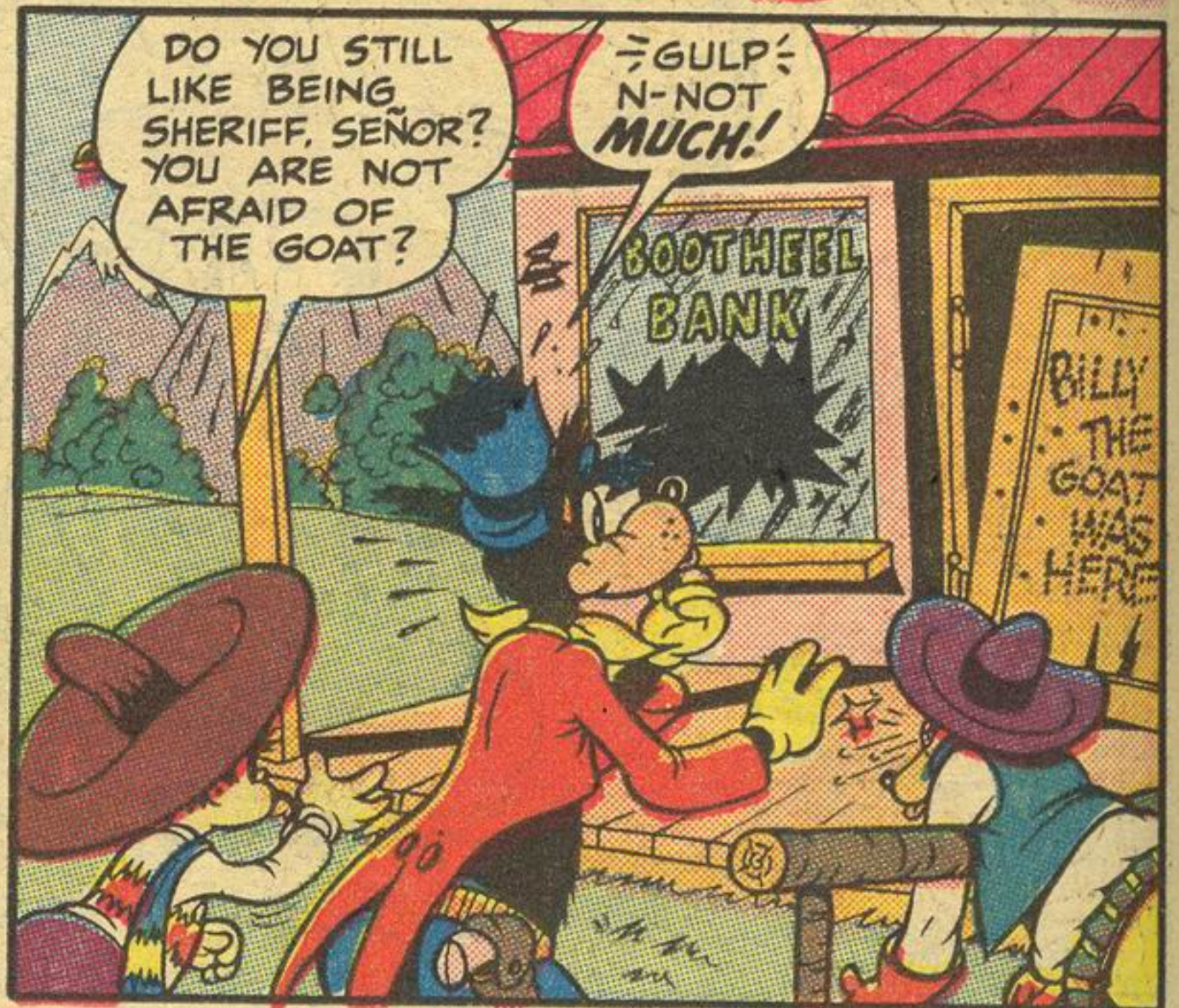
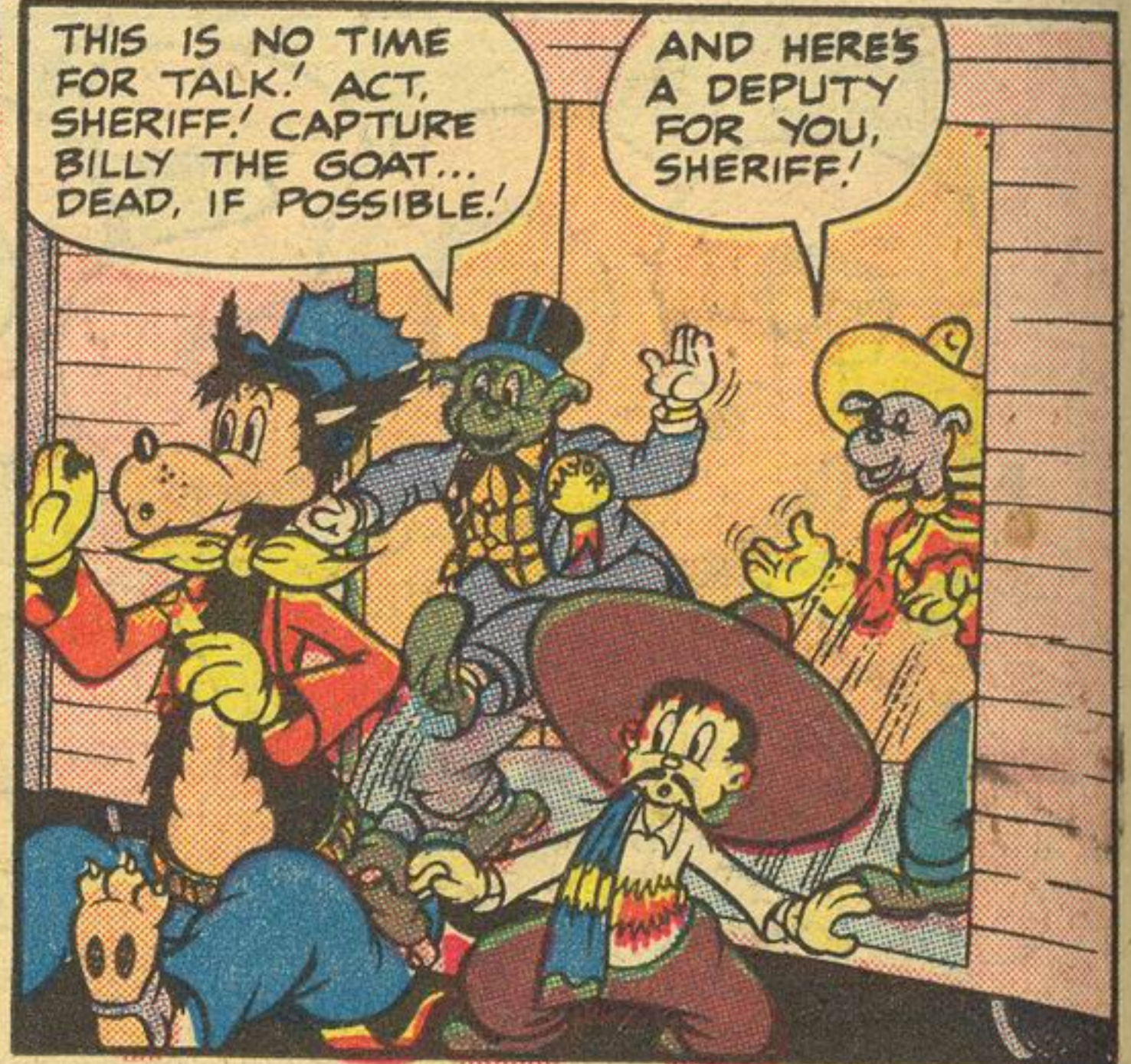
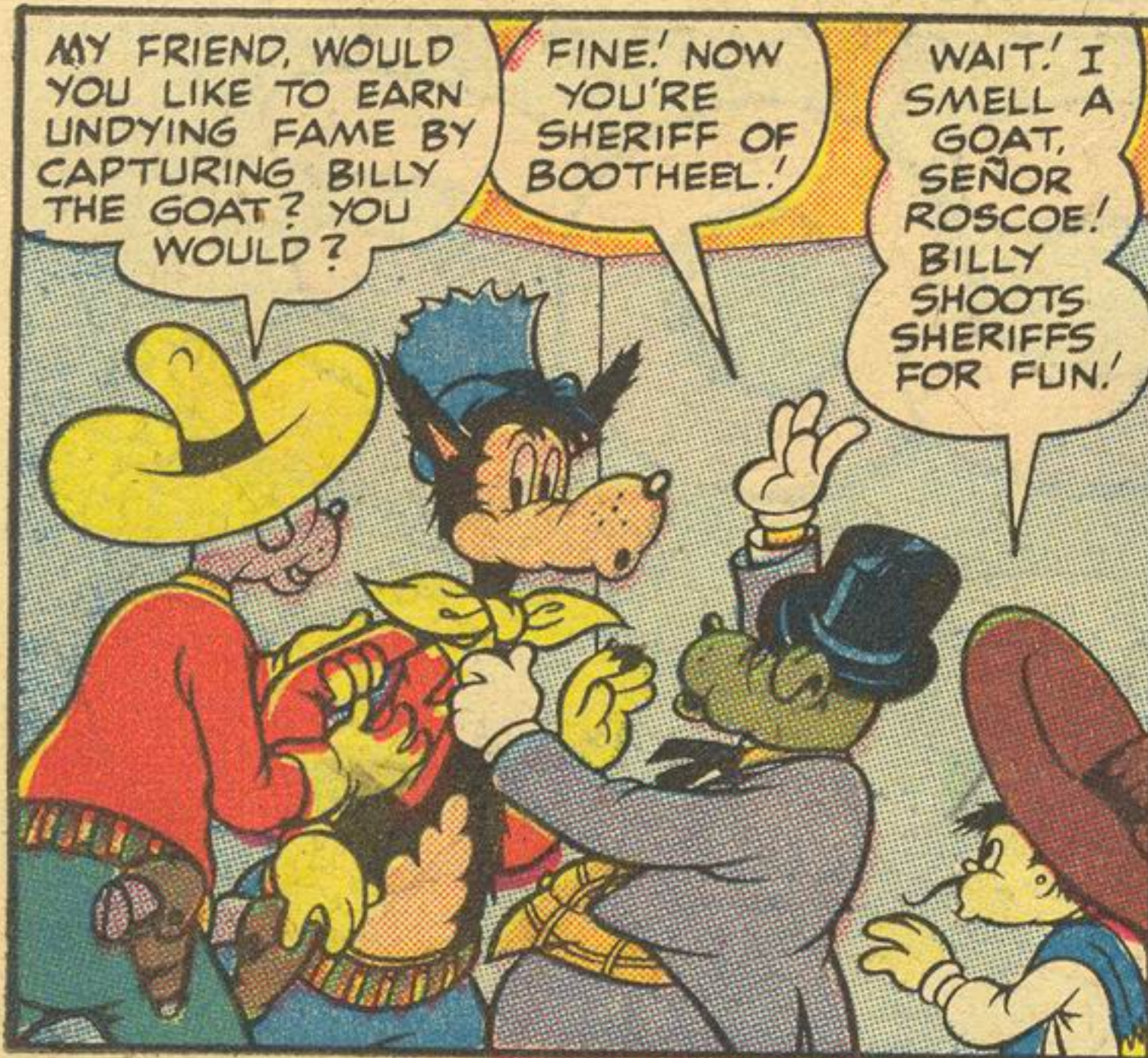


# ROSCOE



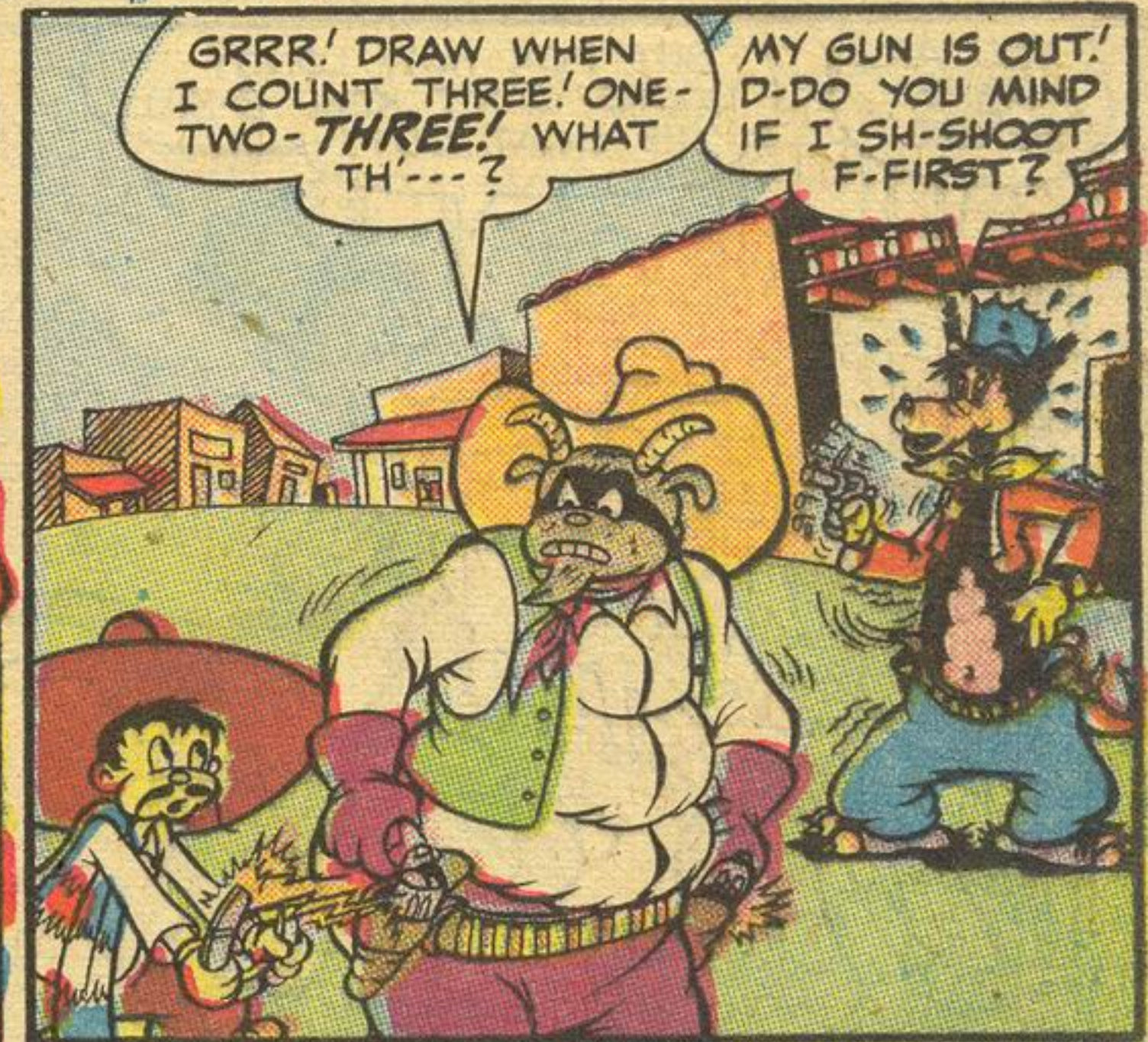
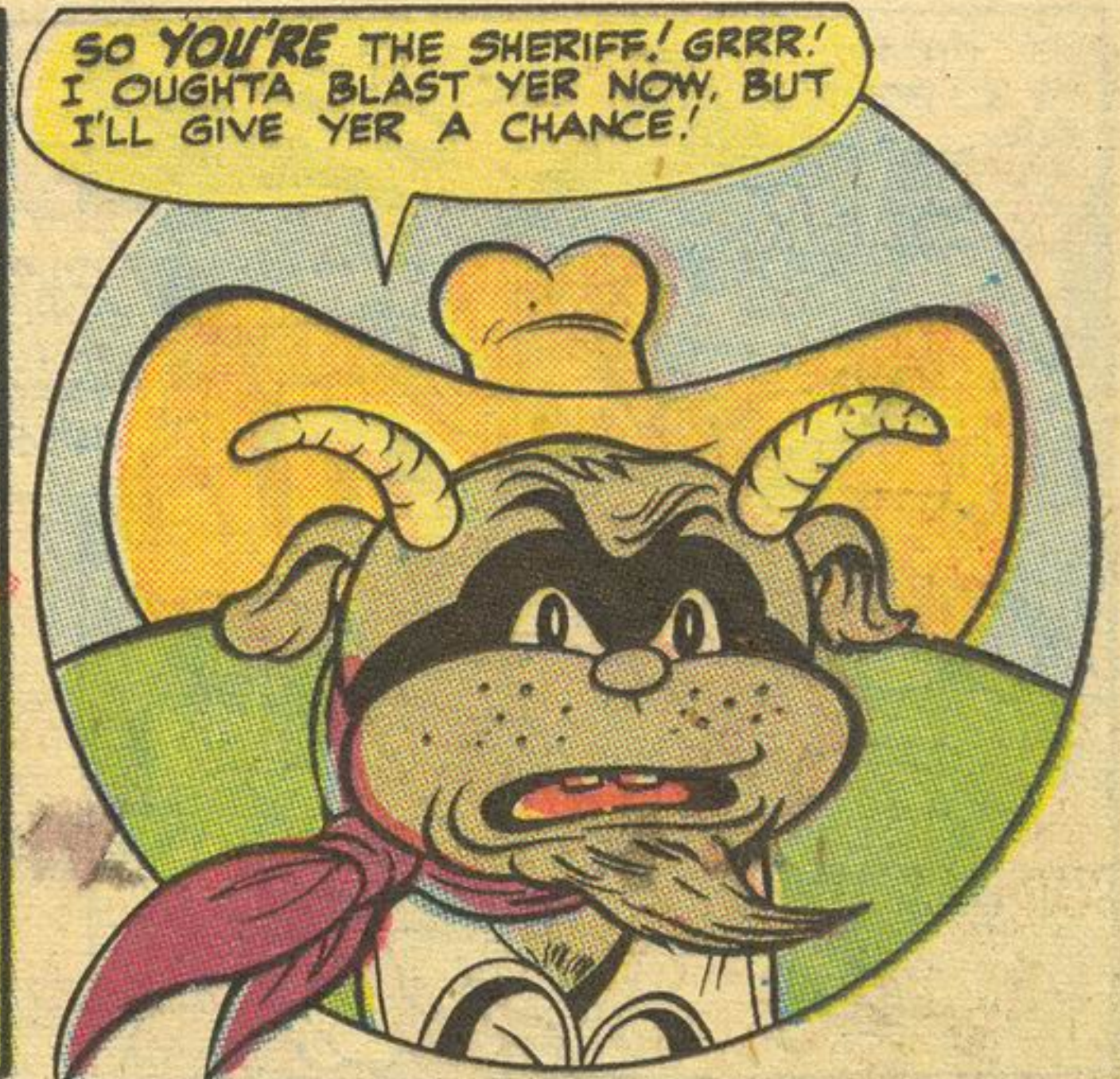
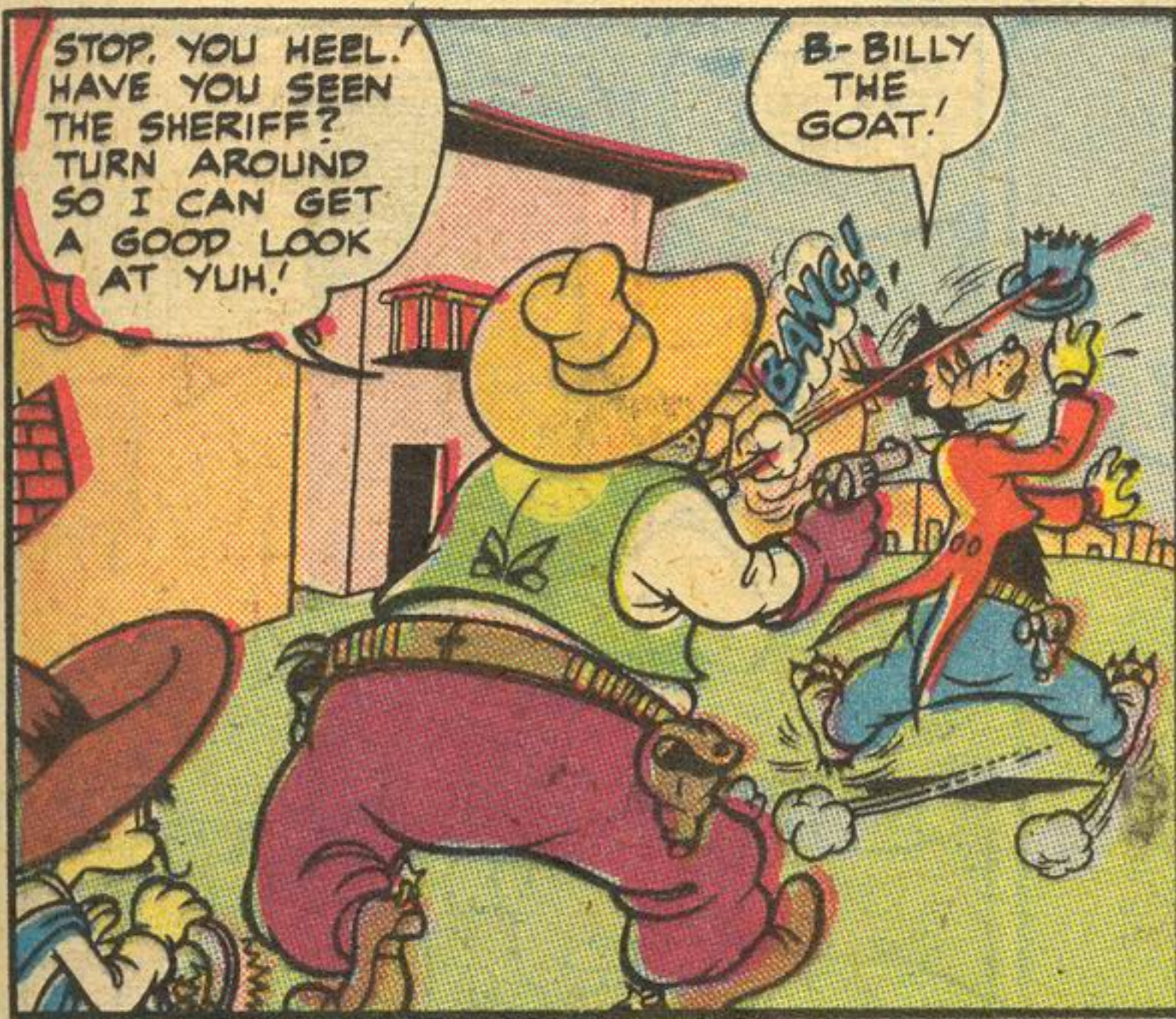


# FEATURE COMICS



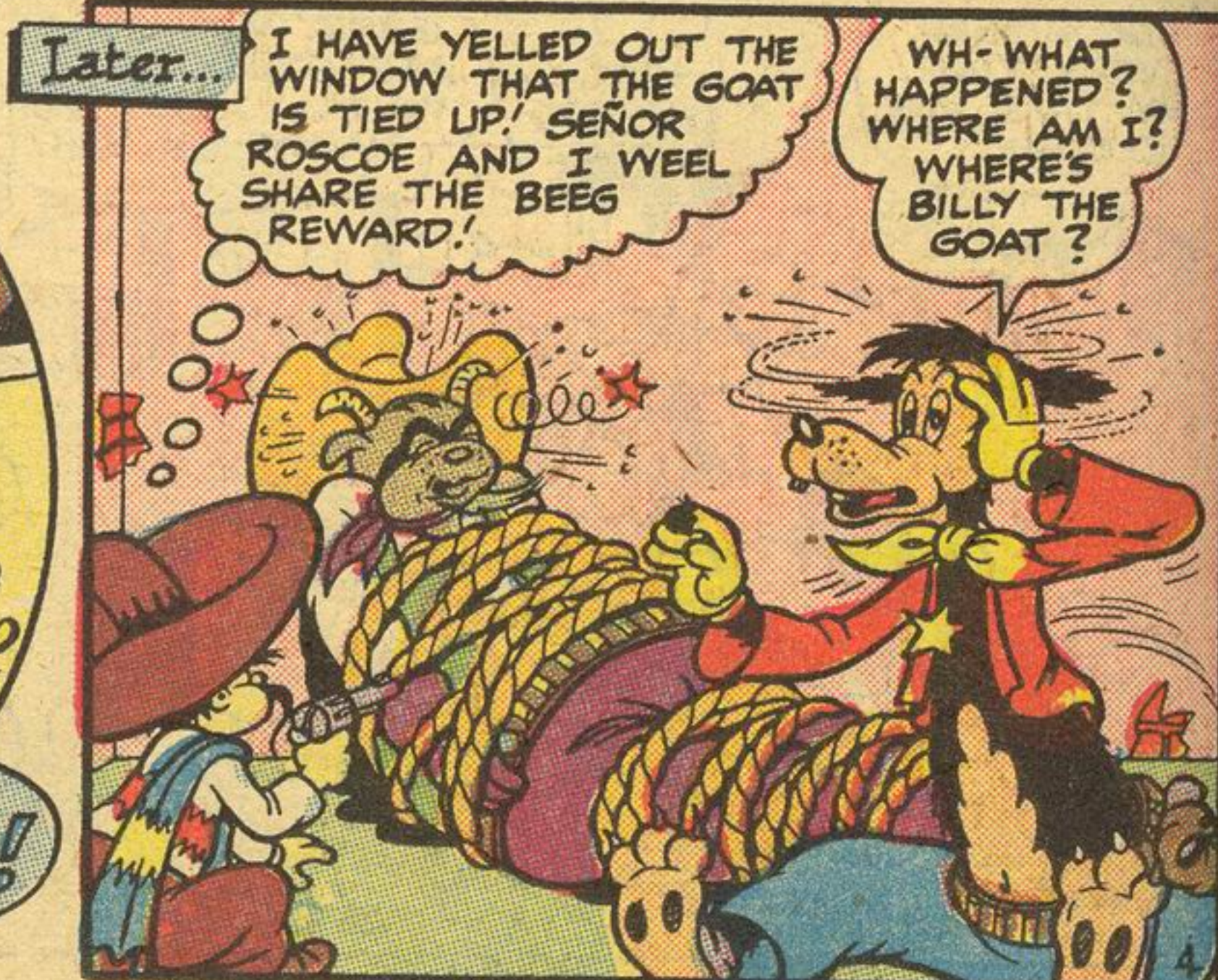
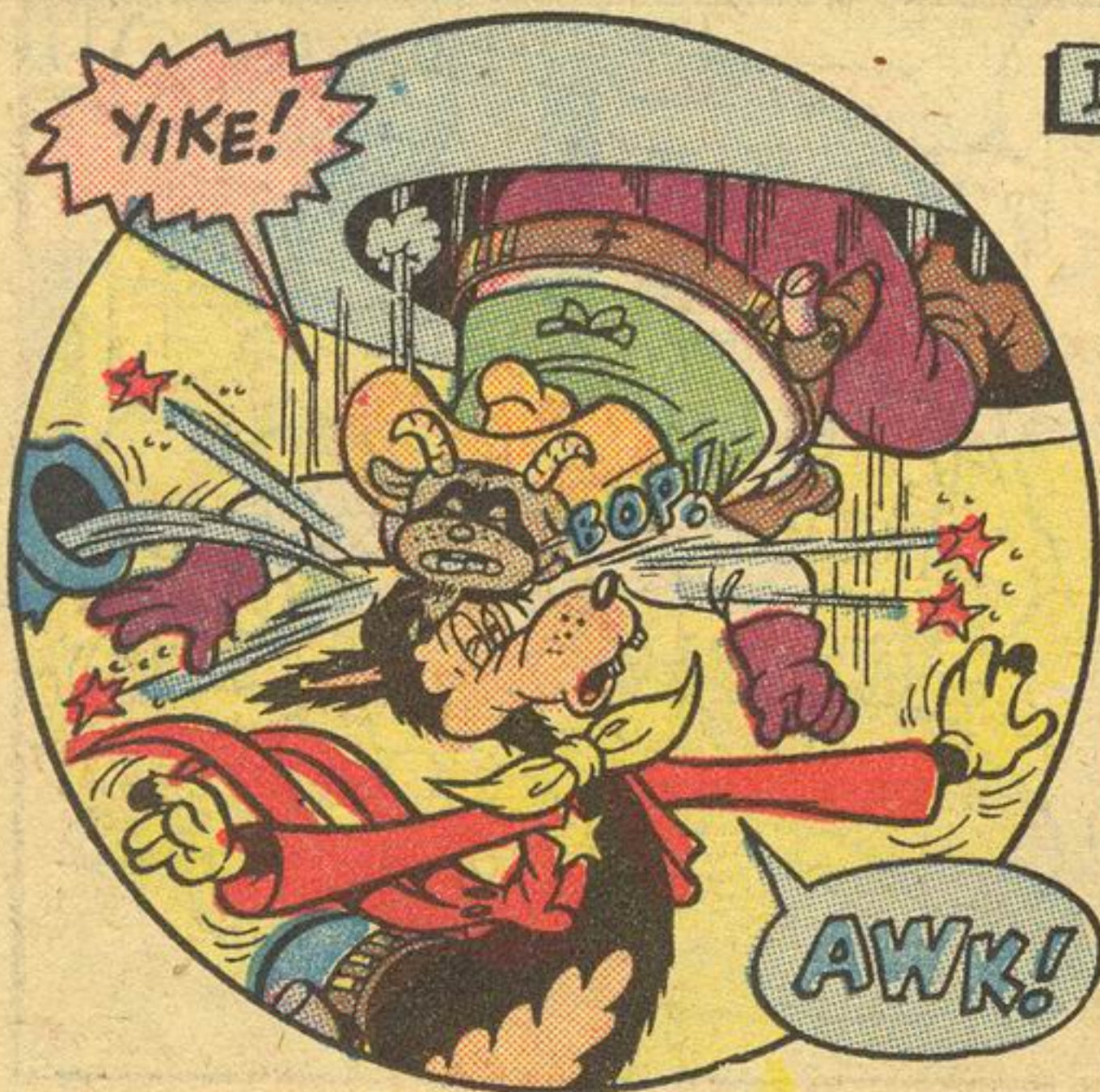
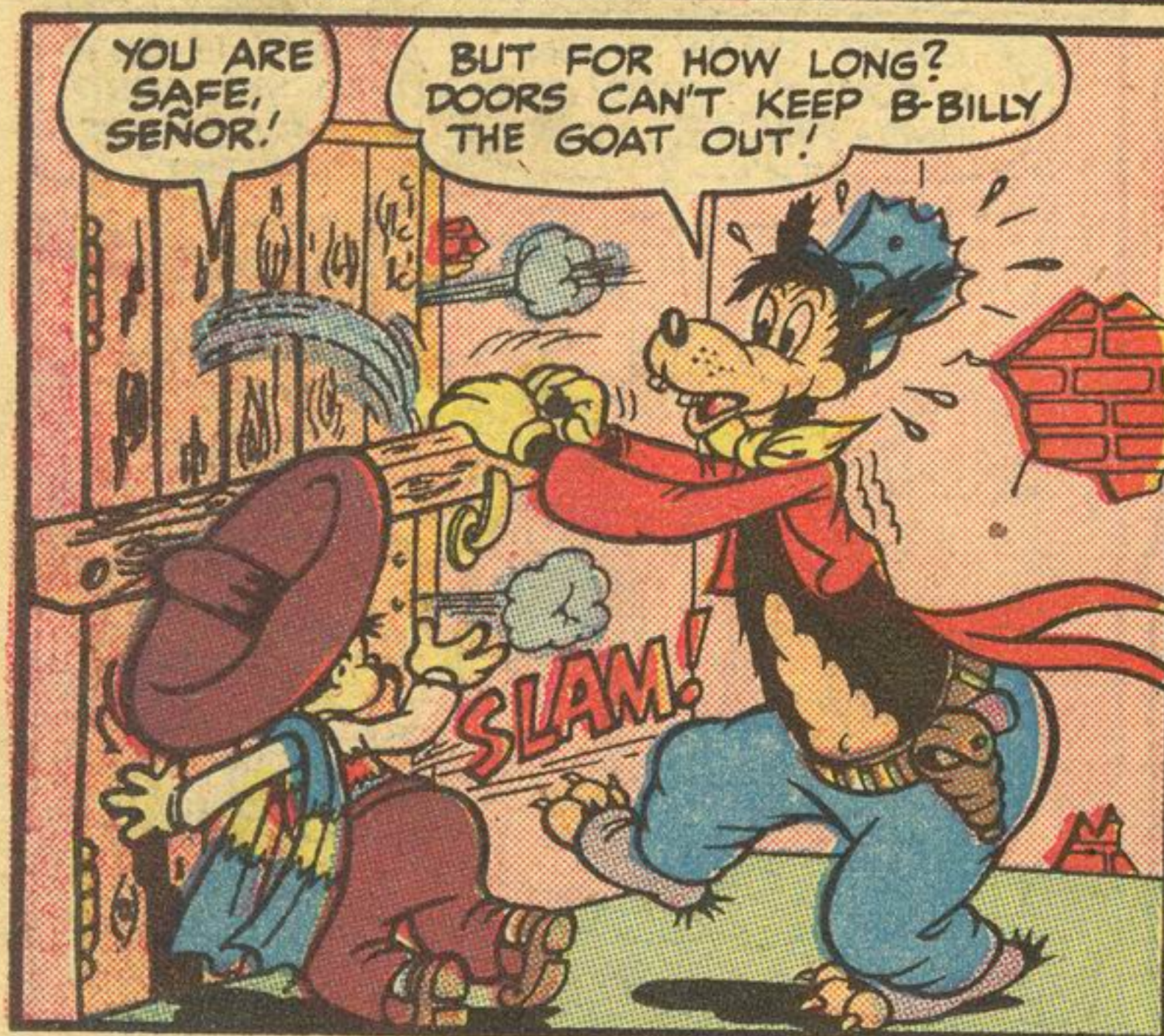
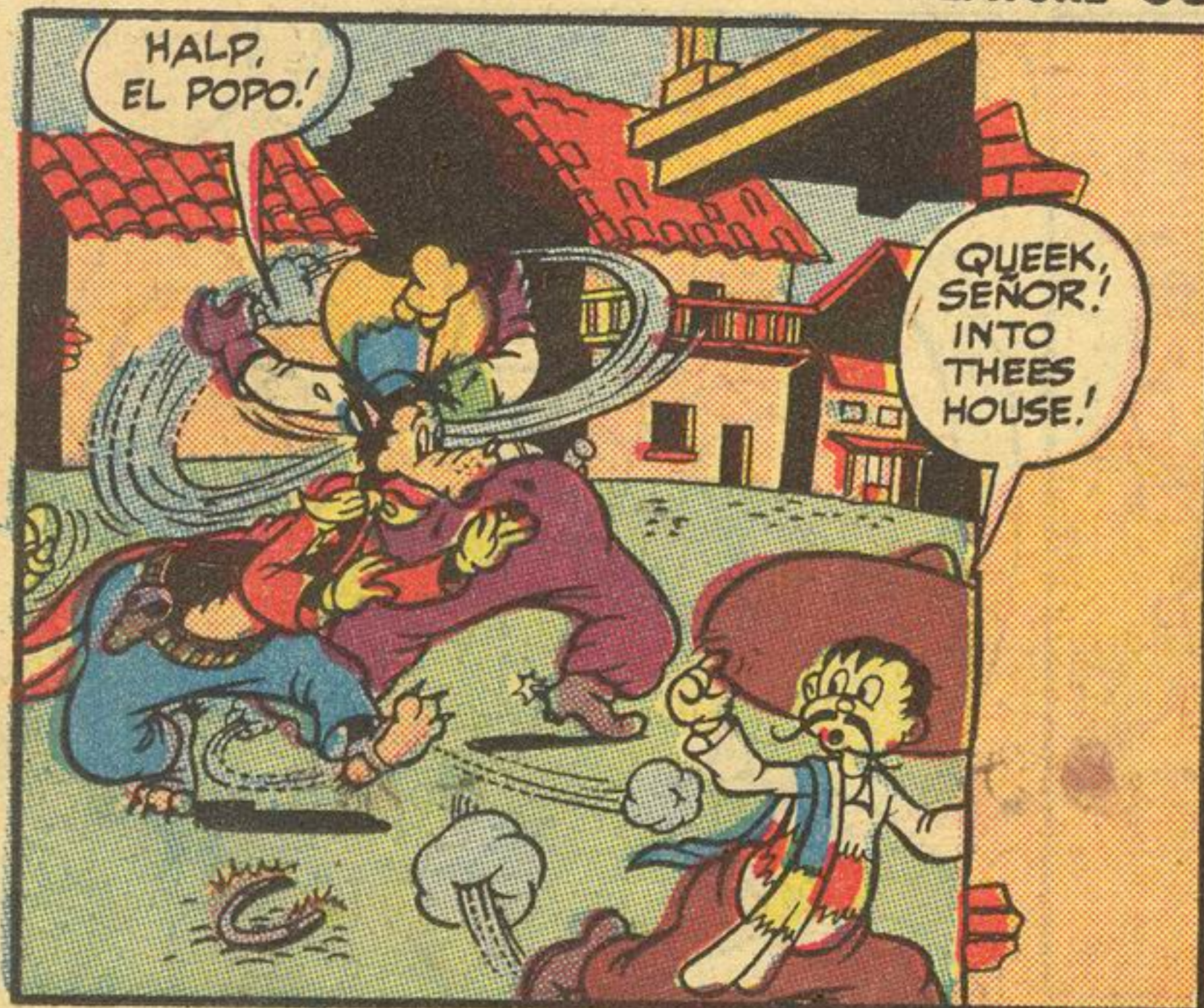


FEATURE COMICS

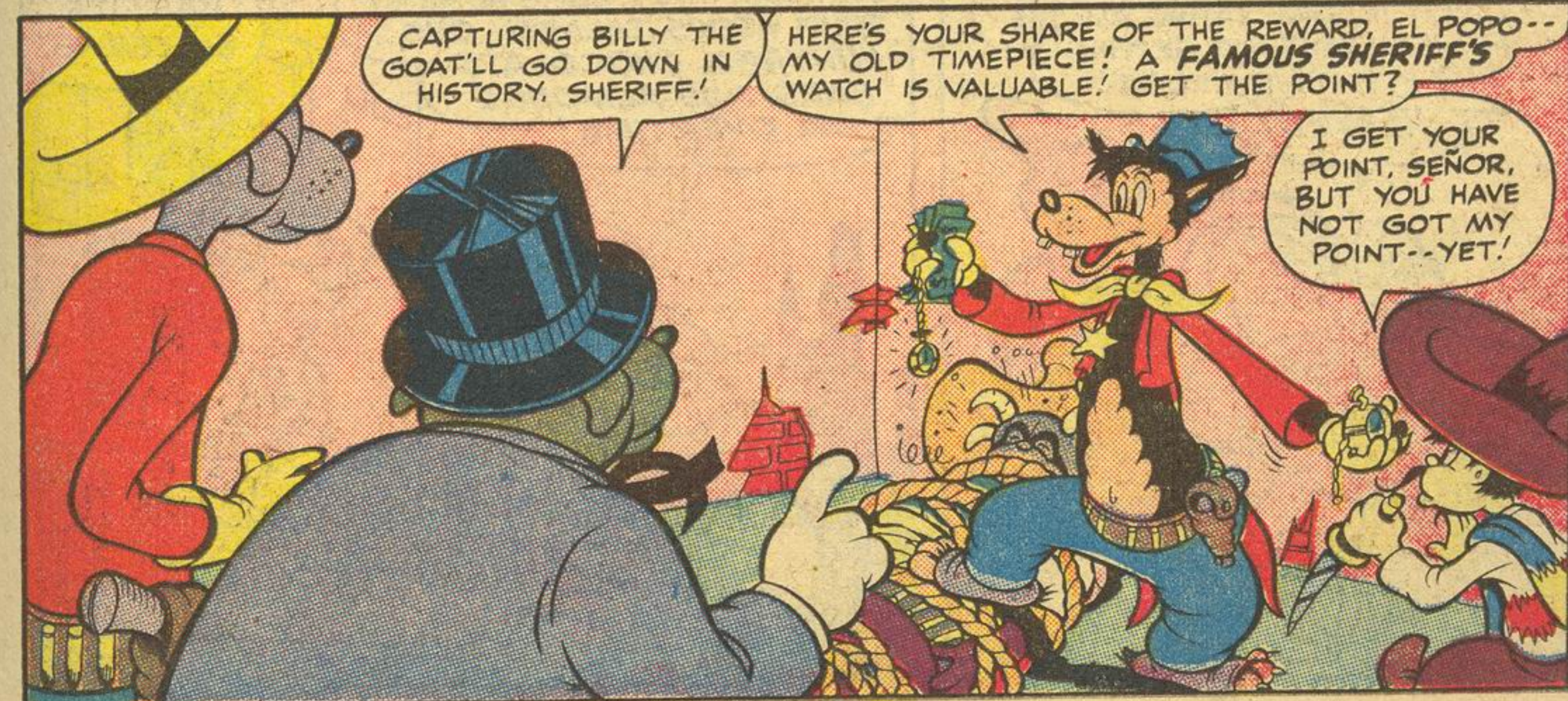
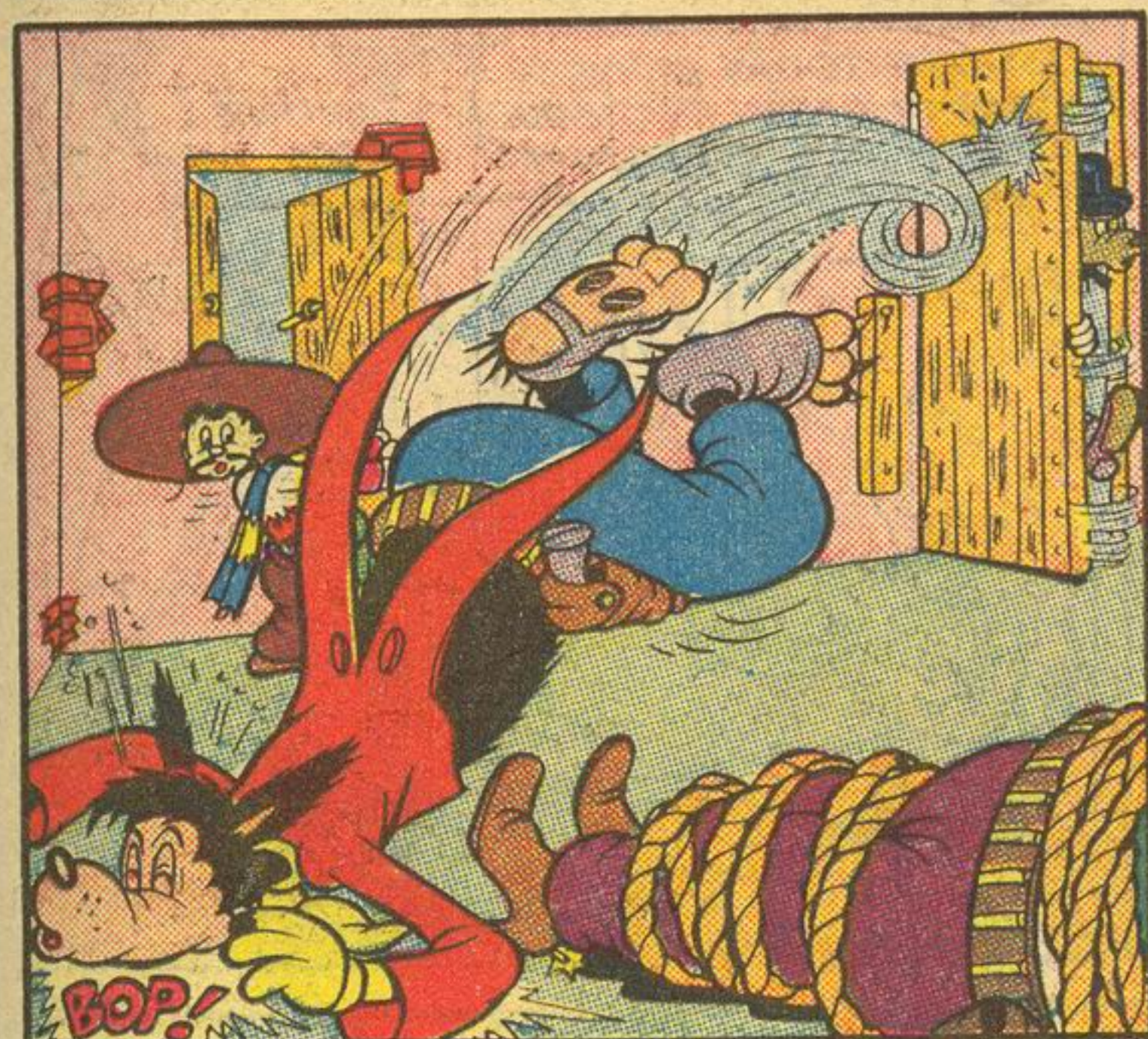
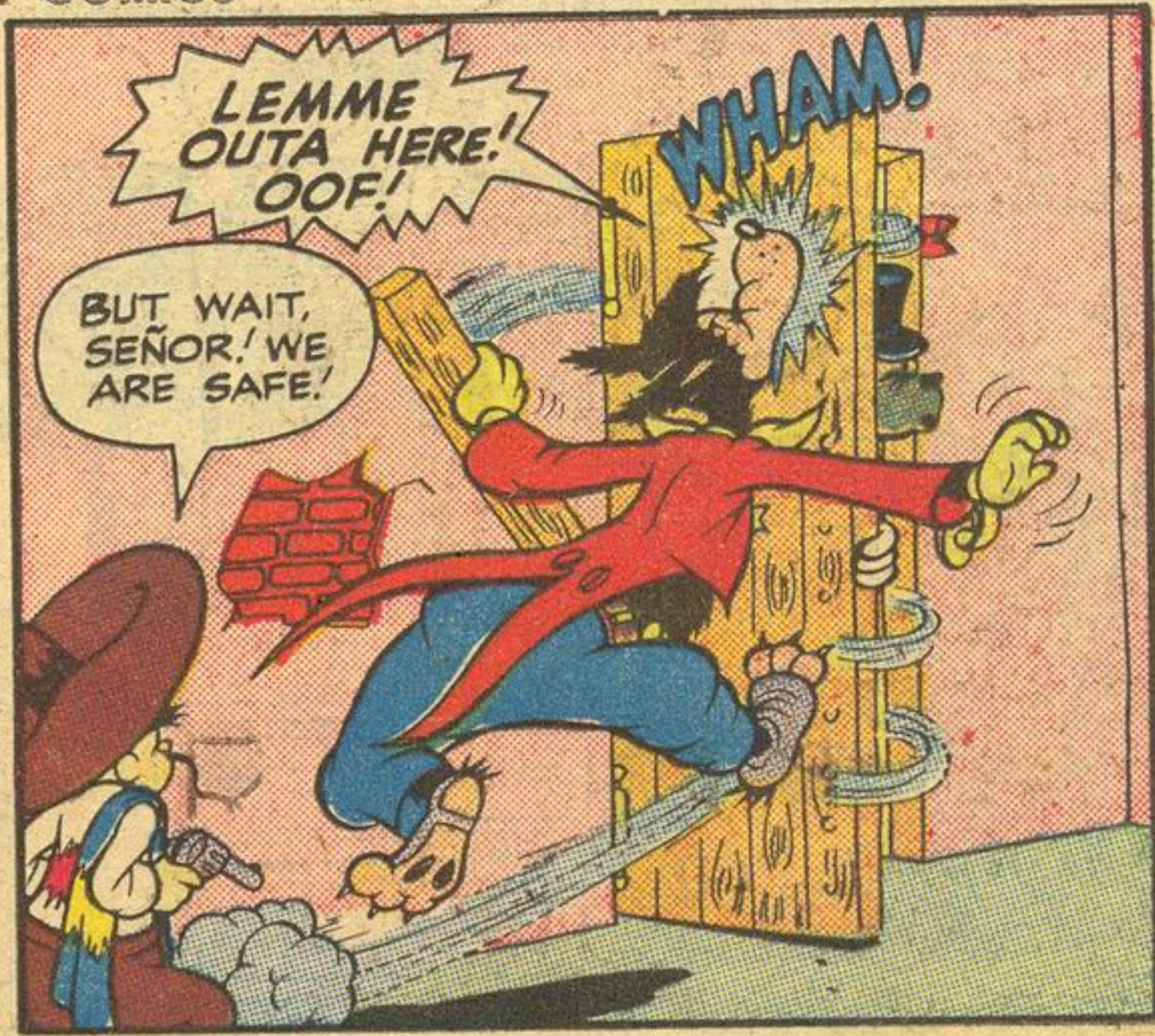




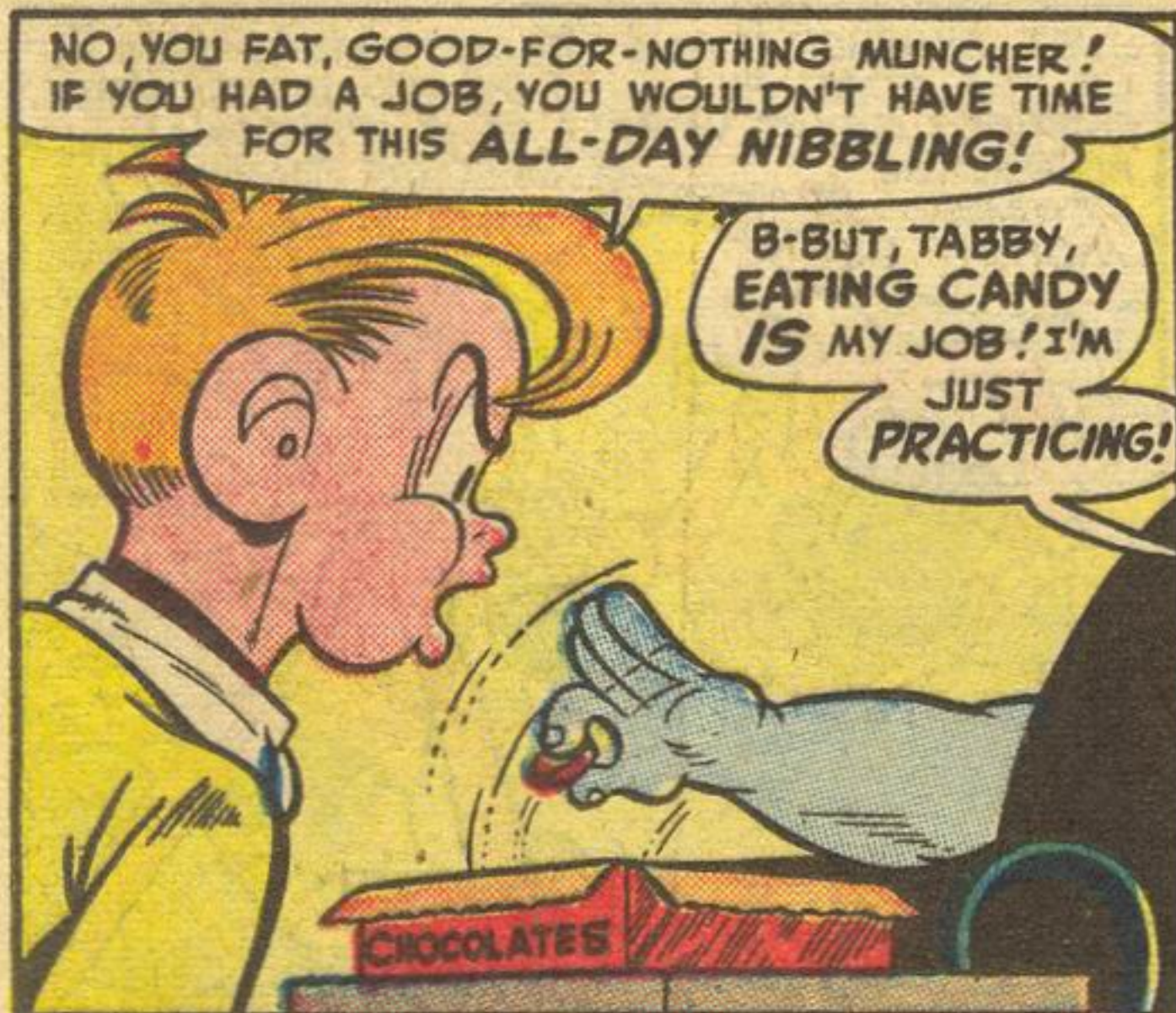
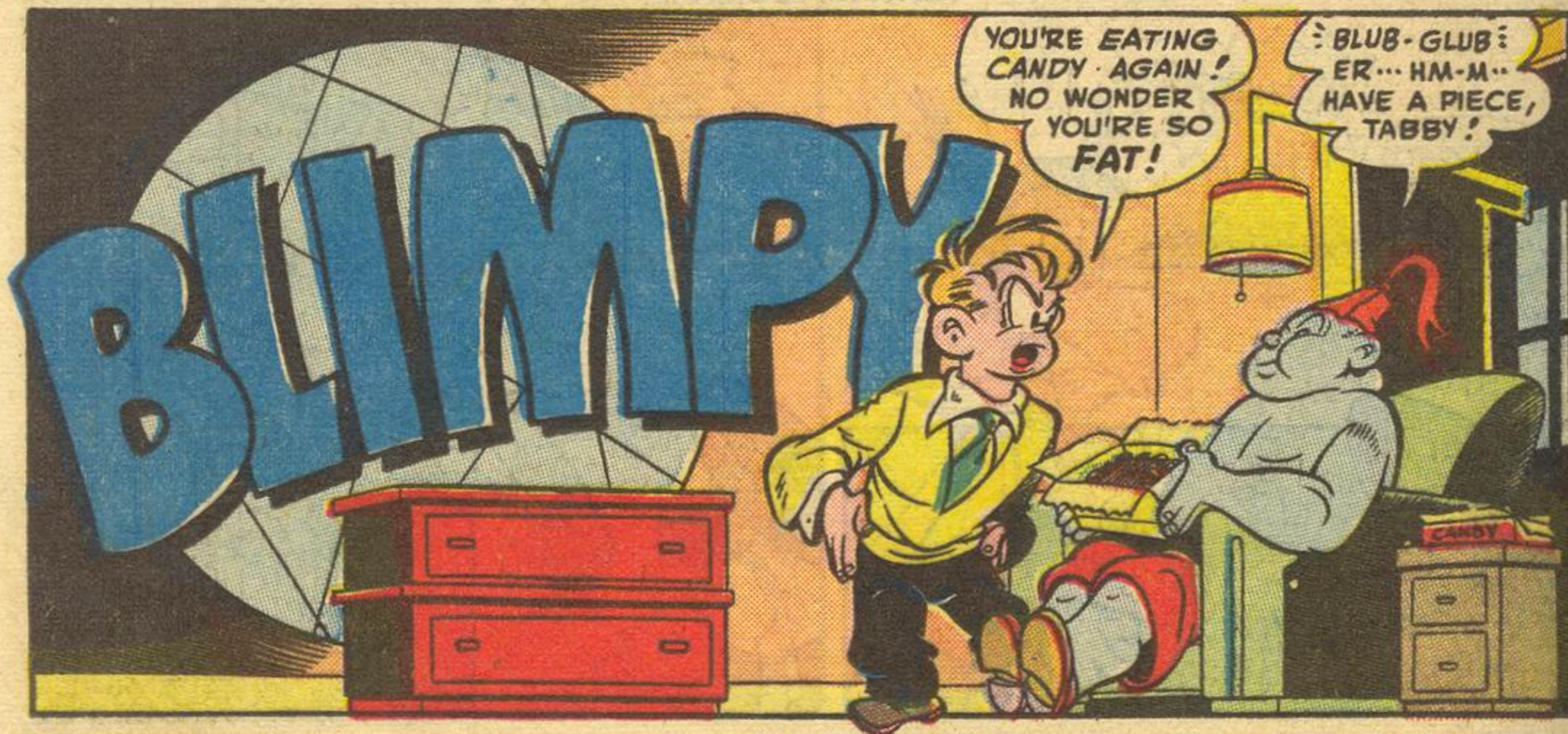
FEATURE COMICS













FEATURE COMICS

Little does Blimpy realize that he is replacing a Mr. Wipplenut, chief candy taster at the Tempty Candy Factory for thirty years! Poor Mr. Wipplenut! Oh, well... that's life!



P-PLEASE, MR. TEMPTY! YOU CAN'T THROW ME OUT INTO THE STREET! I'LL **STARVE!** THIS IS THE ONLY WORK I'VE EVER DONE!

Tempty's  
Fudge  
Whippies  
5¢

MR. WIPPLENUT, THE MATTER IS CLOSED! LOOK AT YOURSELF... **THIN AS A RAIL, ANAEMIC, LOW BLOOD PRESSURE!** YOU'RE NO LONGER IN CONDITION TO TASTE CANDY!

THIS JOB ALWAYS REQUIRED A MAN WITH **ROBUST HEALTH, MUSCULAR,** AND WITH A SHARP APPETITE! THAT'S WHY I'M REPLACING YOU WITH **BLIMPY!**



MR. TEMPTY, LOOK! REMEMBER THIS PICTURE OF ME TAKEN THIRTY YEARS AGO? I'LL REGAIN MY OLD FORM! GIVE ME TIME! I JUST NEED A FEW SQUARE MEALS!

SORRY! MY MIND'S MADE UP! WHEN BLIMPY ARRIVES, YOU'LL SHOW HIM HIS DUTIES AND **LEAVE!**



BLAST THAT NEWCOMER BLIMPY! HEH, HE THINKS HE'S A CANDY TASTER, EH? I'LL SHOW HIM!

OFFICE  
OF  
T.P. TEMPTY



HMM, A NICE, SLOW DEATH IN **BOILING HOT FUDGE!** IT WILL APPEAR AS AN **ACCIDENT!**



FIRST, I MUST CONTROL MY HATRED AND GAIN BLIMPY'S CONFIDENCE! I'LL PRETEND I'M FRIENDLY! HEH, HEH!

Tempty's  
Pecan  
Bars  
5¢

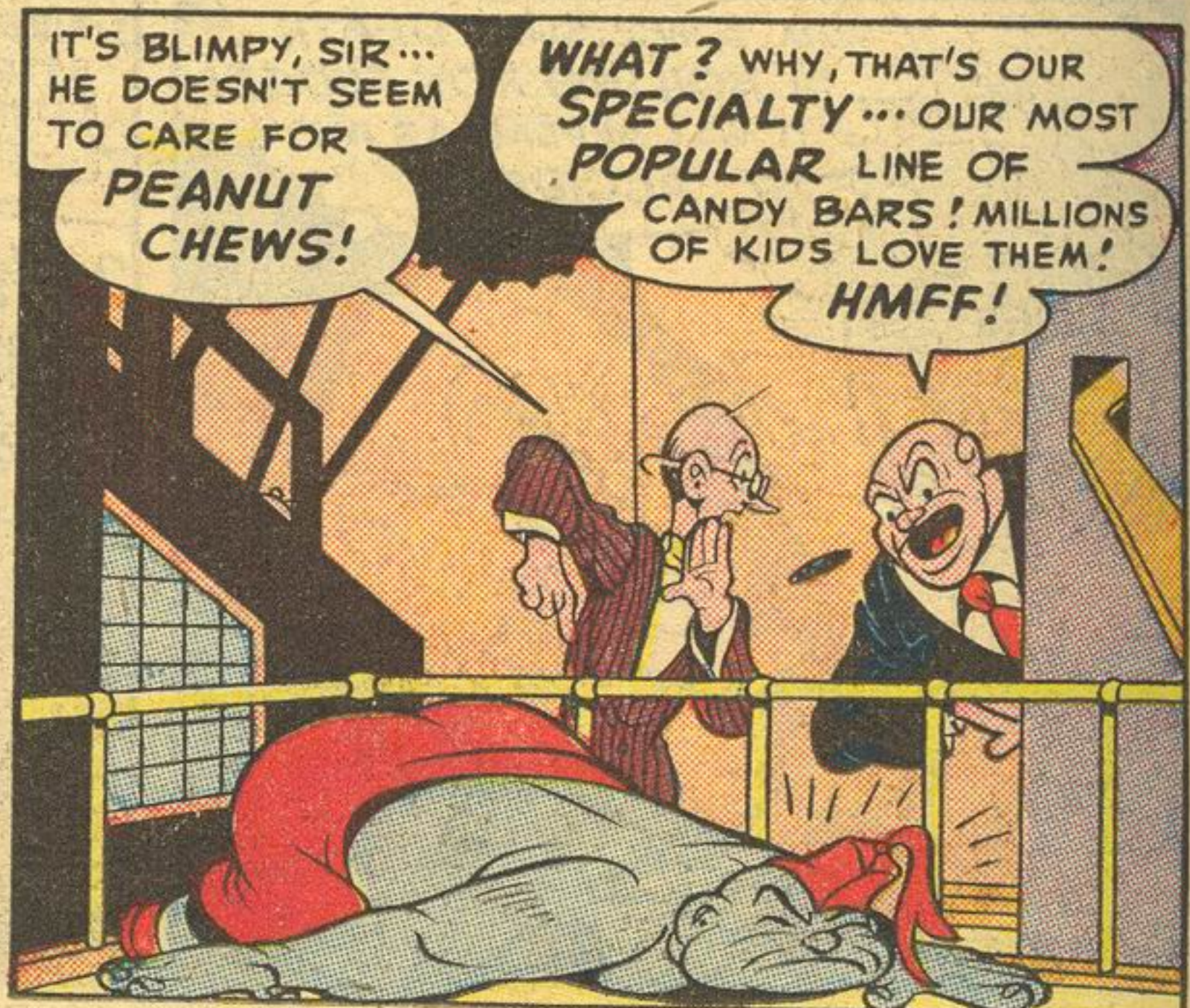
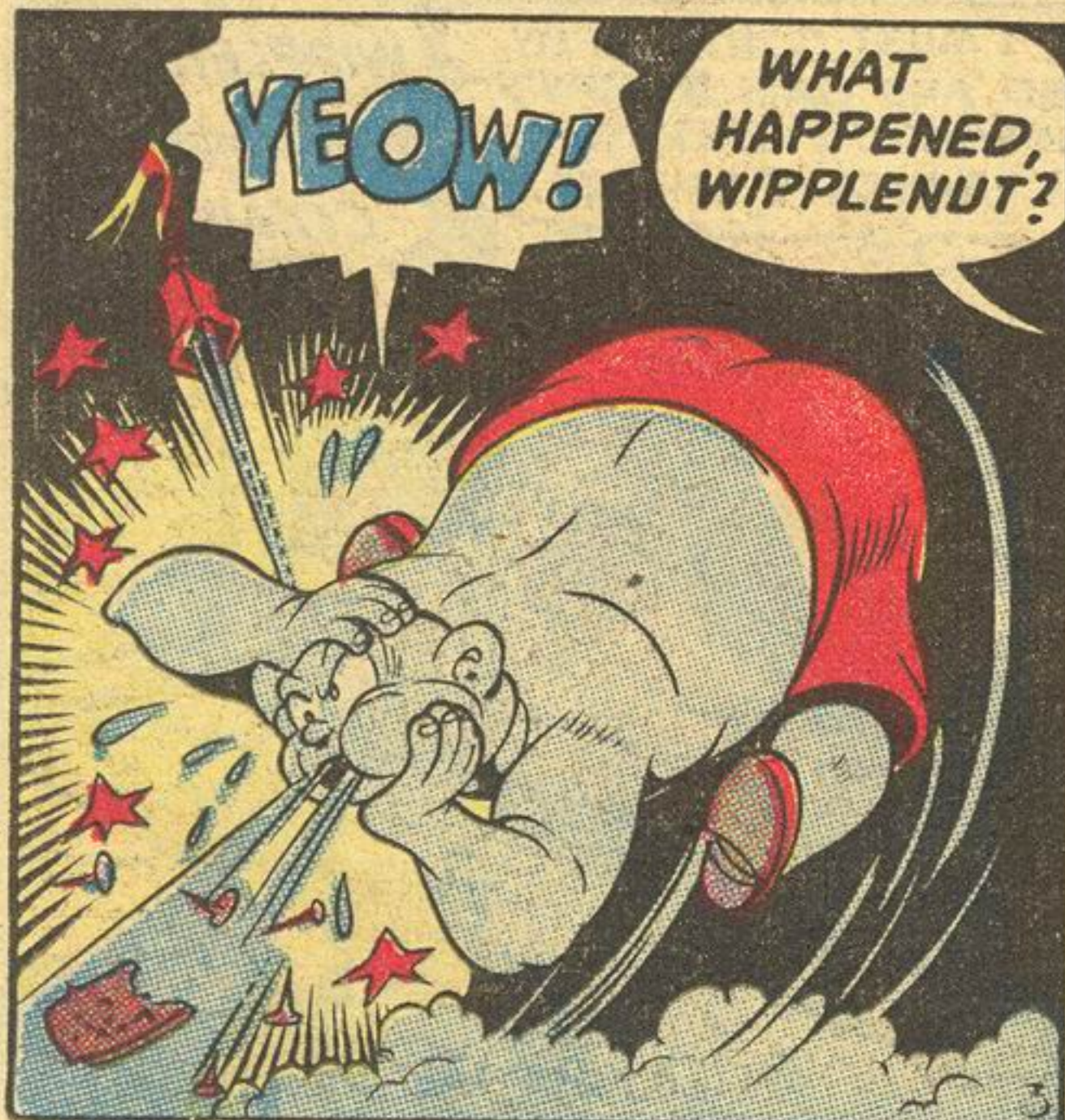
**WIPPLENUT!**

**COMING, SIR!**



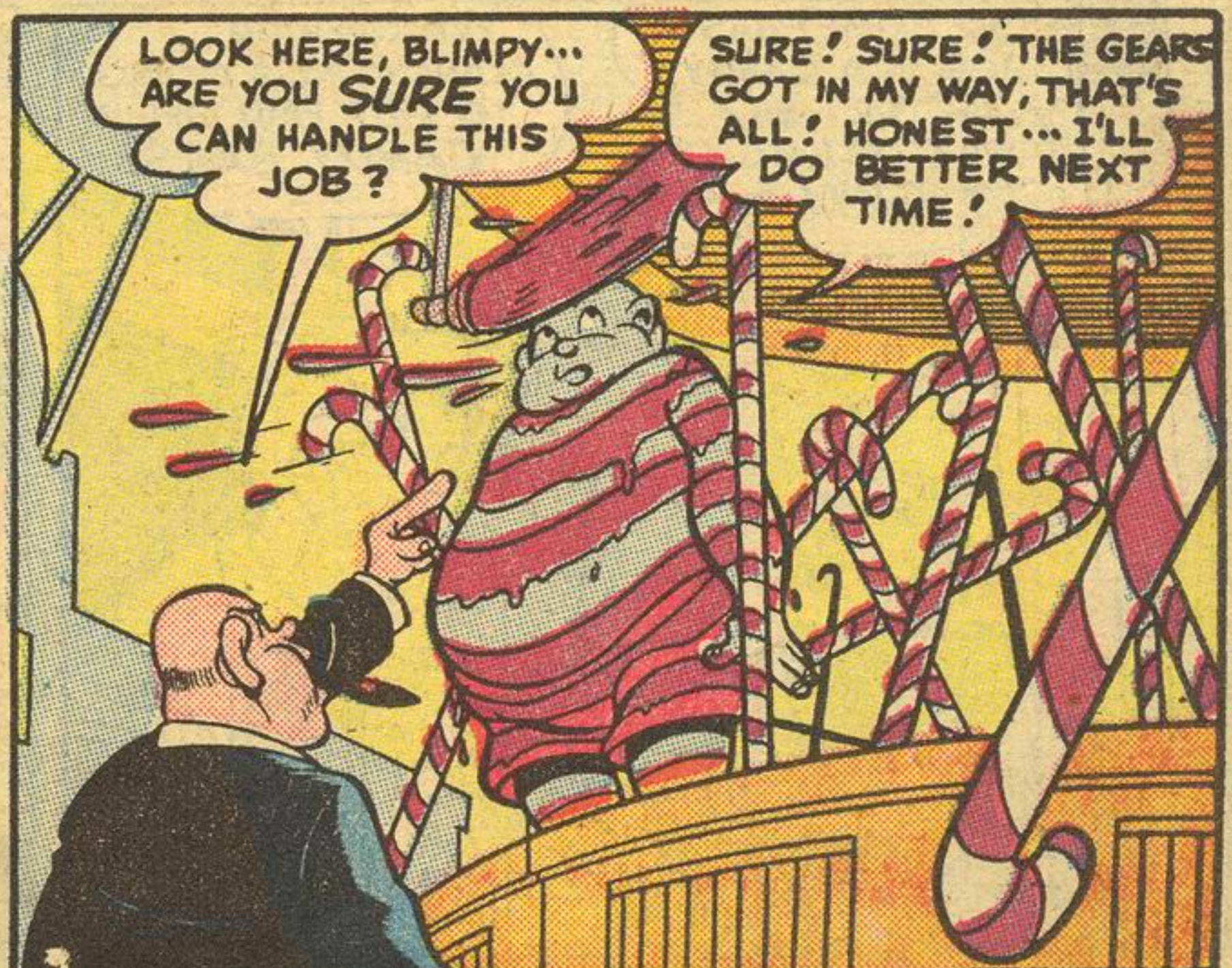
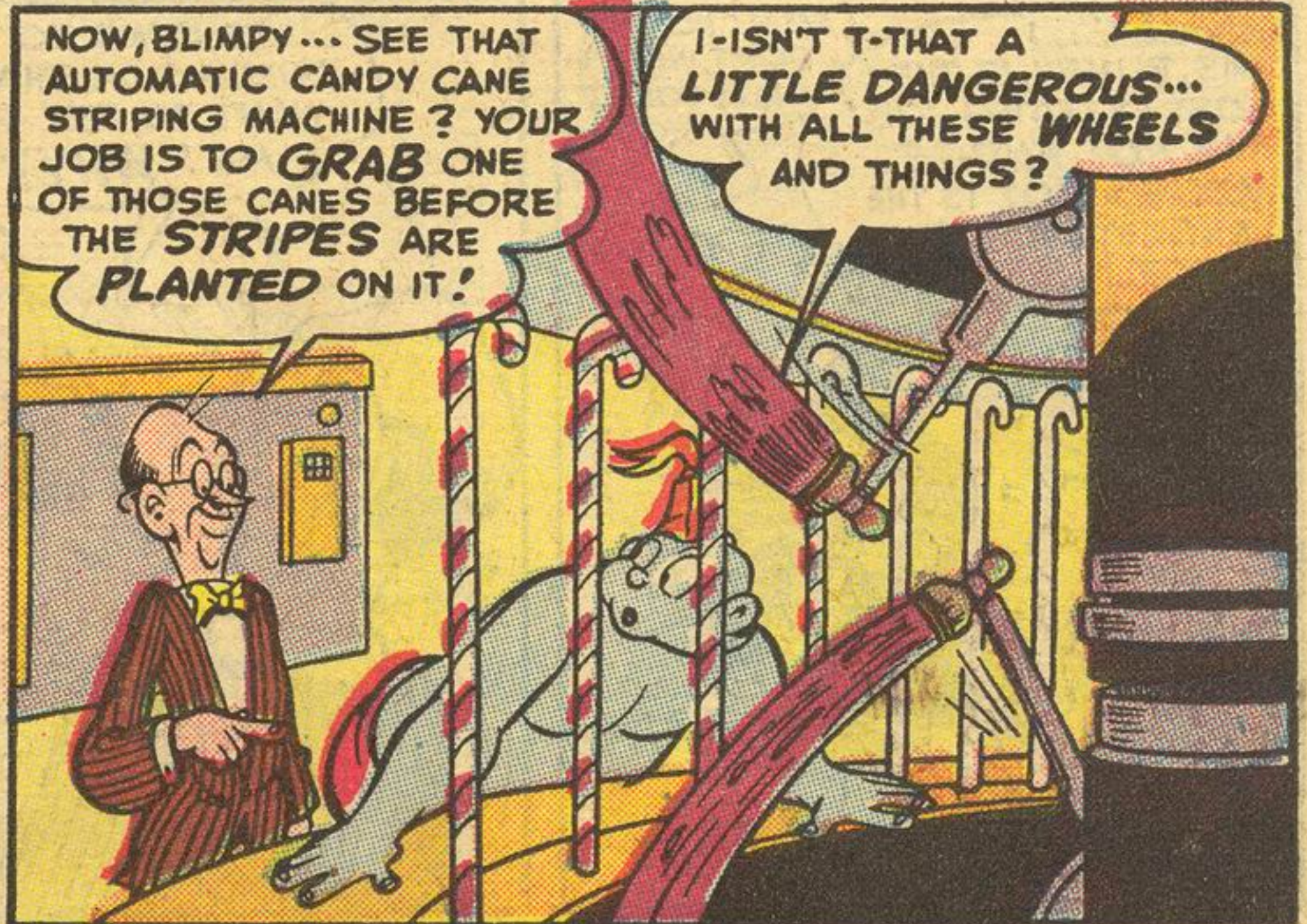
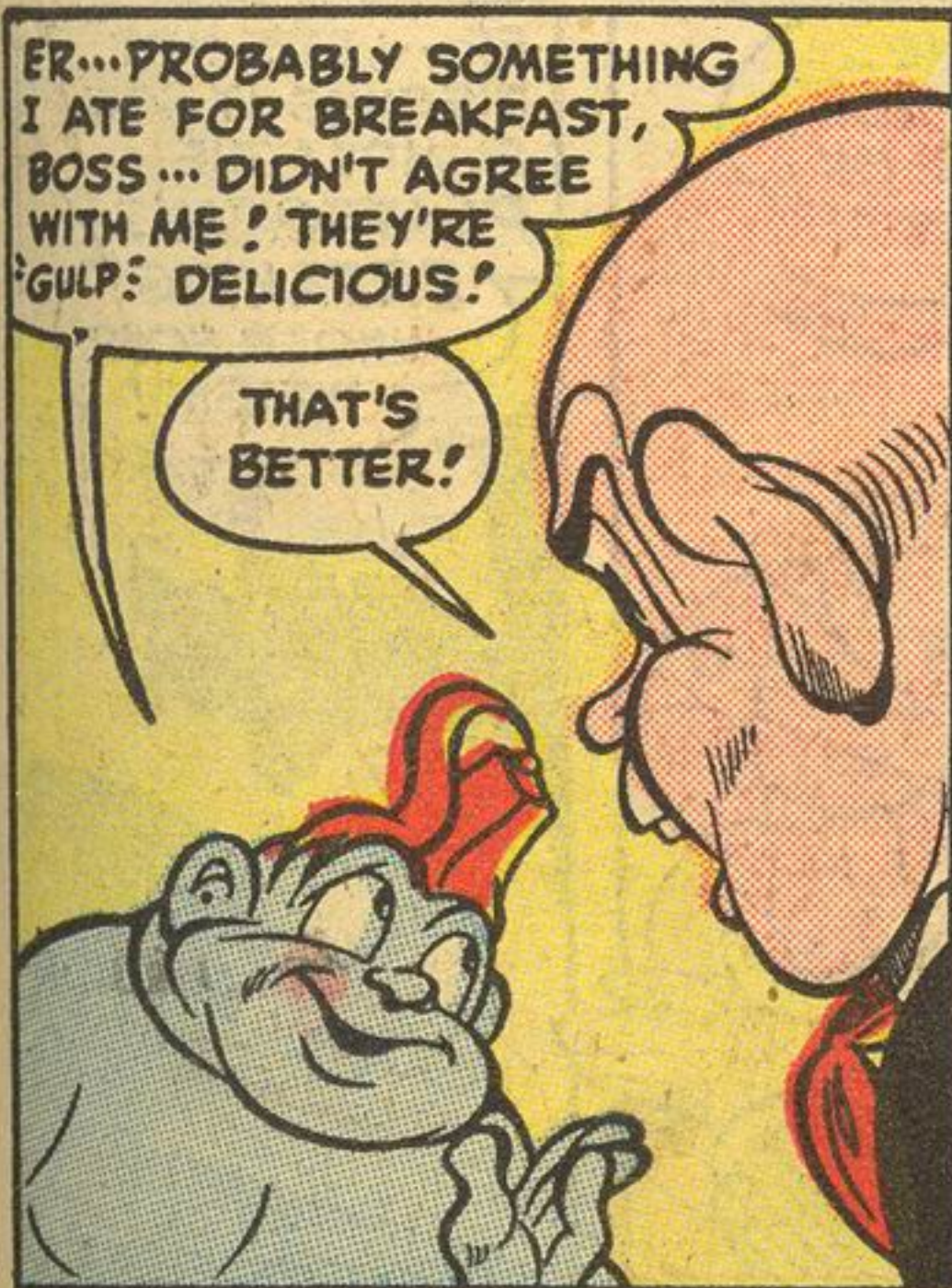


FEATURE COMICS



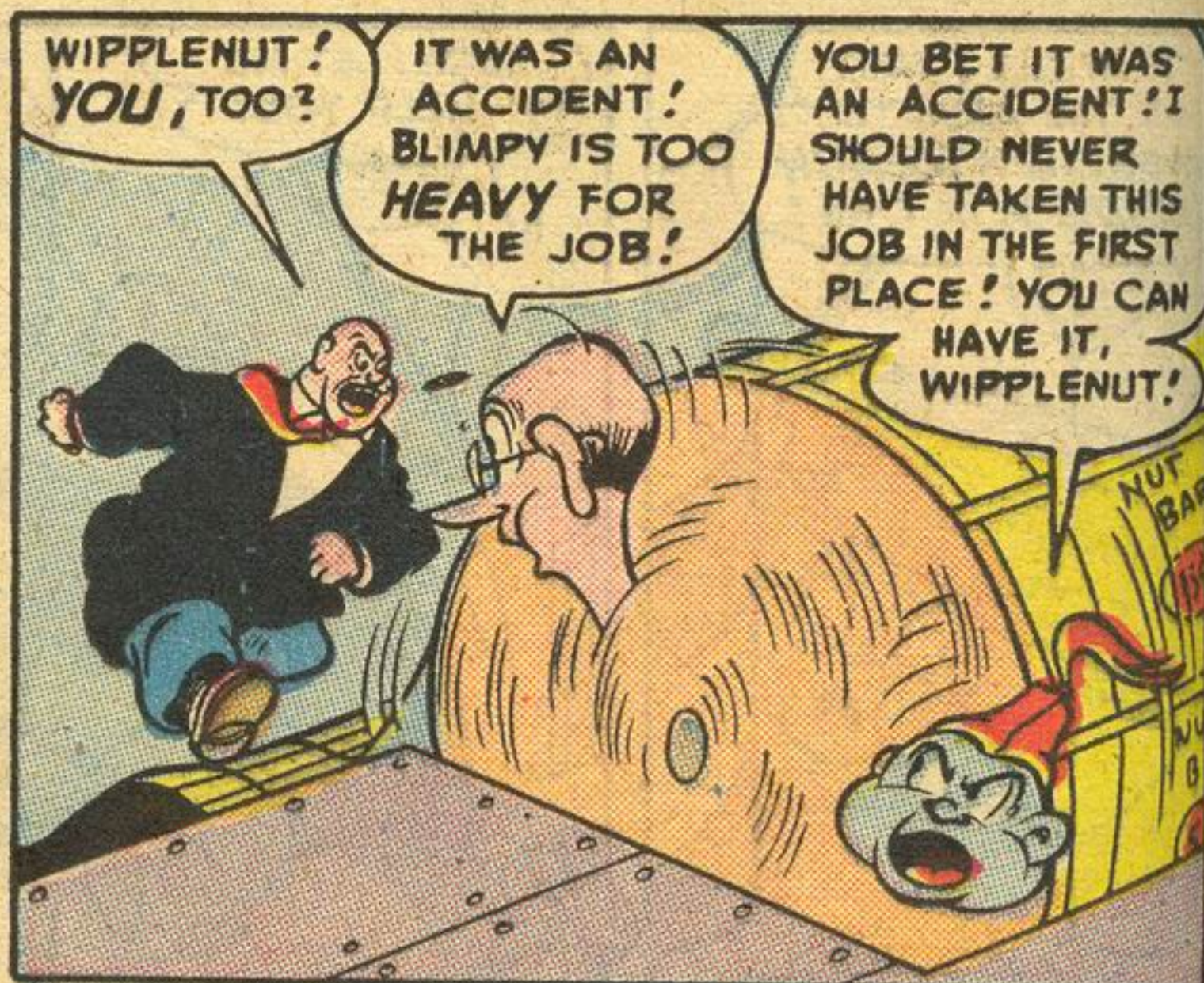
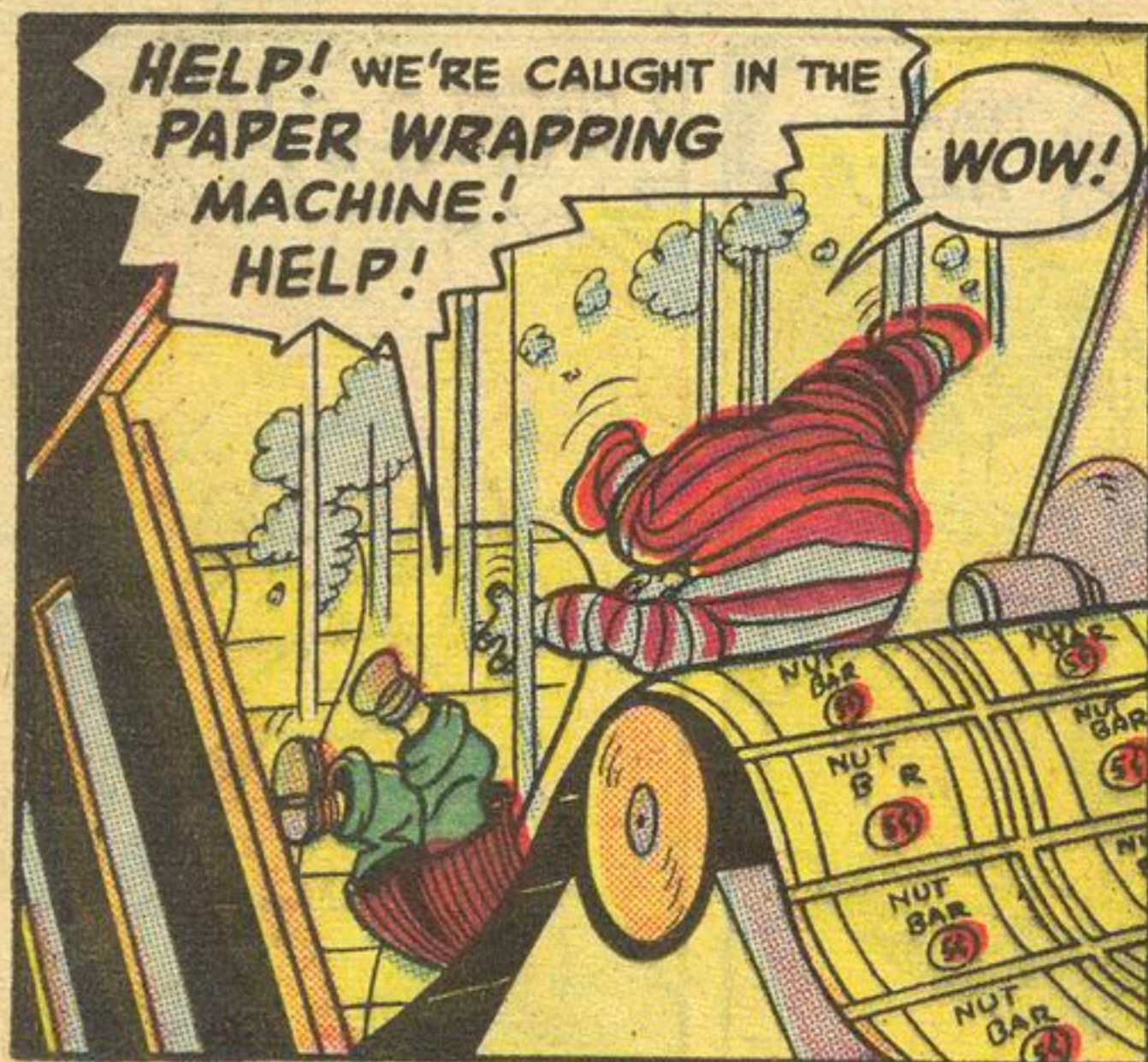
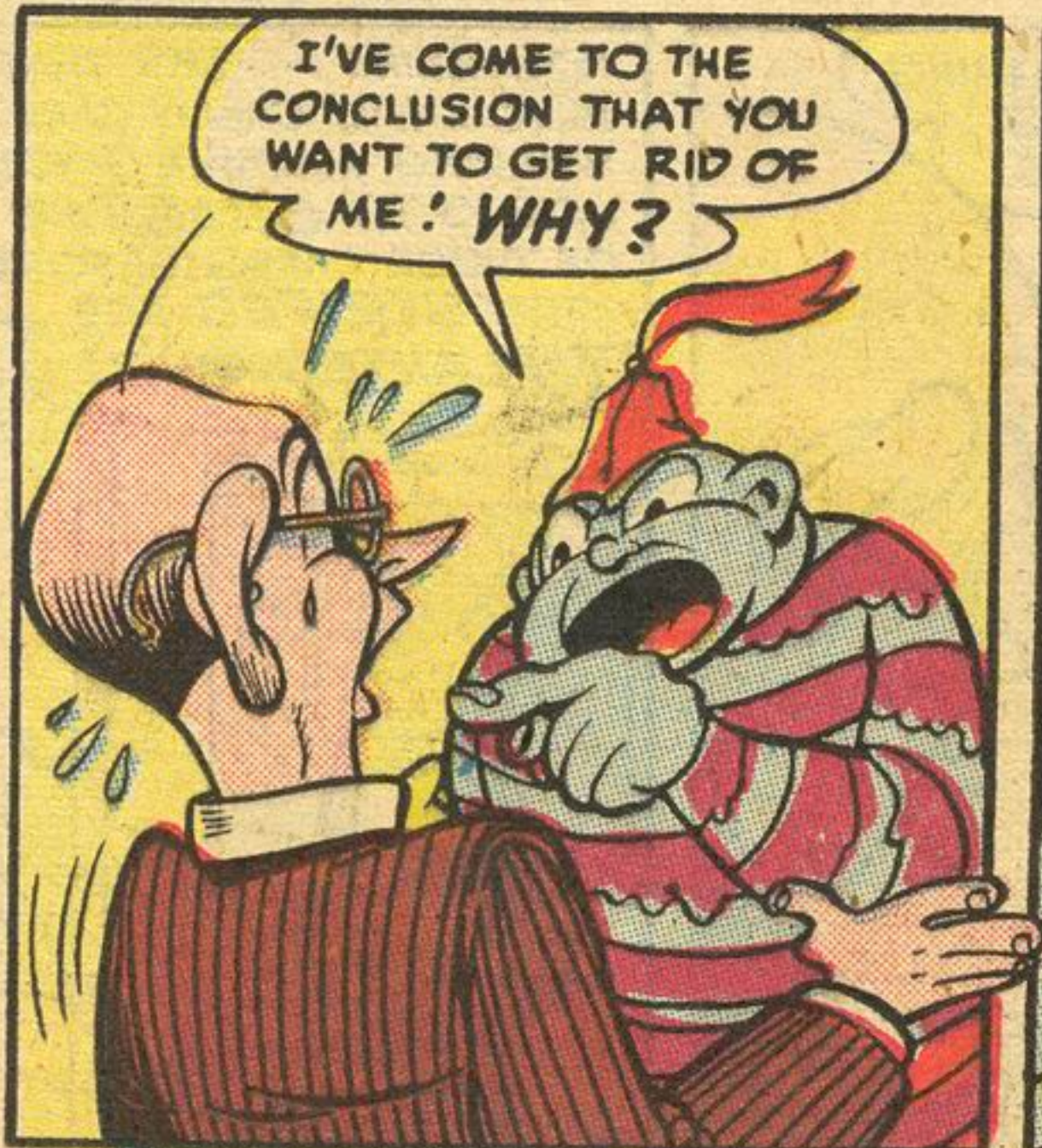
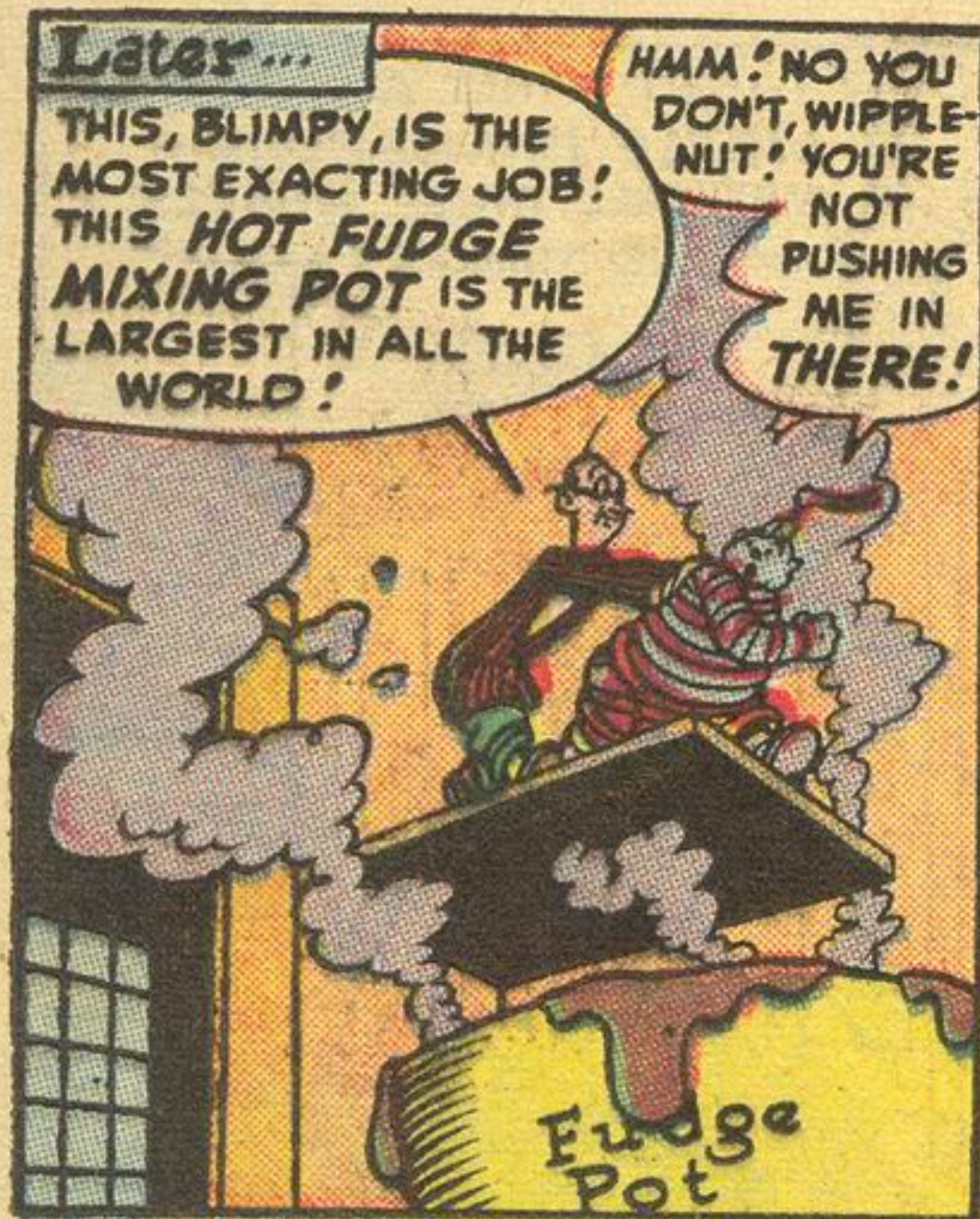


FEATURE COMICS





FEATURE COMICS





FEATURE COMICS



Poor Rusty! A life of adventure is all right, but when you have to play nursemaid to Pierpont and Alababa... WELL! Those two can never seem to keep out of trouble!

Take this for instance ----



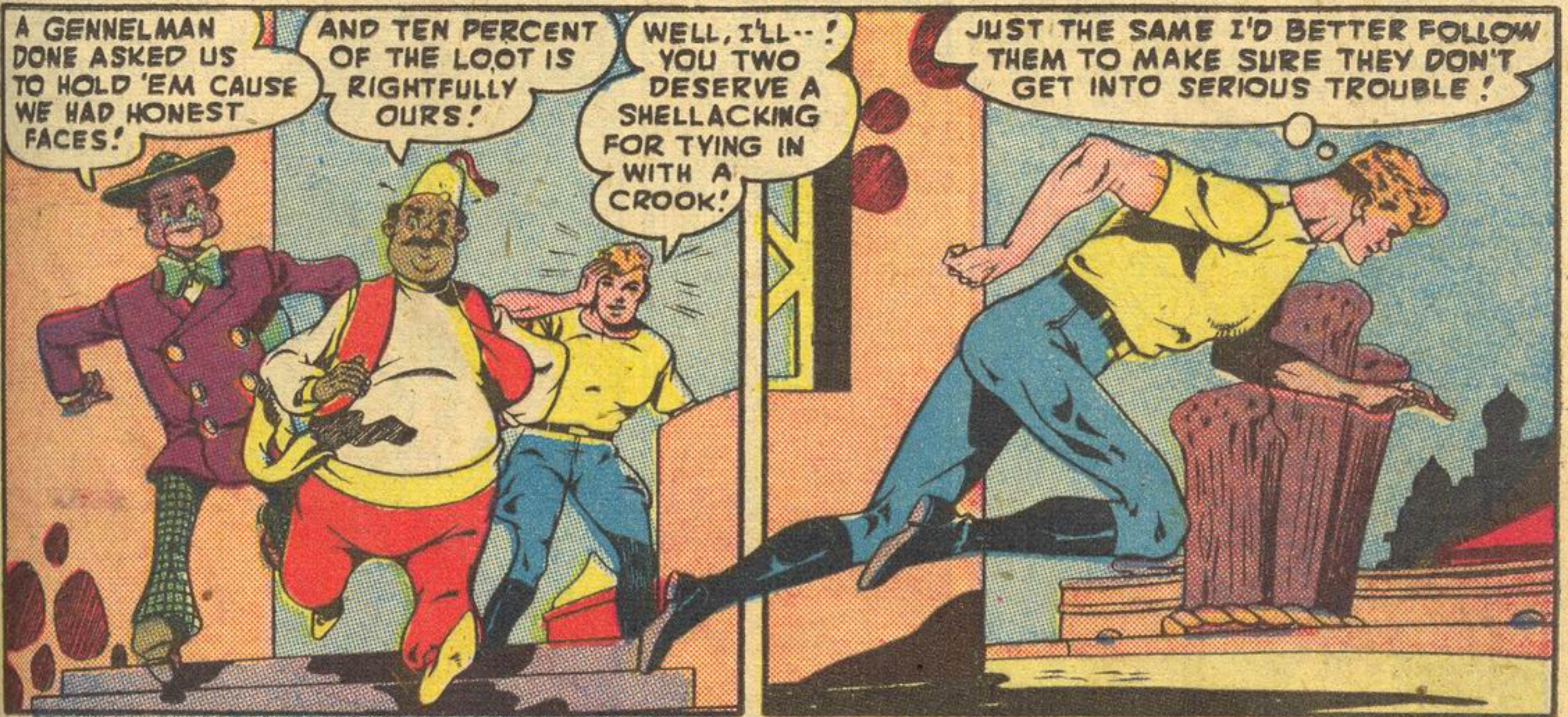


FEATURE COMICS



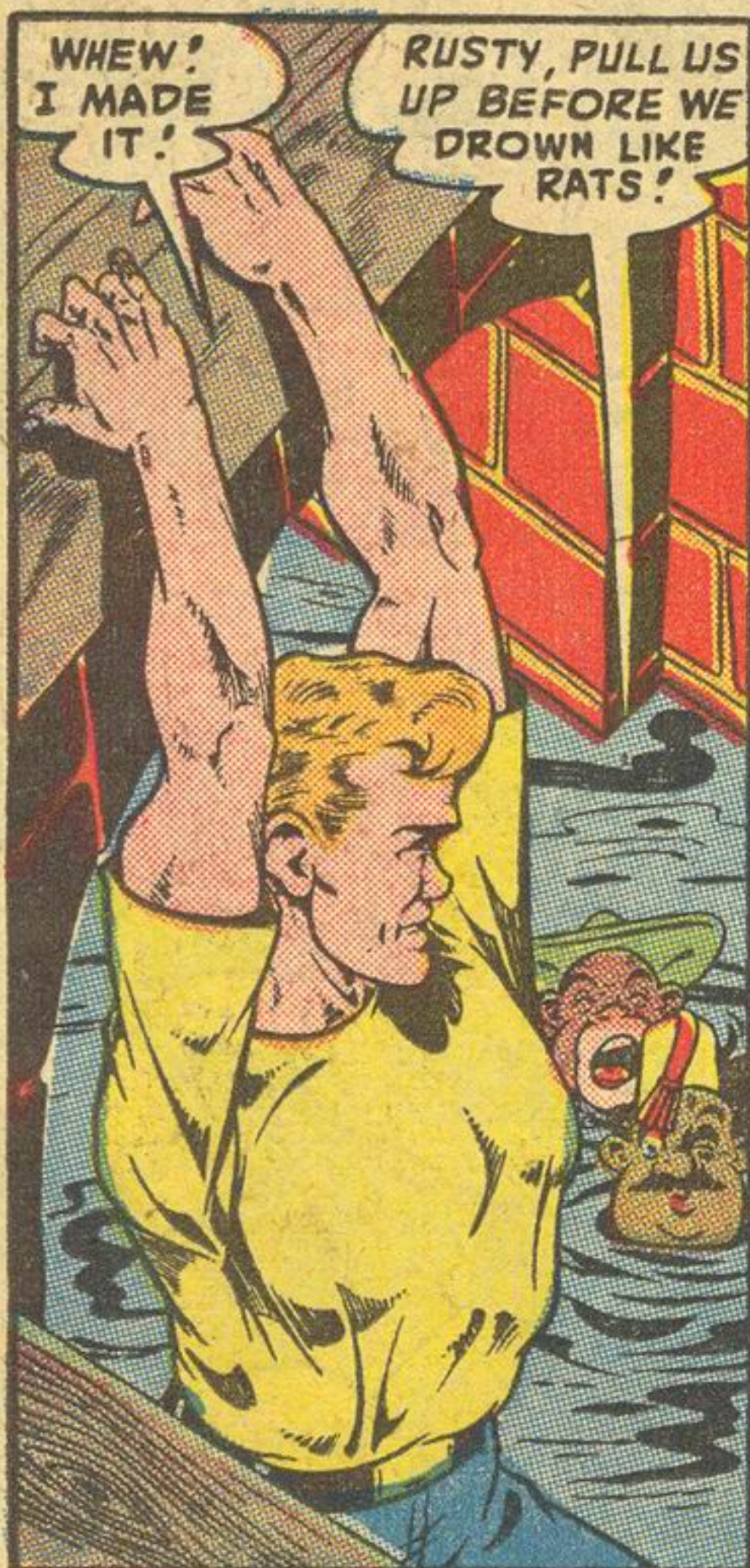
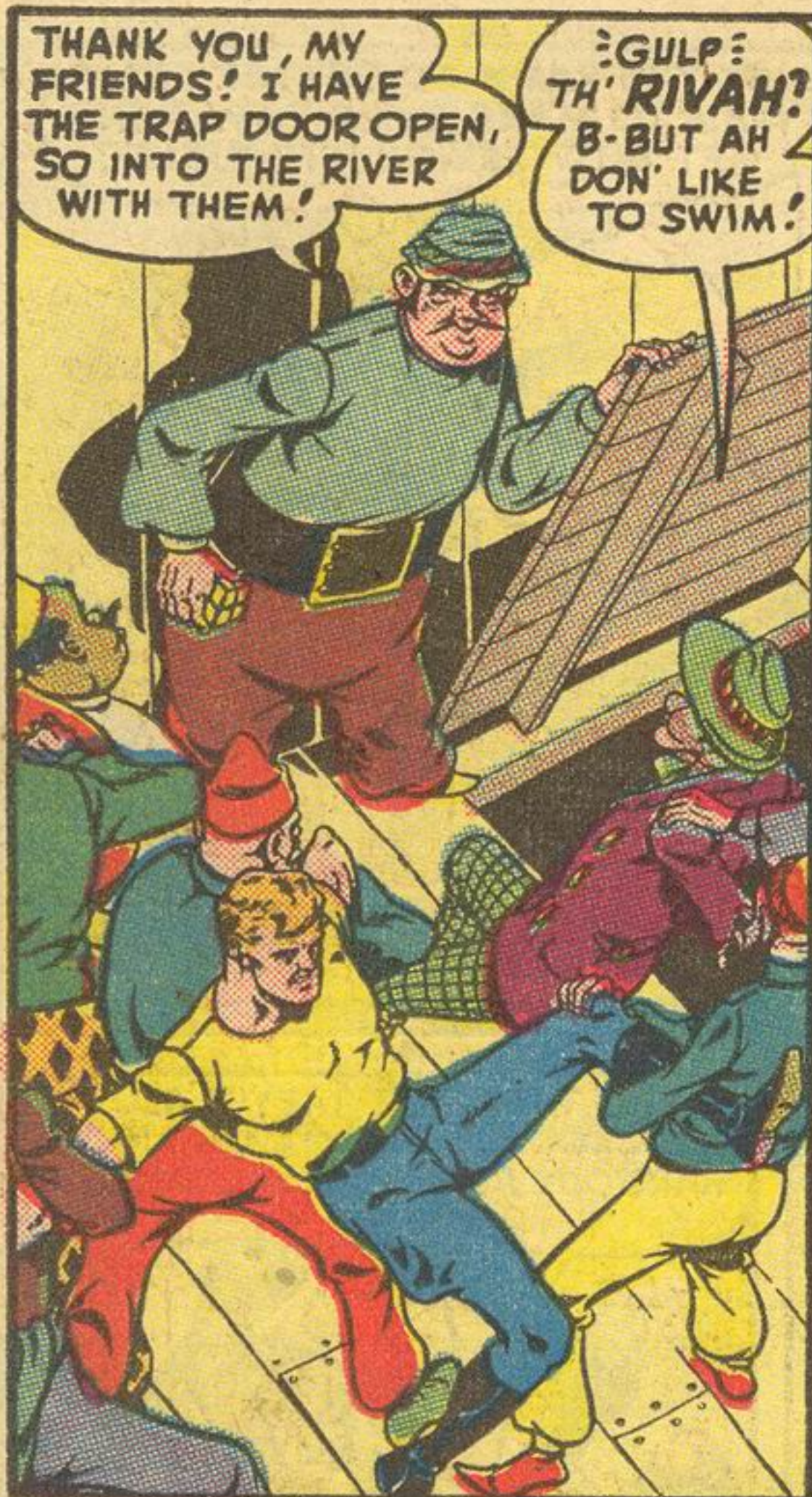


# FEATURE COMICS





FEATURE COMICS





FEATURE COMICS

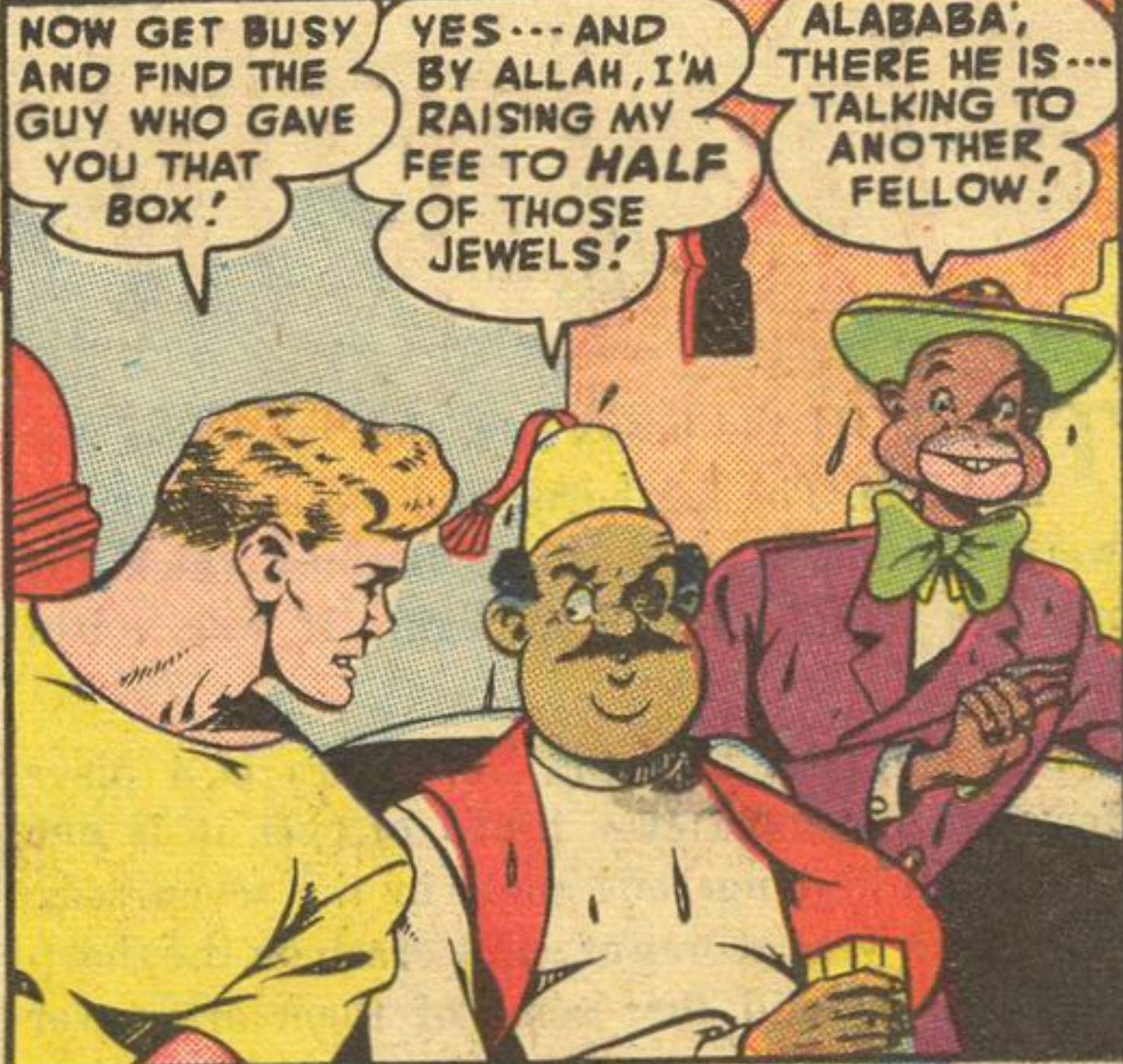
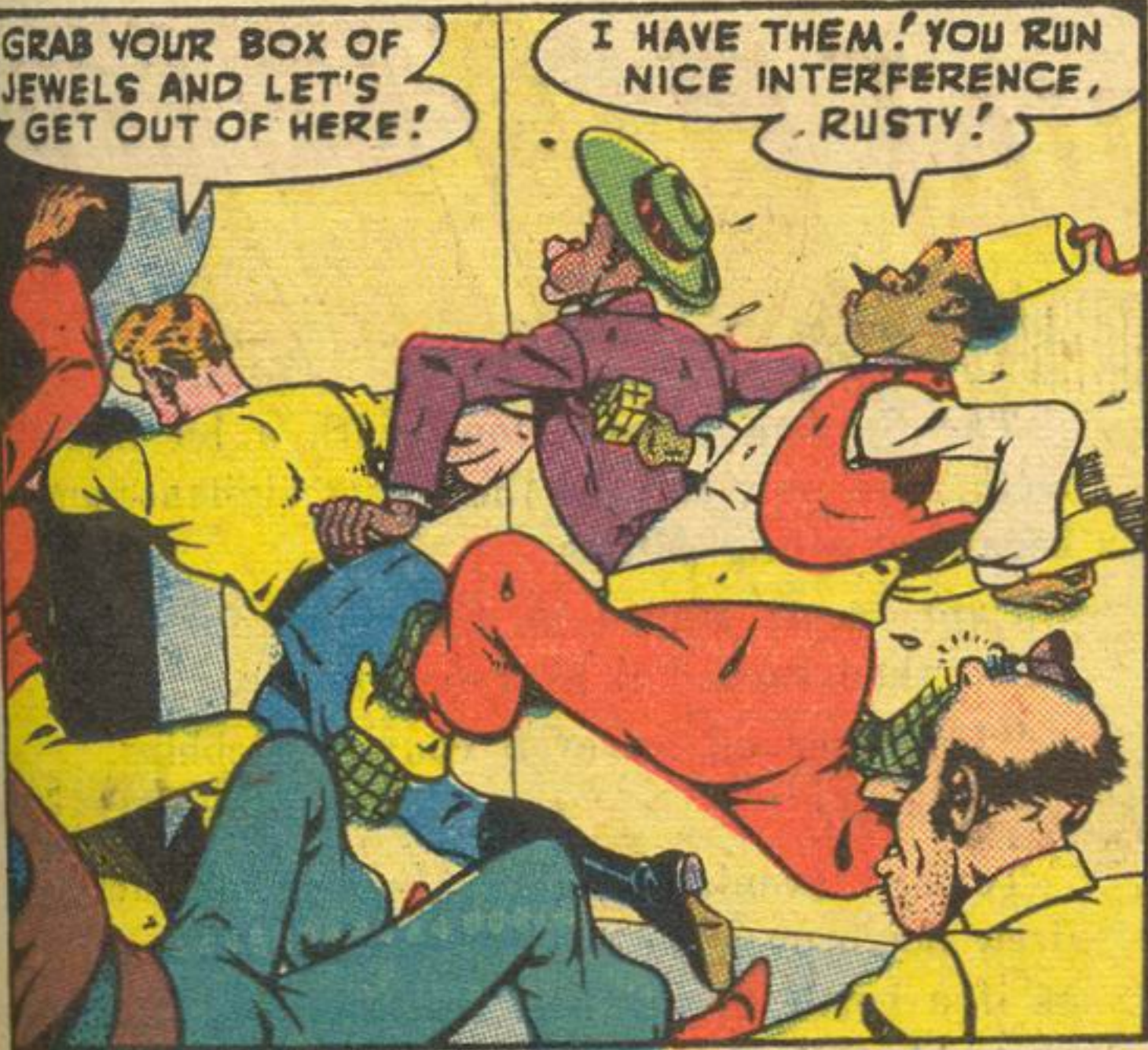
GRAB YOUR BOX OF JEWELS AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

I HAVE THEM! YOU RUN NICE INTERFERENCE, RUSTY!

NOW GET BUSY AND FIND THE GUY WHO GAVE YOU THAT BOX!

YES... AND BY ALLAH, I'M RAISING MY FEE TO HALF OF THOSE JEWELS!

ALABABA! THERE HE IS... TALKING TO ANOTHER FELLOW!



AH! HERE COME THE MEN WHO HOLD YOUR TREASURE! THE MONEY, PLEASE!

JUST A SECOND! THESE JEWELS WERE STOLEN BY A BAND OF THIEVES... AND I'M CLAIMING HALF FOR RECOVERING THEM!

YOU CANNOT!

YOU ARE RIGHT... YOU MUST BE REWARDED BUT YOU CANNOT TAKE HALF MY TREASURE! I WILL GIVE YOU HALF OF THE MONEY I WAS GOING TO GIVE MY FRIEND!

AT'S A GOOD IDEA, ALABABA!

DO YOU TAKE ME FOR A FOOL? HMF! I COULD GET TEN TIMES THAT PALTRY SUM!



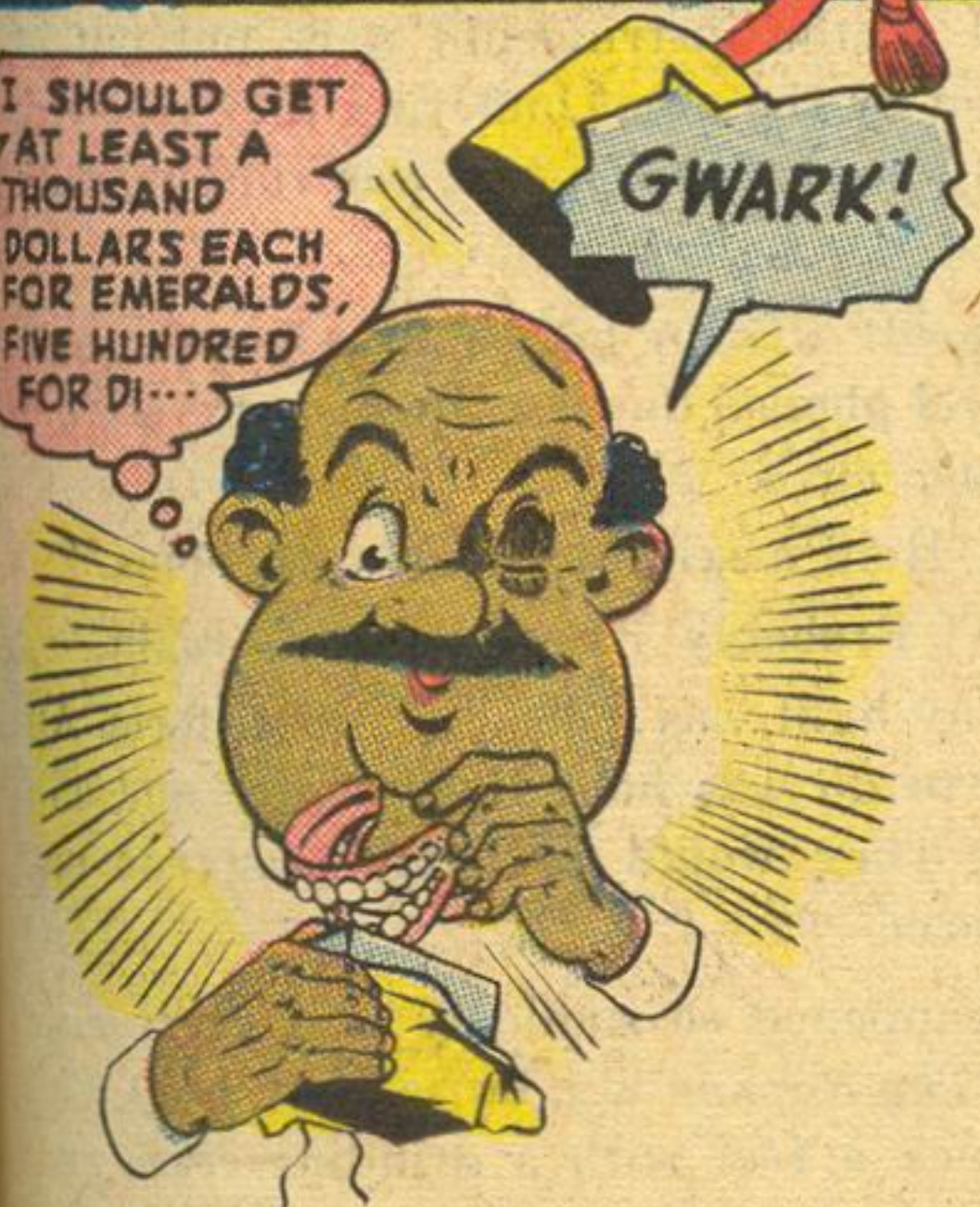
I SHOULD GET AT LEAST A THOUSAND DOLLARS EACH FOR EMERALDS, FIVE HUNDRED FOR DI...

GWARK!

GO AHEAD AND TRY TO SELL THEM! AH... ER... IF YOU WANT TO GET RID OF THEM, YOU CAN GIVE THEM TO ME!

ER... GULP! HOW ABOUT HALF OF WHAT YOU PAID FOR THE UPPERS FOR THESE LOWERS?

HA-HA! HEY, ALABABA, HOW ABOUT FINDING A DENTIST TO PULL OUT YOUR LOWER TEETH? THEN YOU CAN WEAR THEM YOURSELF!





# The Light THAT LIED

**T**HROUGH the heavy fog, the lighthouse was invisible. The fog horns and screaming buoys were audible. Just audible. Because thick fog mutes sound as well as light. It was a bad night.

Frieden Island in the North Sea is a place few persons have ever heard of, yet it is one of the most dangerous spots in the seven seas. Here each year scores of ships crash on the sharp rocks. It is said that some of them are never reported on.

"I don't know much about this Frieden Island," said Perry Scott, standing tense at the wheel of his big yacht, *The Syphon*. "I've heard some unhealthy tales about the place, especially about the fellow who keeps the light there. Nordhoff, I think his name is. A weird chap from all accounts. Not exactly to be trusted."

Scott's first mate, Seegers, said: "Then why do they have a guy like that operating the light? Seems to me a lightkeeper should be an unquestioned man."

Scott nodded. "Yes, so it does. But it seems Nordhoff's family has owned the island for a great many years, and each head of the family transfers the lightkeeping to the elder male of the family as the generations get past work."

Seegers grunted. "One of those things, huh?"

"I'd like to pay this Nordhoff a little visit," said Scott after a moment. "Maybe we'll find a way to do it."

When they were well past Frieden Island, the fog began to lift, and every man aboard drew a breath of relief. Nothing is as trying as fog to a seaman. It's almost as bad as waiting for a torpedo to hit, according to sailors of the war.

When the fog had dissipated itself in the bright sunshine, the sea was clean and clear. The North Sea is seldom that way. Usually cold and dismal, it is a body of water unliked by most seafaring men but one that must be traversed a great deal by freighter captains because of its numerous ports.

*The Syphon* leaped along with a bit in its teeth. The crew relaxed their past vigilance and began whistling ditties.

Capt. Scott stayed at the wheel for a moment, then turned it over to another.

"Hold her on an even course, Stebbins."

"Aye, sir."

Toward evening one of those freak storms drew down over the sea and closed off the light as if a bottle of ink had been spilled. It came on to blow. And then the rain fell. It didn't fall in the strictest sense of the word; rather, it flowed down the channels of heaven in great oceans.

The wind rose, roaring and screaming and pitching the yacht in a terrific twisting effort to turn it over and inside out. But *The Syphon* was built to withstand all sorts of weather and rode fairly easy.

The storm broke about eight, with a terrible zig-zag play of lightning and thunder such as is seldom heard. The radio went out about nine, and Sparks could not get a peep over it. He worked frantically to get it in order, but the pitching of the boat kept him too busy to do a good job. After getting it going, he crashed into it again and broke a lot of gadgets loose.

Several of the instruments were put out of commission by the great buffeting they received, and pretty soon *The Syphon* was running with the sea—a stray, lost.

Capt. Scott was in his cabin when the man at the wheel phoned down: "Light to the starb'd two points, sir."

"Good. Hold a straight course, Stebbins."

A light! Probably Frieden Island Light.

Well, any light was a good one in a storm. All they had to do was hold their course and slip on south. They would probably soon run out of the storm.

It all happened so suddenly that every man on board *The Syphon* was hurled in a heap. The yacht struck a reef with a grinding crash and began listing almost immediately. The engineer



## FEATURE COMICS

came running up to report that a huge hole was stove in the craft's bow and the sea was gushing into the holds.

Capt. Scott became the master. "All hands on deck!" he bellowed into the public address system. There were only six altogether, and they were soon lined up on the aft deck.

"Launch the sub," ordered Scott. "We'll never be able to live this out. She's grinding to pieces on the reef!"

*The Syphon* carried a strange looking submarine, the invention of Perry Scott during war days when he used it in various secret tasks for the government. It was an odd looking submersible, unlike the conventional type in almost every respect.

This undersea craft safely carried ten men and could sink fast as a plummet or rise just as fast. Under water she was a veritable greyhound for speed, with an official record of 42 miles an hour.

Scott had just installed special atomic engines which gave the U-boat enormous power without having to carry a great deal of surplus weight.

They got her overside just as *The Syphon* leaned to a 30 degree angle and was ready to go under. All hands boarded and Scott pressed the AHEAD lever. The sub shot away from the wreck. Just in time, too. The yacht, lifted by the bow, then shot below with a great whooshing noise.

The sub sank almost as fast, following the course of the yacht on down to the bottom, which was about thirty fathoms.

Scott said as he eased the sub to a stop on the mud. "I'll just see if it is possible to bring her up later."

The yacht settled upright, caught between two huge rocks. A good enough place, and it would be fairly easy to grapple her and lift her.

While they watched, checking position, a strange thing happened. A small tank-like thing came creeping along the ocean floor, halted at the wreck, and out piled three men in diving suits. They clumped directly to the yacht, with bright lights trained on her side.

"Now what the devil is that?" cried Perry.

"Divers!" gasped one of the crew. "And how

do you like that undersea tank?"

"But where did they come from?" Stebbins demanded. "Would seem like they were waiting down here for *The Syphon* to settle."

"I think you have something there," said Capt. Scott. "They haven't seen us. We'll watch and follow them."

Scott drew the sub a bit farther into the gloomy water and stopped. Soon the three divers reappeared from the deck of the yacht carrying a heavy box—the ship's strong box.

"Hm!" grunted Scott. "They think there's valuables in there. They'll get fooled—in more ways than one. Follow them when their tank takes off."

The tank was soon under way, the sub close behind. For a half mile the chase went, then the tank stopped and the divers got out. They were in an undersea cave. Pretty soon the divers entered a steel door, which closed on them.

"Into your suits, boys. We'll make a pinch."

Dressed in special diving suits, the six men opened the steel door and found themselves in a waterlock. They pressed a lever and the water quickly was pumped out. Now they found an elevator. In a moment they were going upward.

The car stopped above ground.

"Just as I thought," said Scott. "Frieden Island. Look at the light."

They looked. It was far to the south. It should be directly west of them. The light was a false one, put on to misdirect ships to ruin.

The six men sneaked up to a big stone house on the middle of the island. One light gleamed from a window. They peered through. The three divers, out of their suits, were working at the locked box.

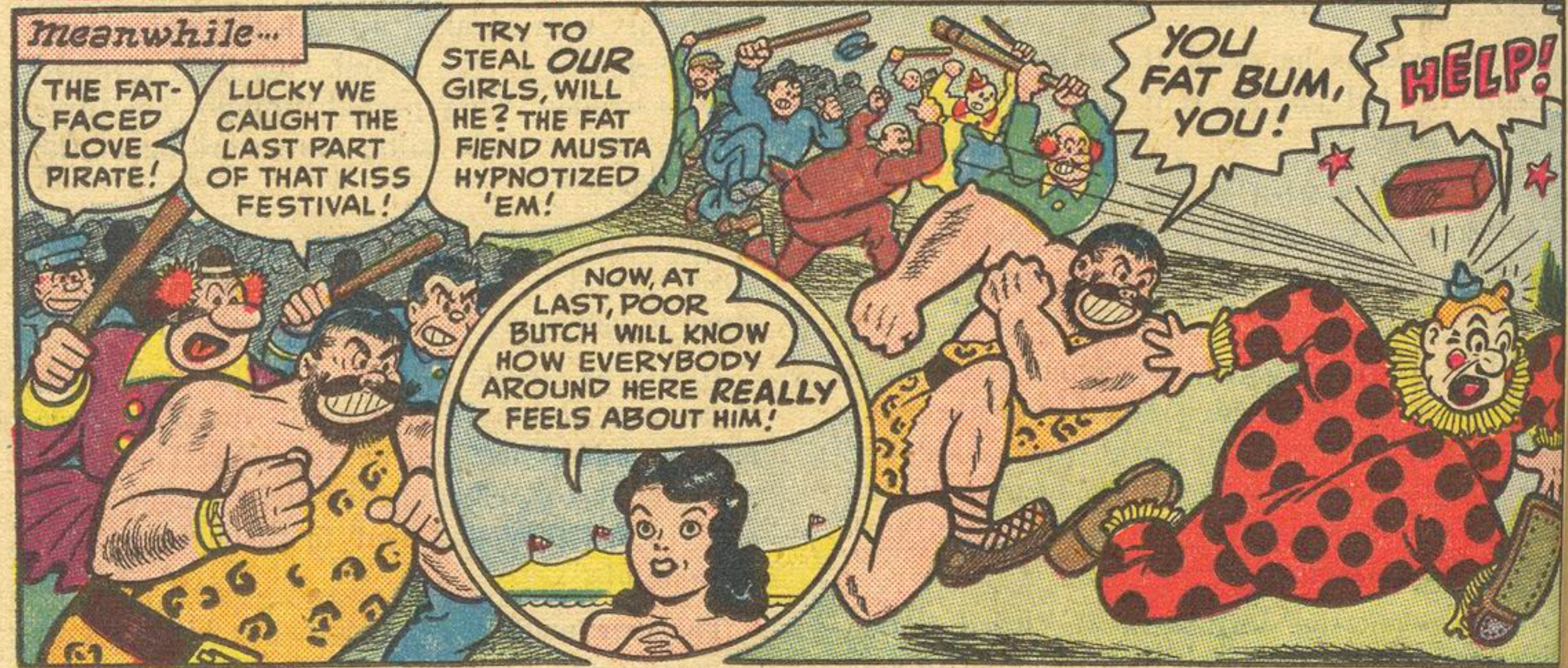
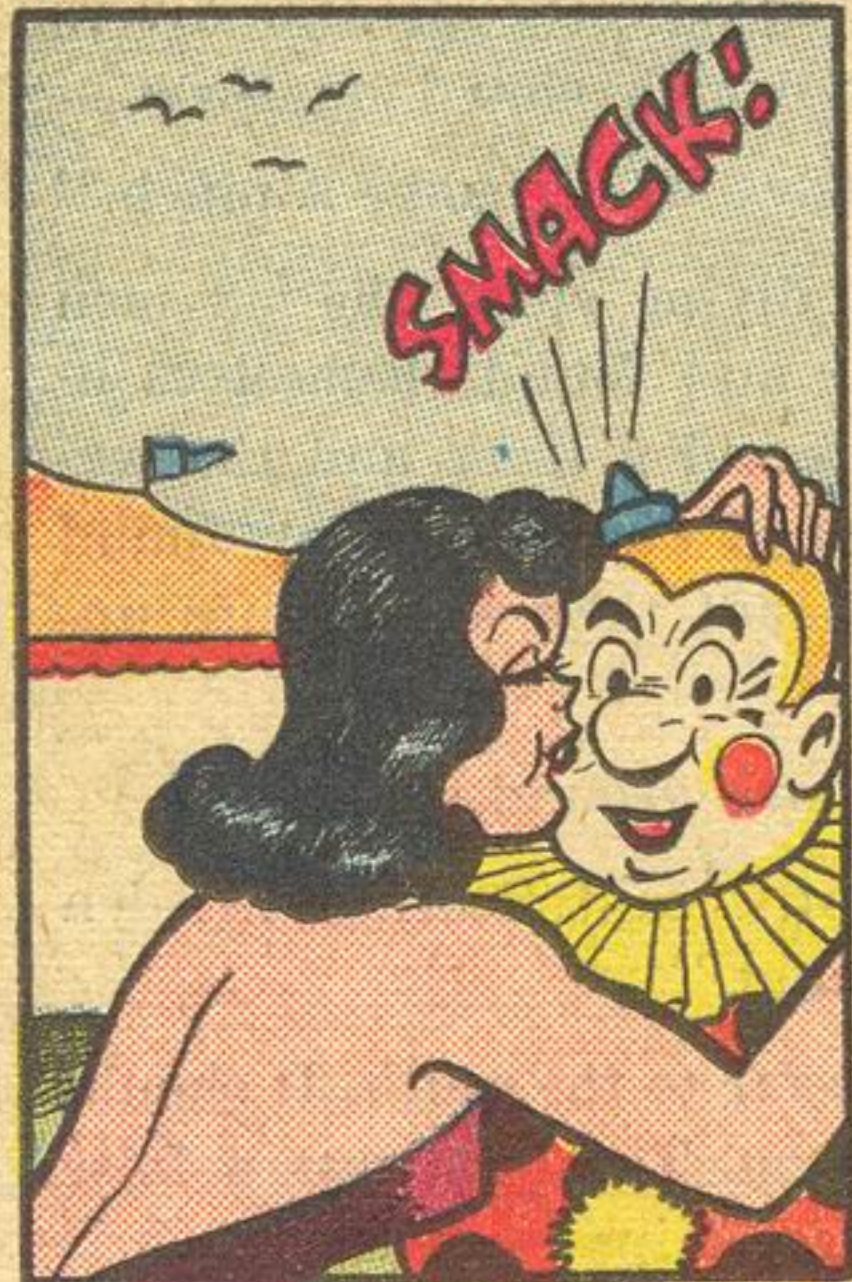
Capt. Scott drew his revolver and broke the glass. "Hold it, boys!" he commanded. "Don't move if you want to live for a decent trial."

It was as simple as that. Caught flat-footed, there was nothing for them to do. The three men were Nordhoff and his two sons. The house was stored full of plunder—the plunder from many ships they had sent to their doom with false lights.

The case made great newspaper history and elevated Capt. Scott to greater eminence.



# BIG TOP





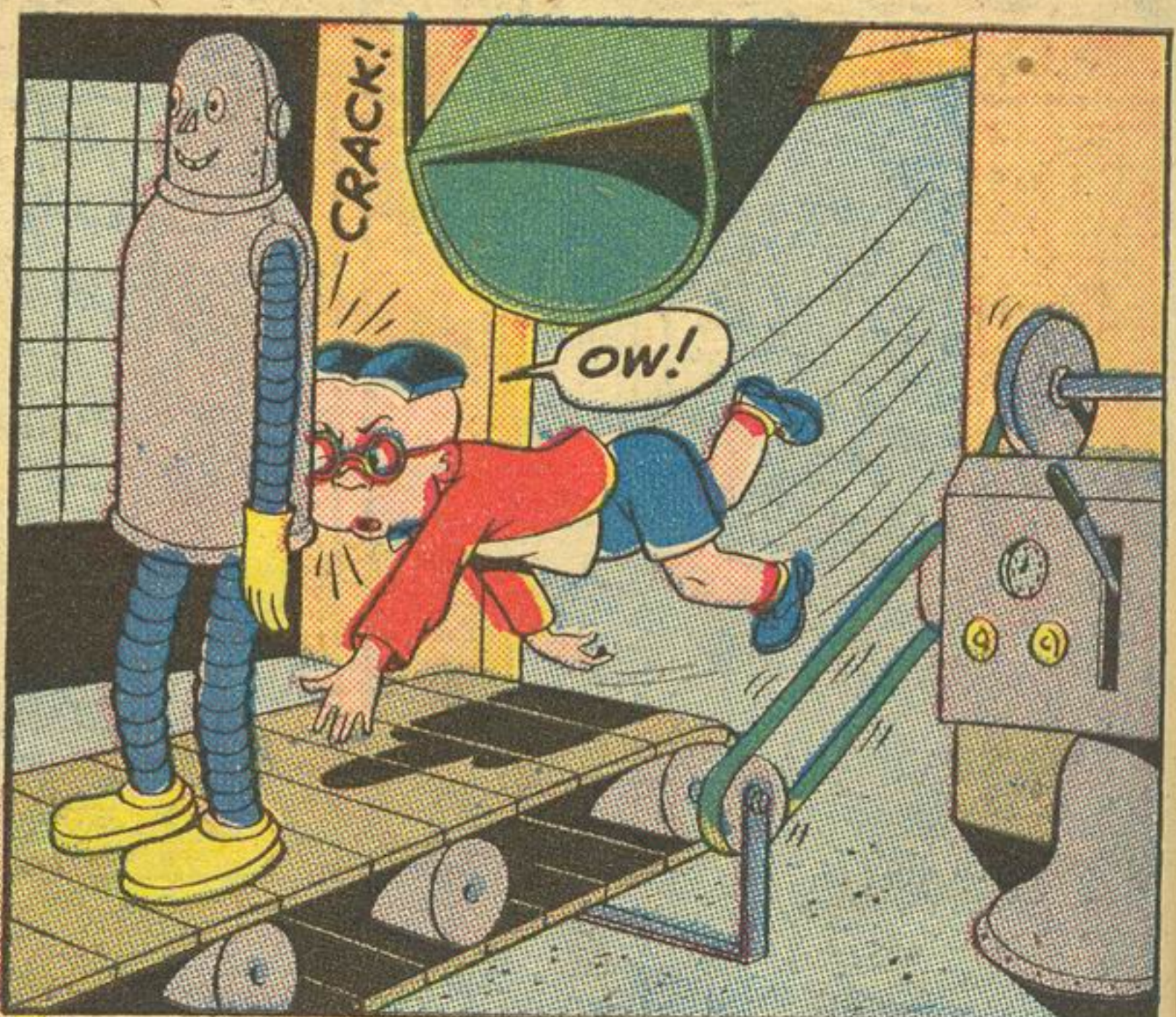
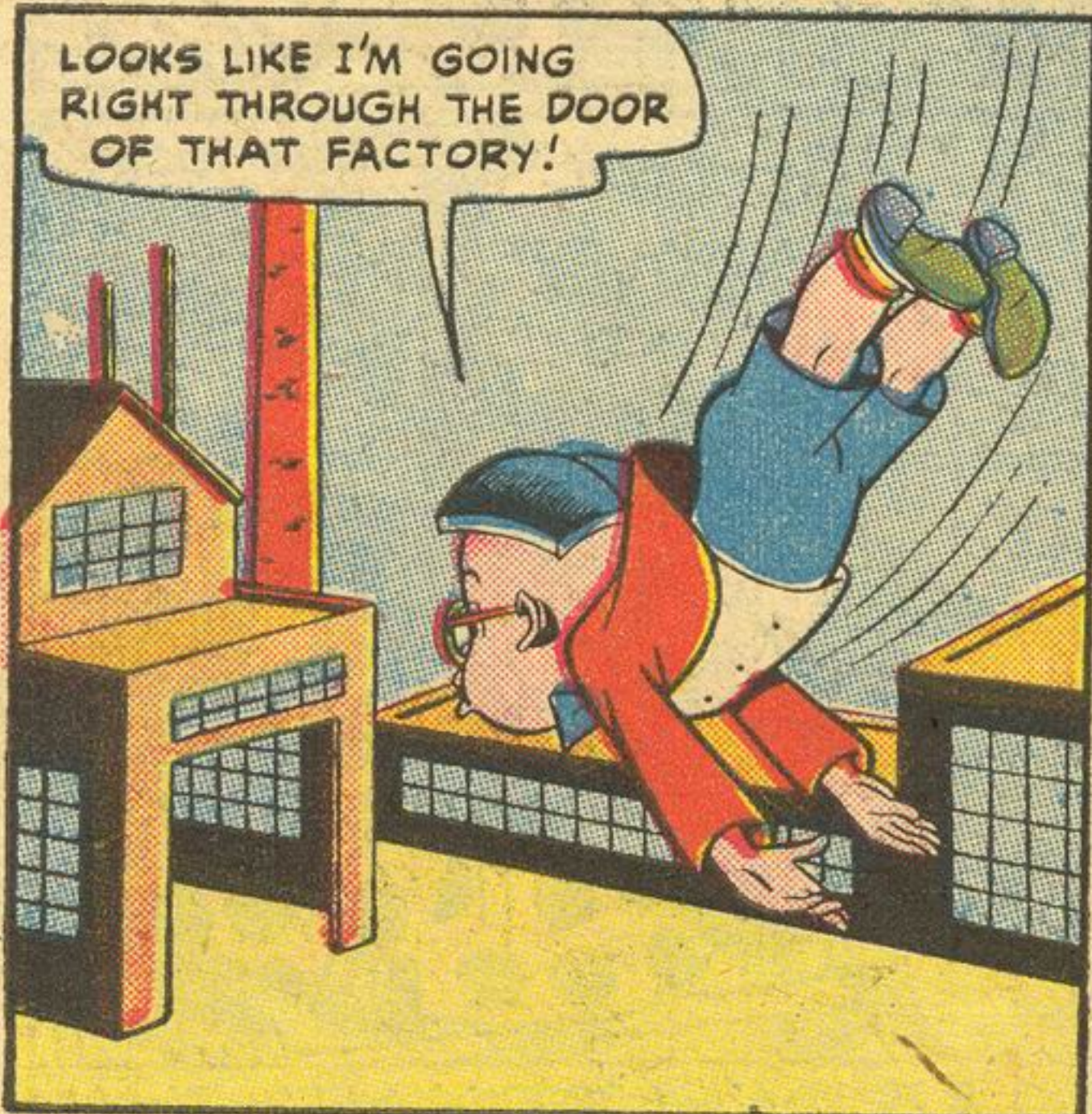
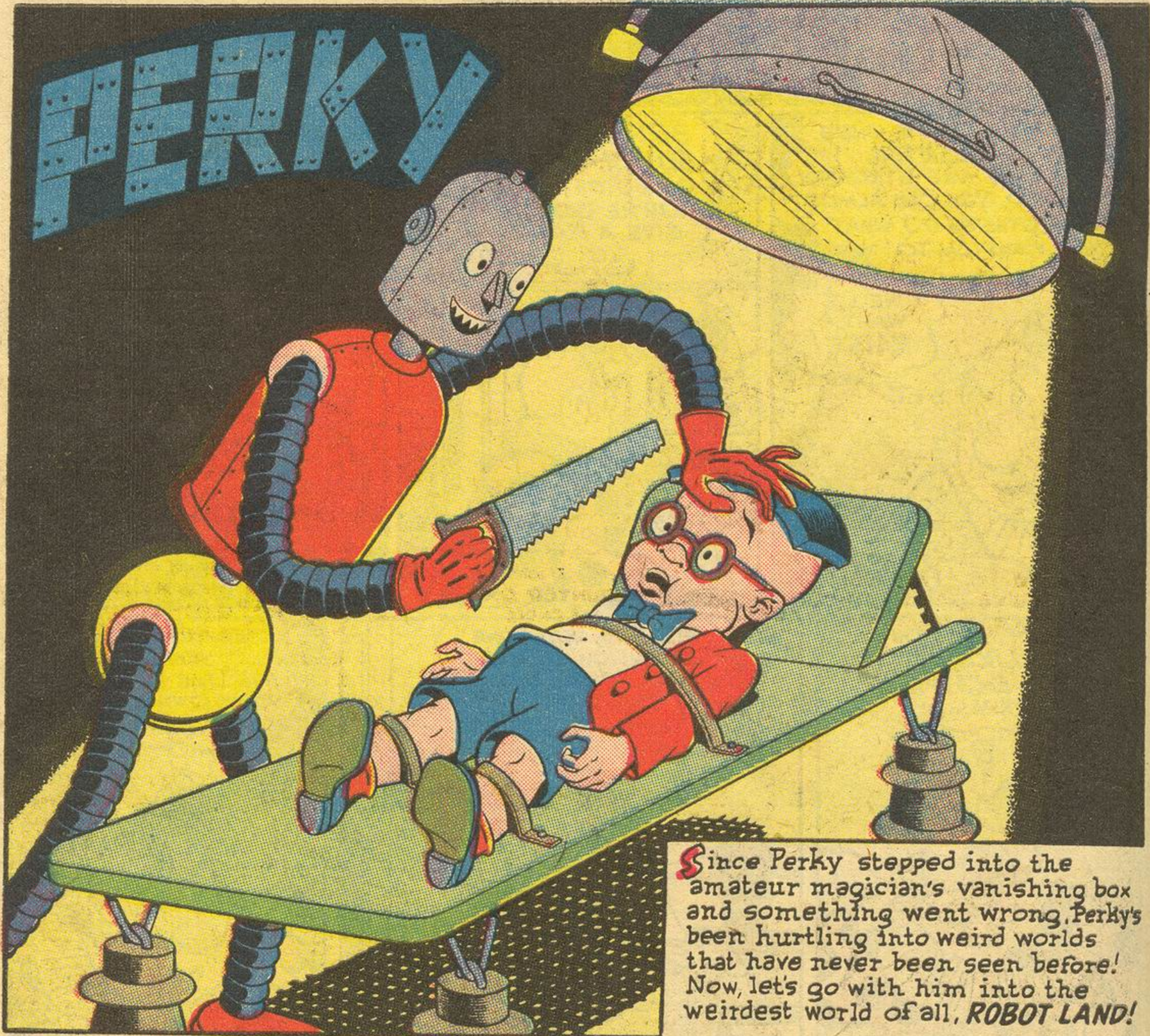
# BIG TOP

IT SAYS HERE THAT IF ONE'S POWERS OF **MENTAL TELEPATHY** ARE STRONGLY DEVELOPED, YOU CAN ALMOST **MAKE OTHERS DO WHAT YOU WANT 'EM TO!**



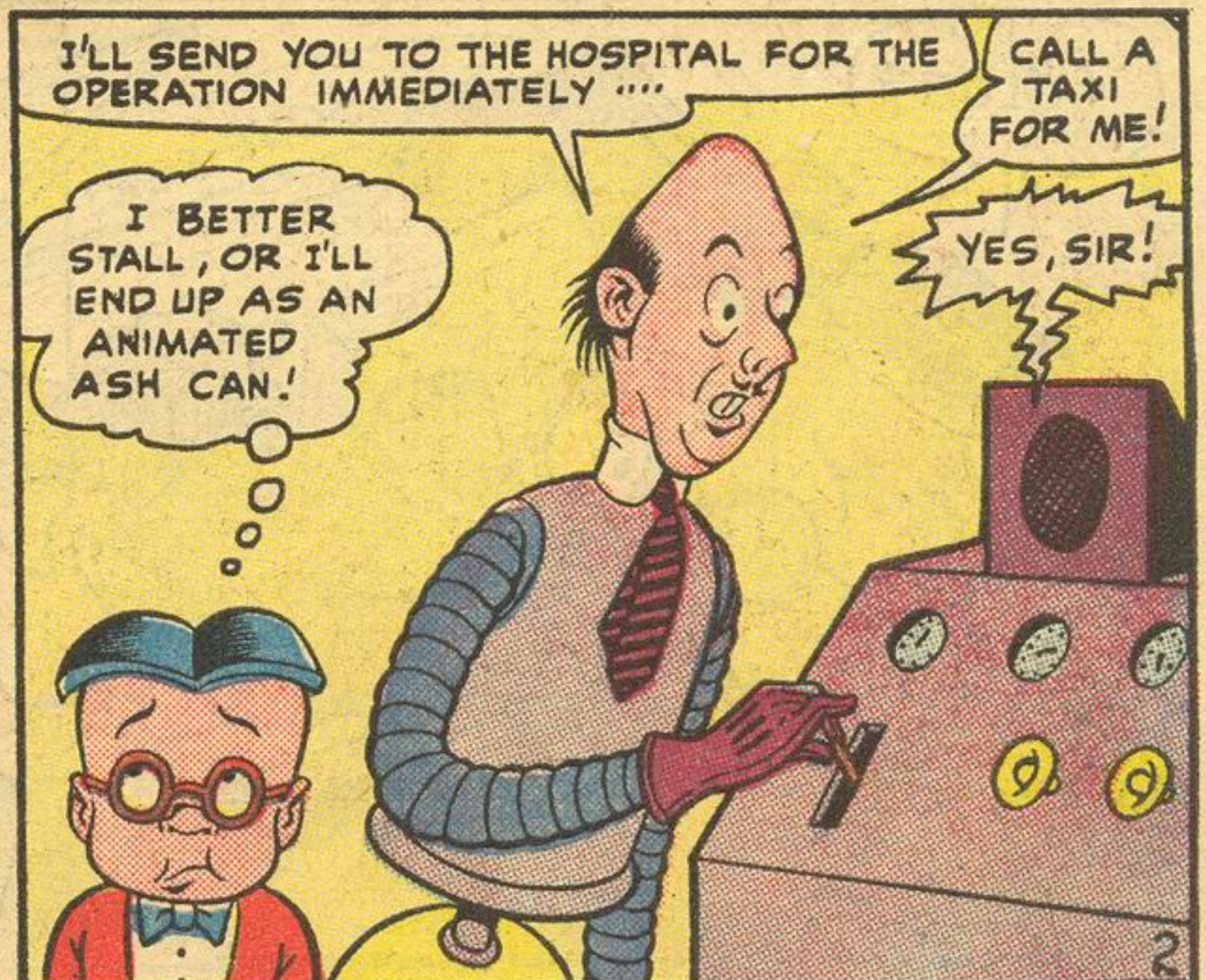
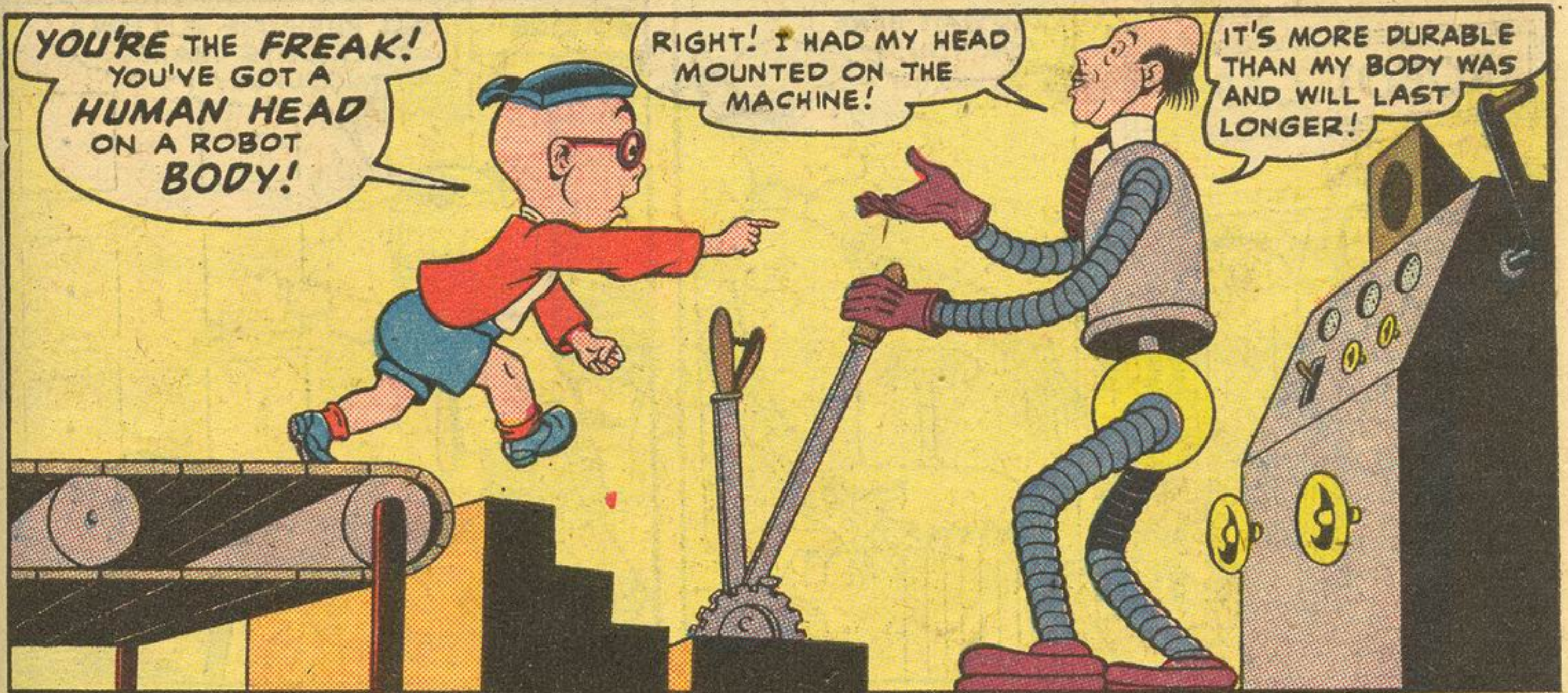
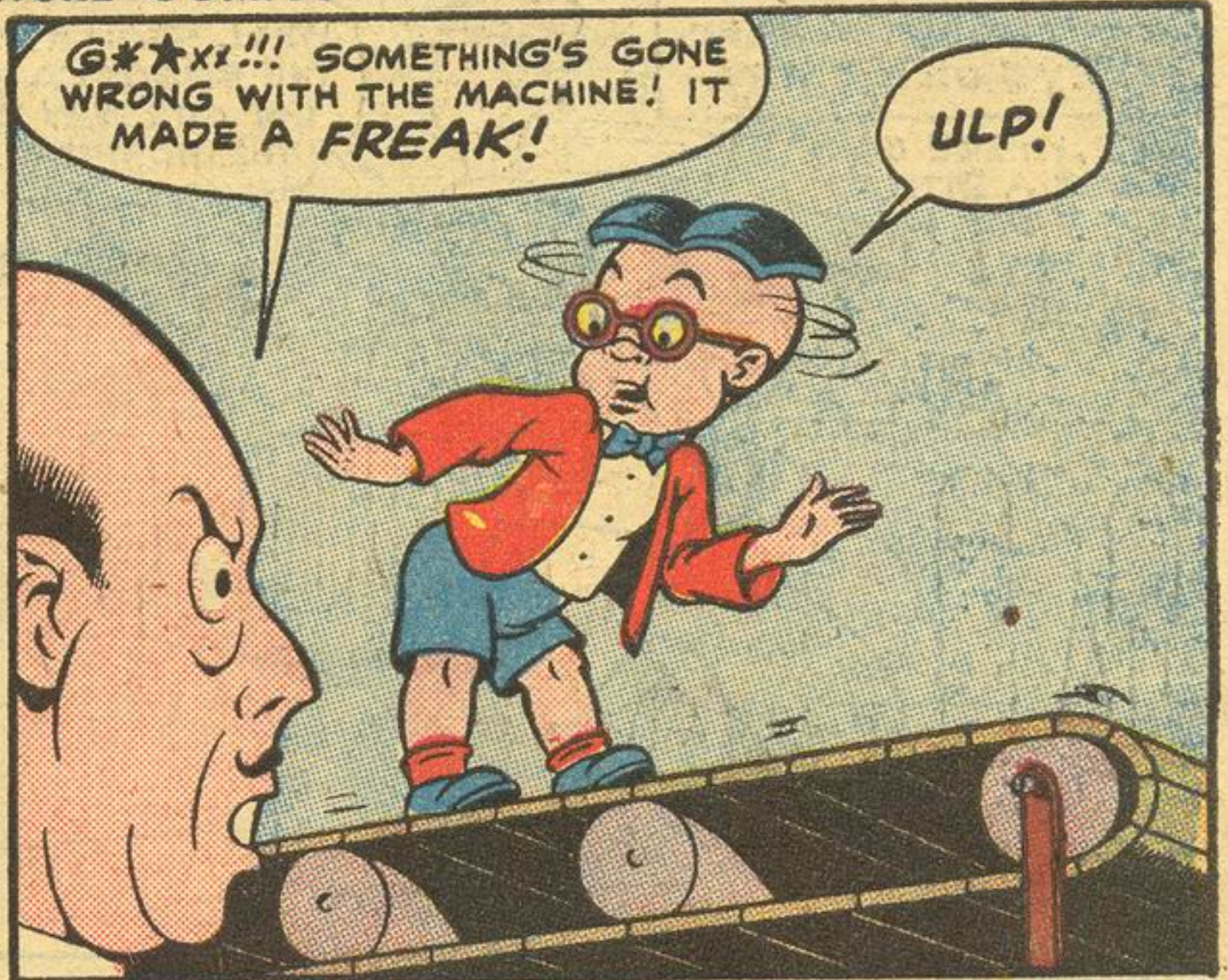
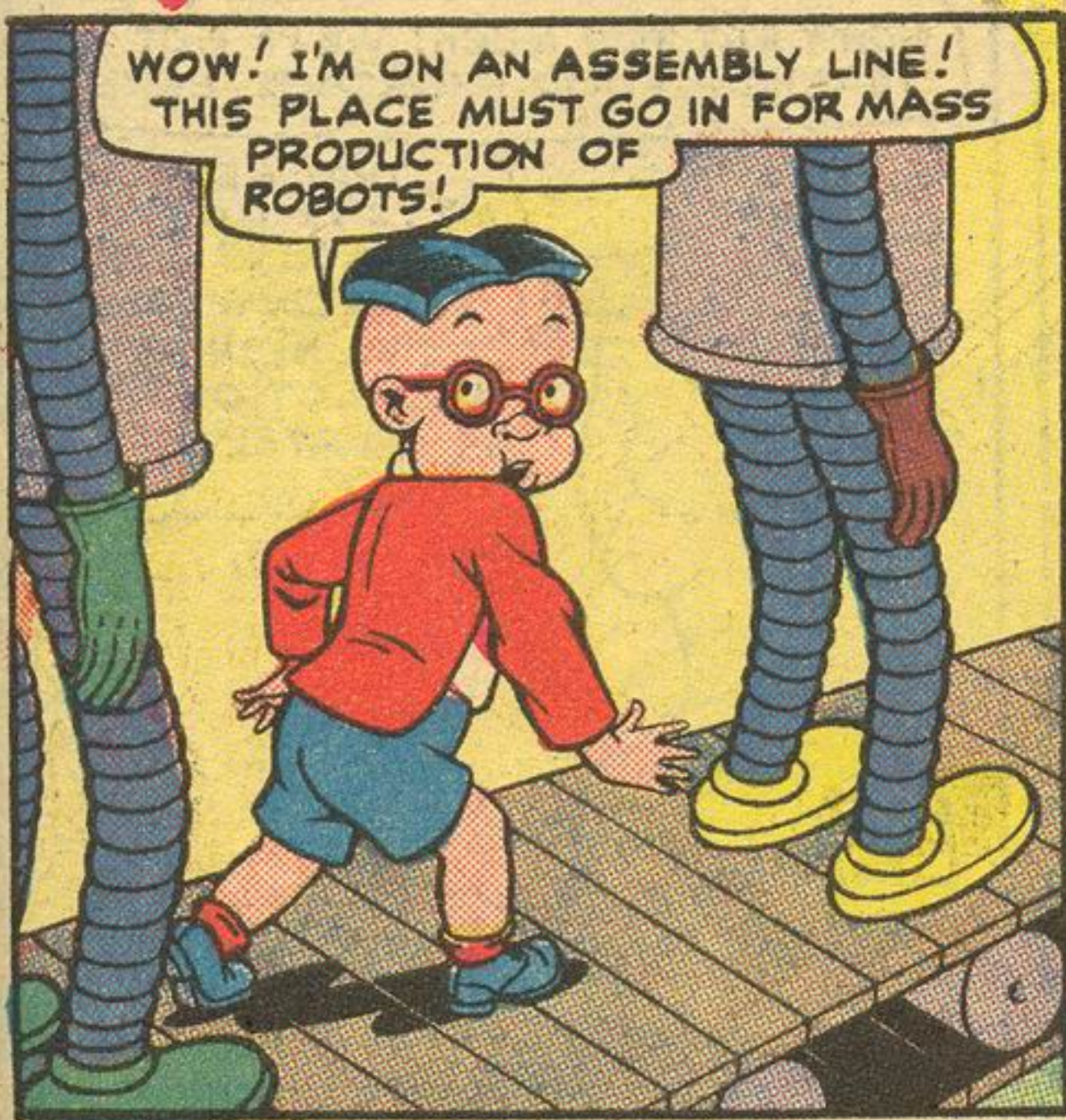
\* TRANSLATION... "ROCK A BYE BABY" \*





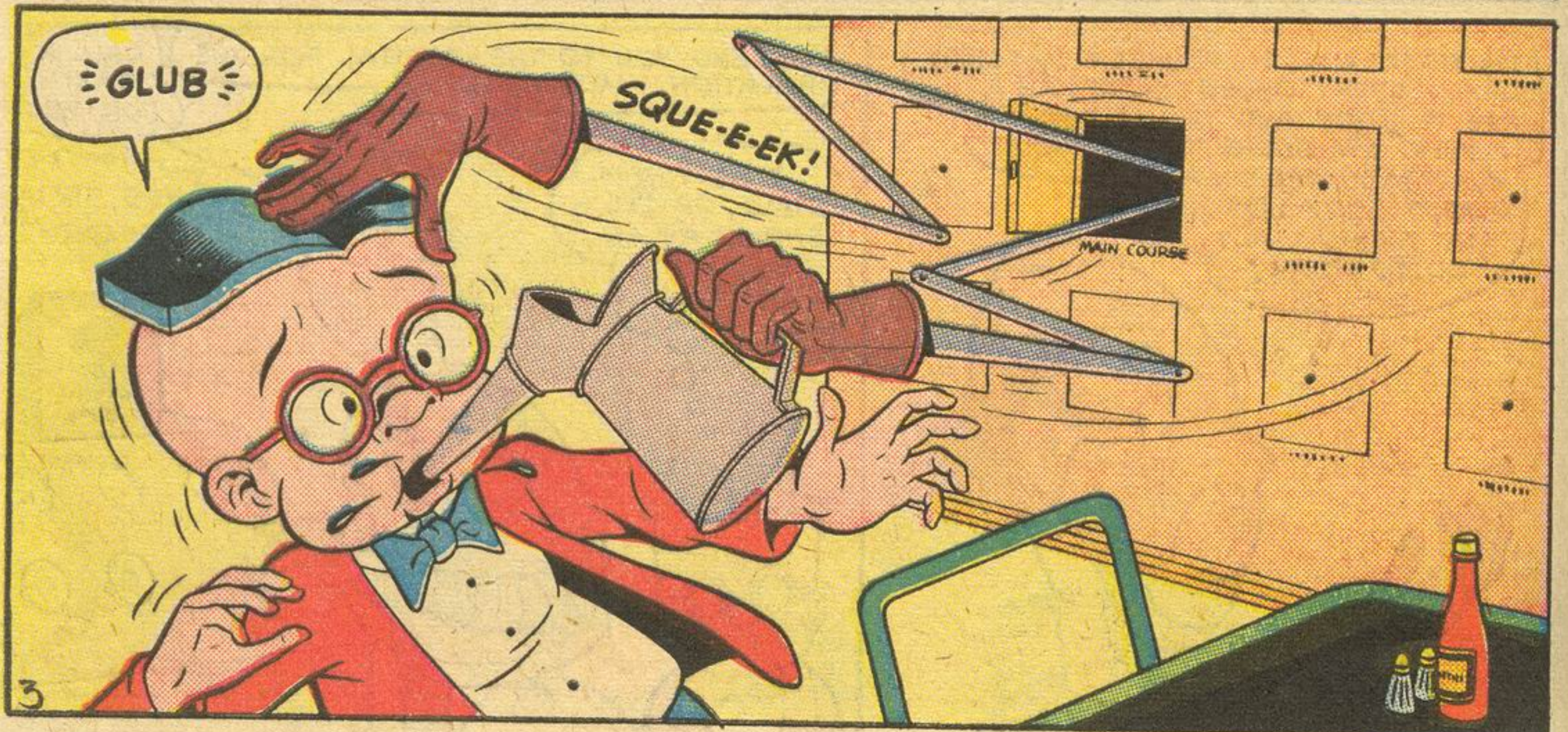
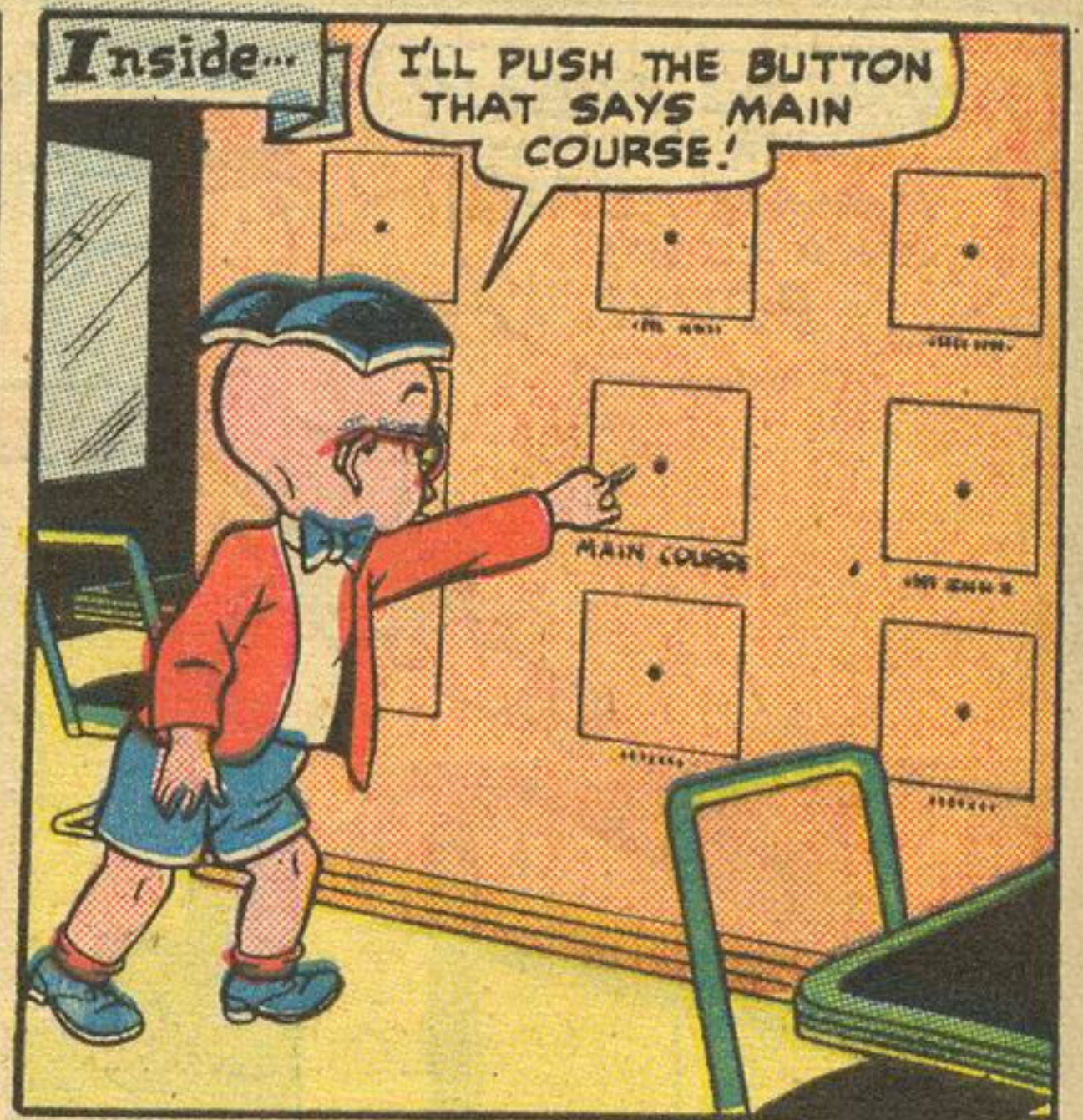
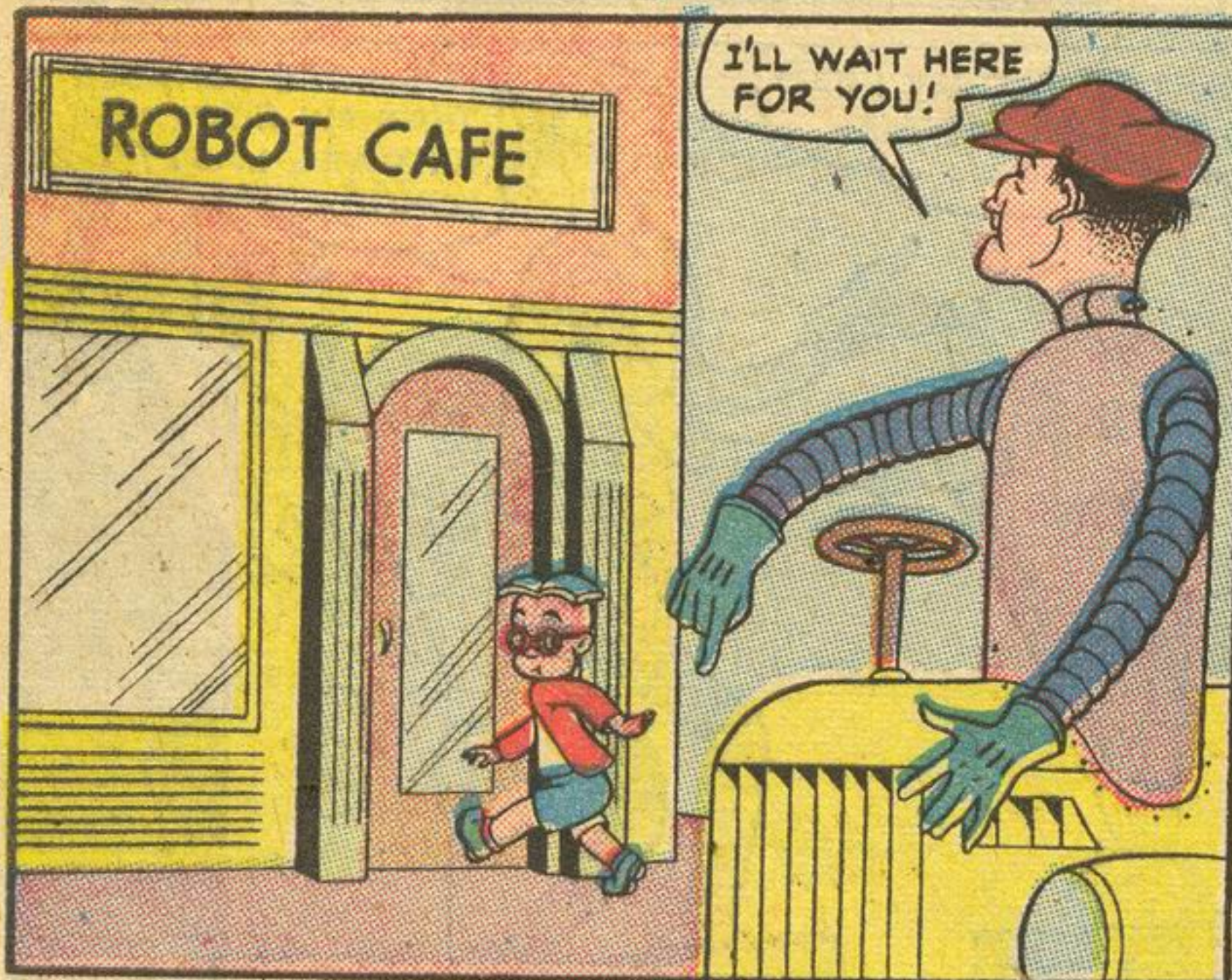
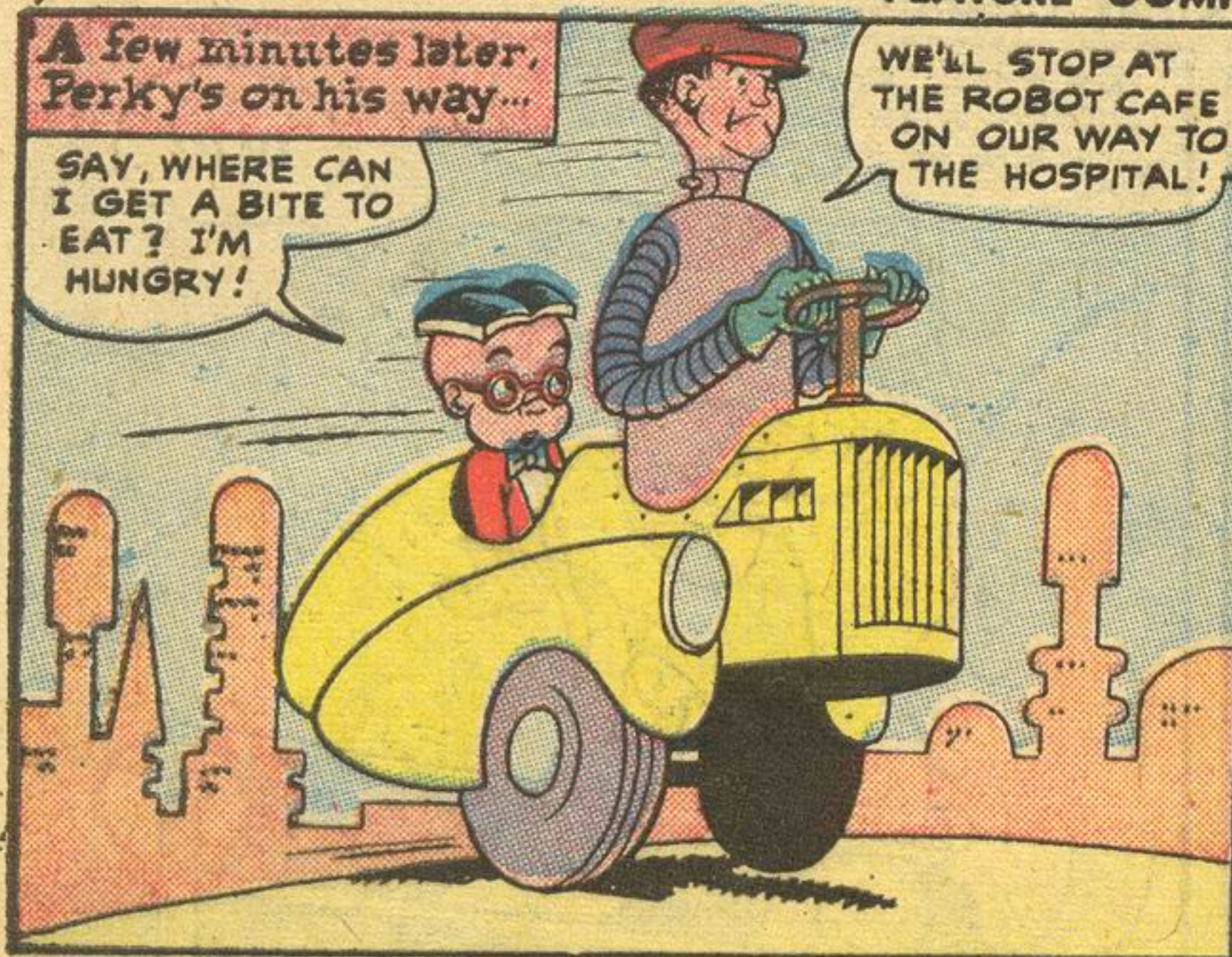


FEATURE COMICS



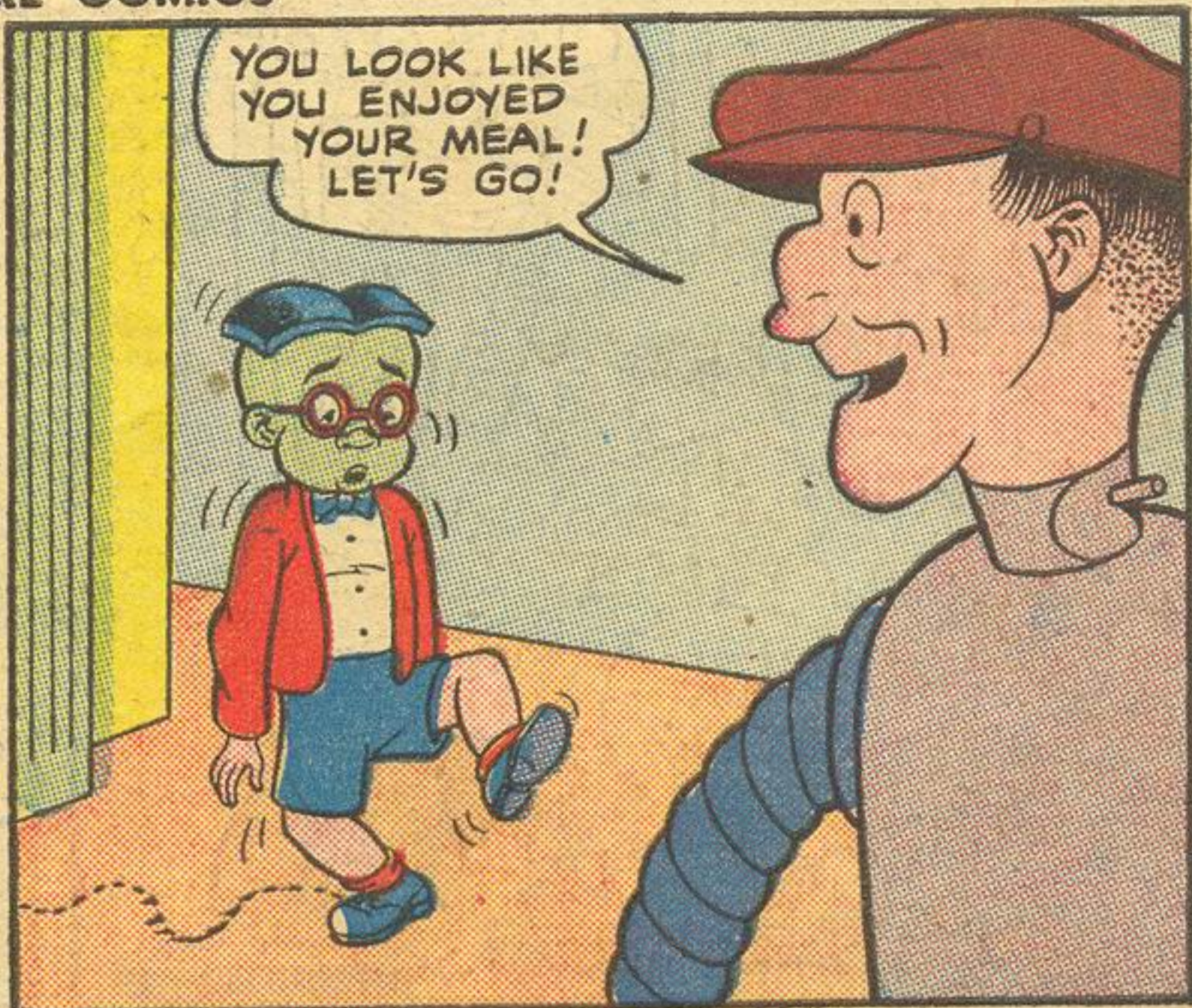


# FEATURE COMICS





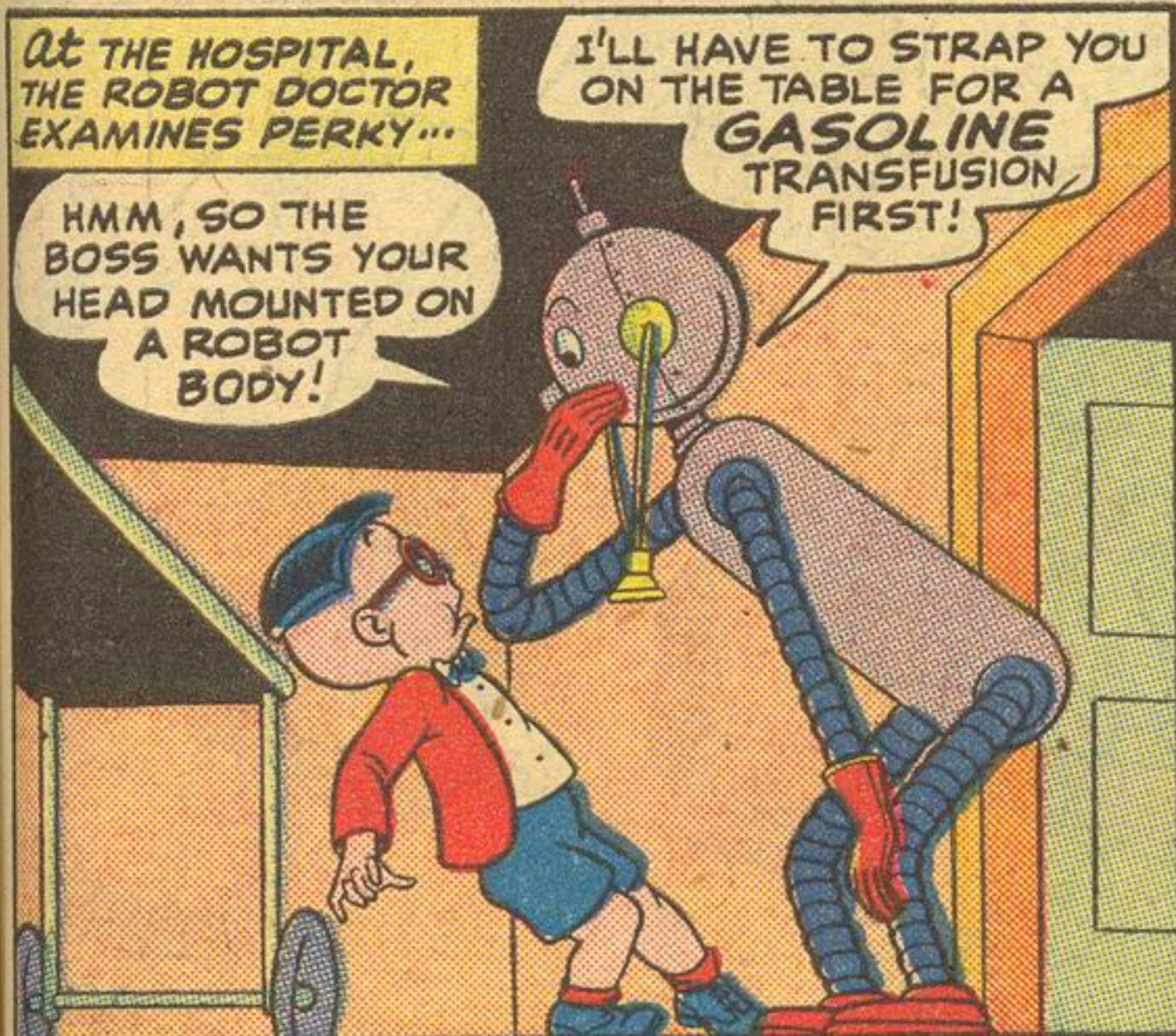
FEATURE COMICS



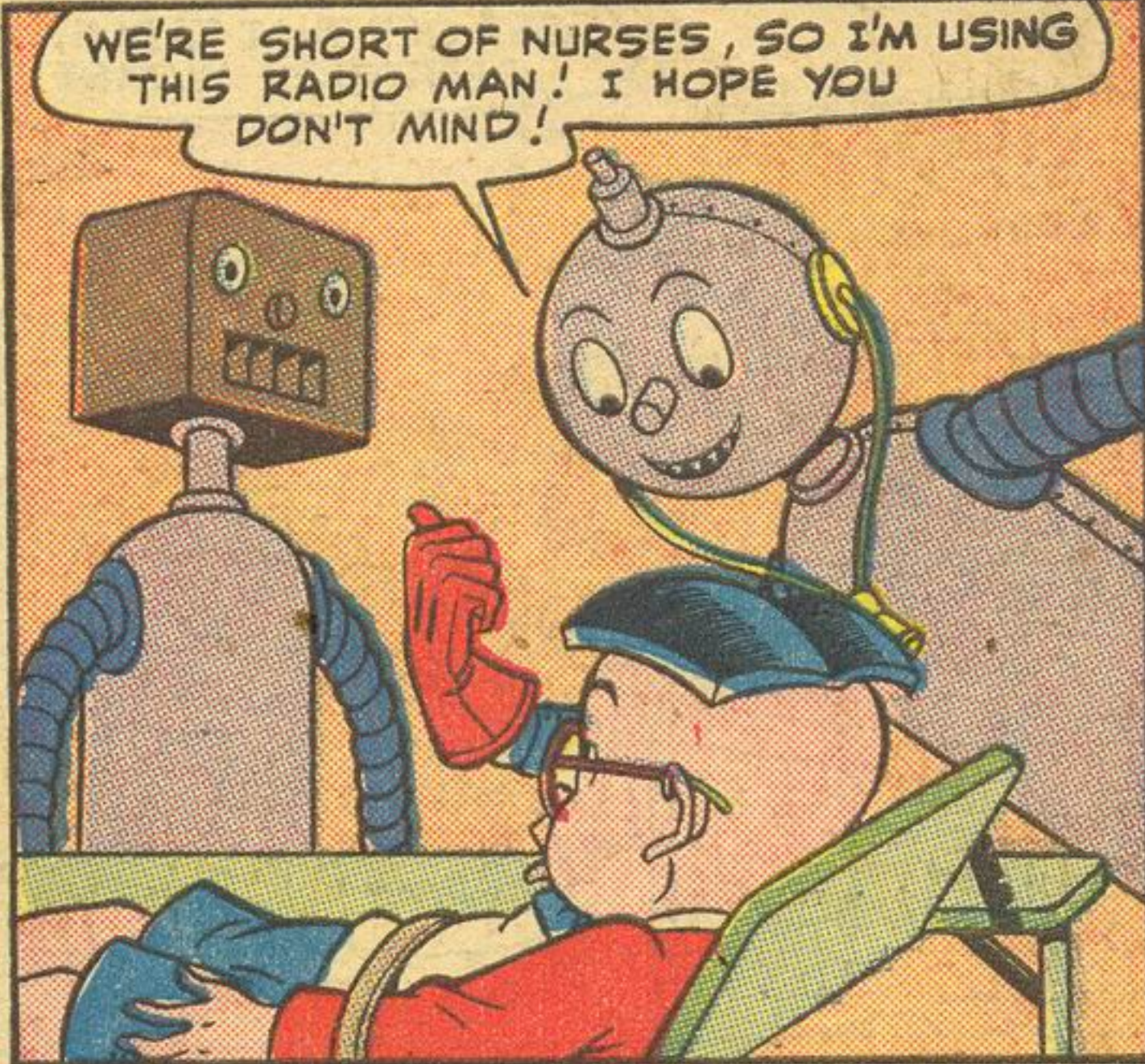
At THE HOSPITAL, THE ROBOT DOCTOR EXAMINES PERKY...

HMM, SO THE BOSS WANTS YOUR HEAD MOUNTED ON A ROBOT BODY!

I'LL HAVE TO STRAP YOU ON THE TABLE FOR A **GASOLINE** TRANSFUSION FIRST!



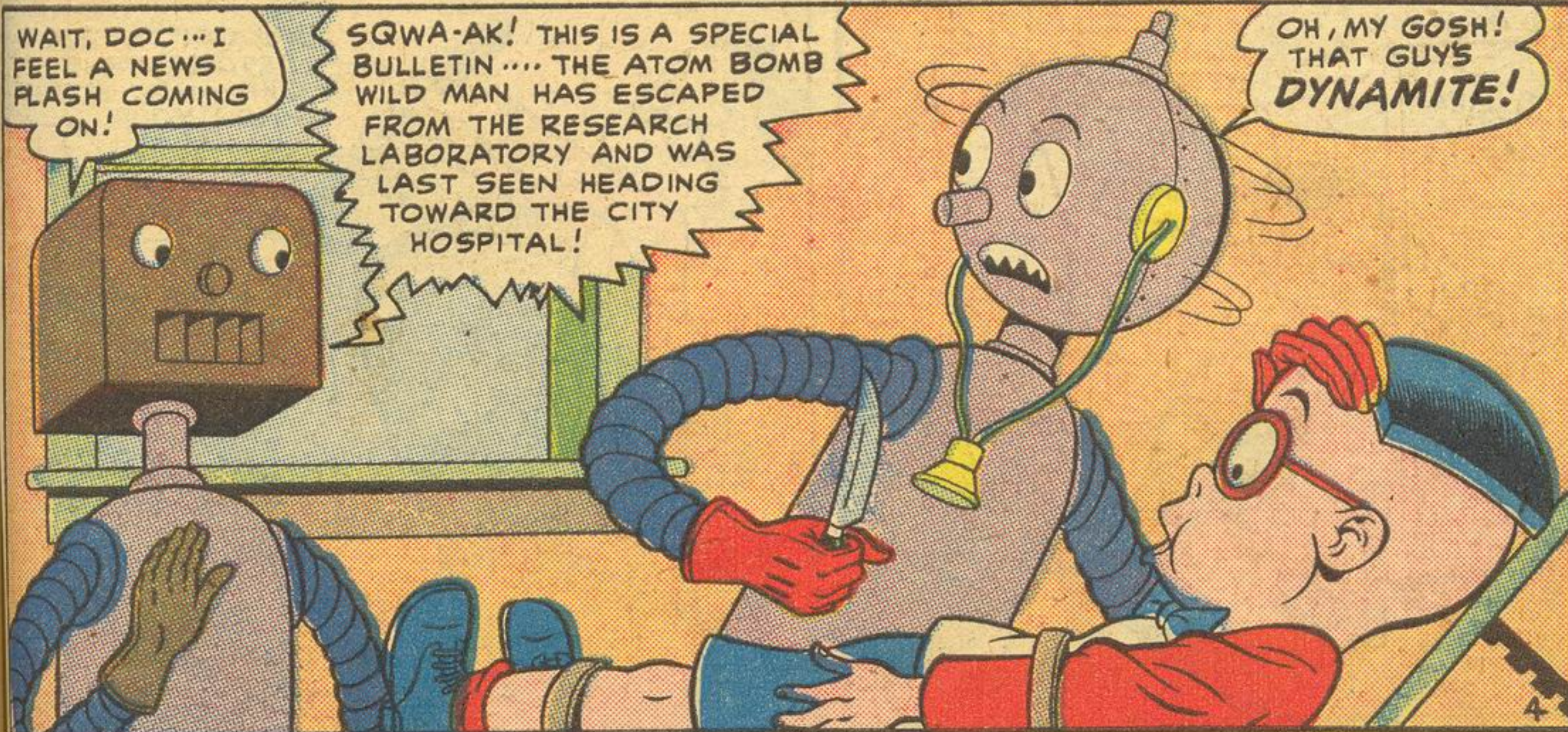
WE'RE SHORT OF NURSES, SO I'M USING THIS RADIO MAN! I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND!



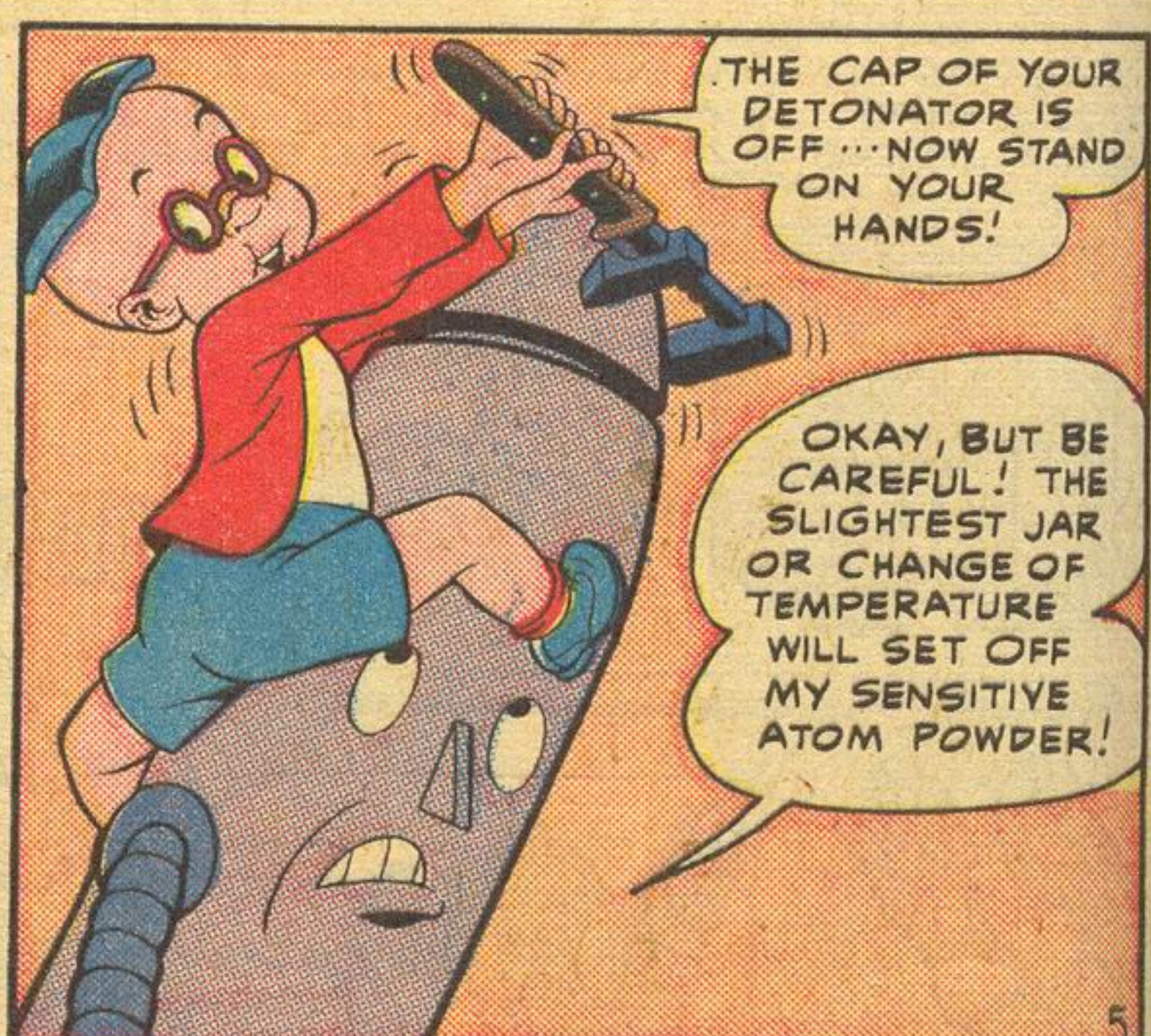
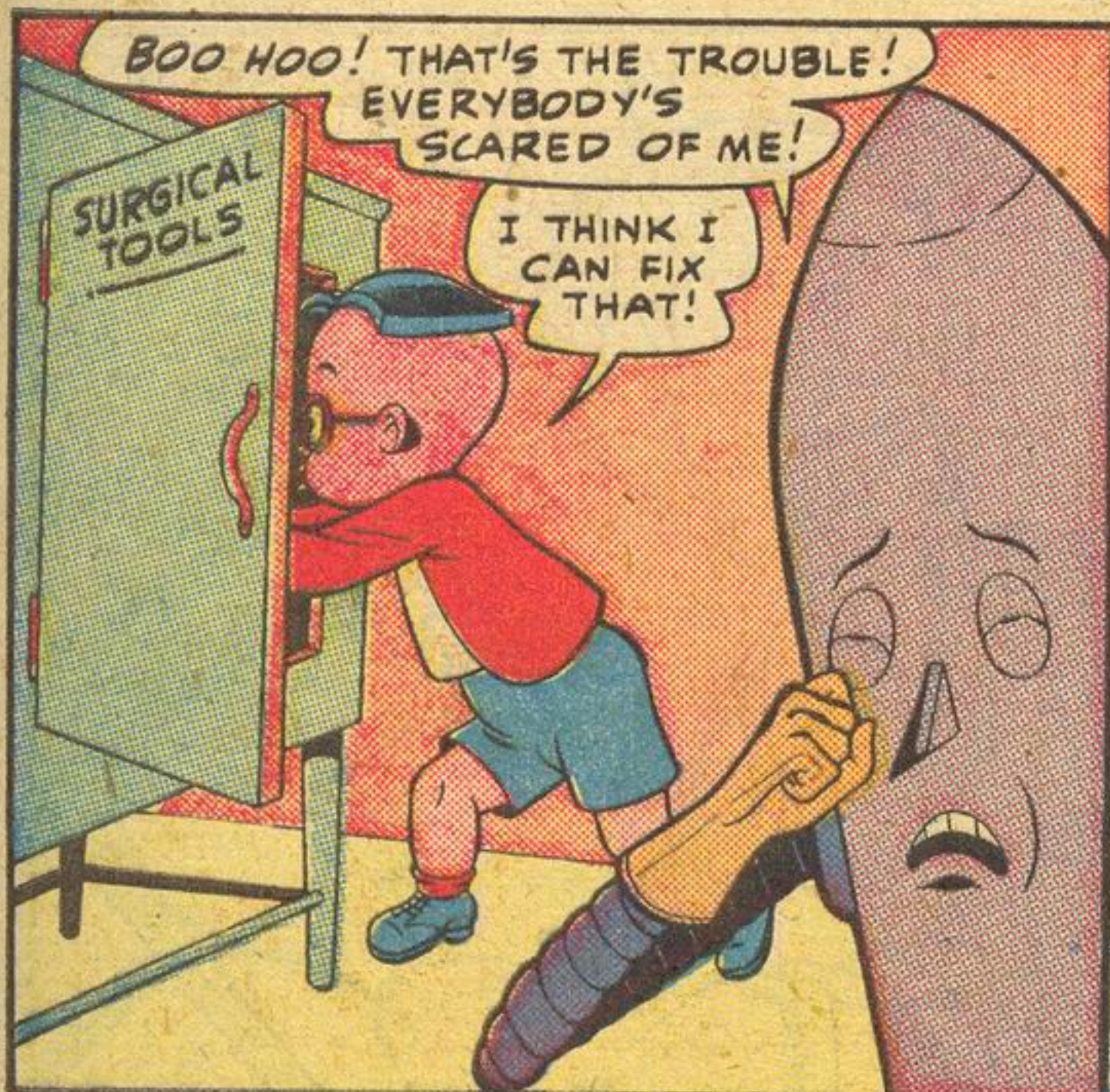
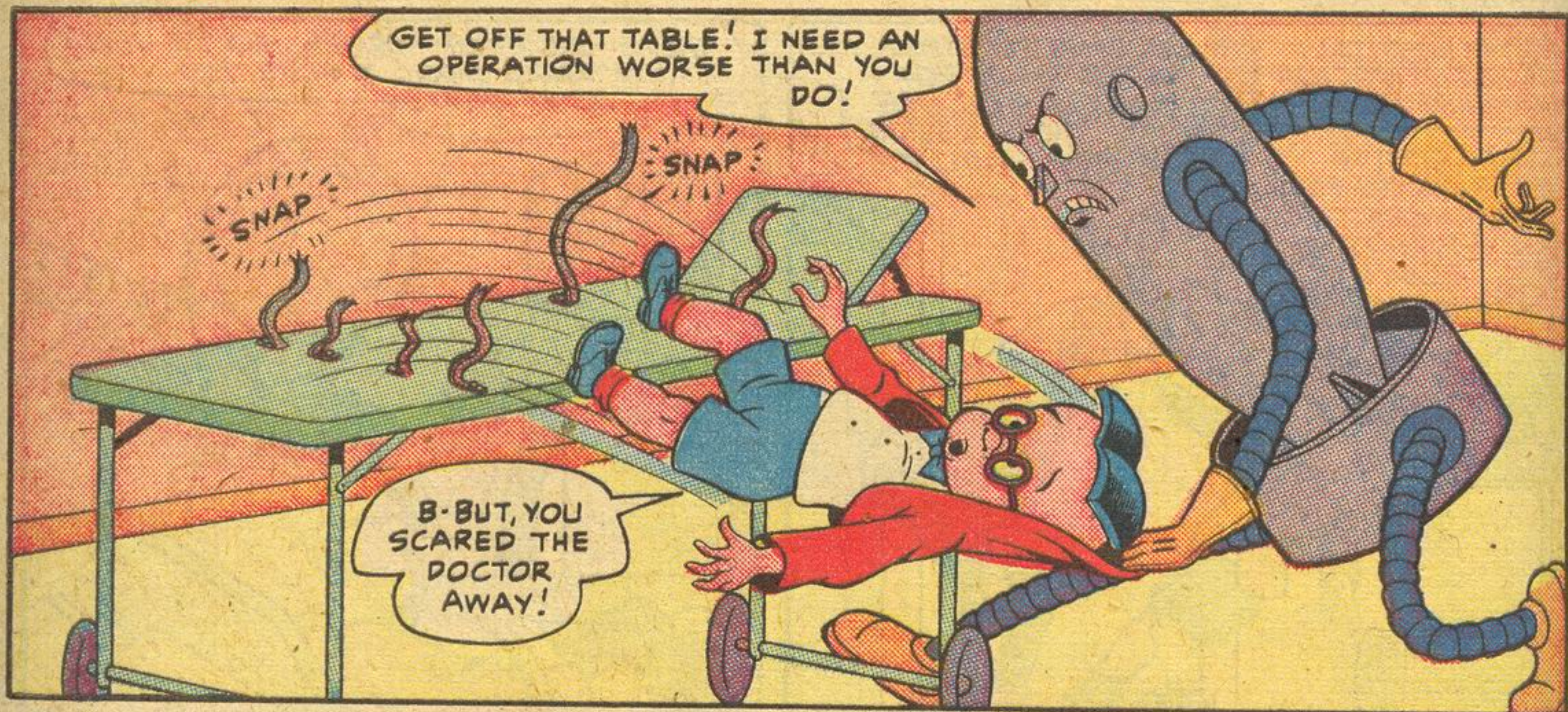
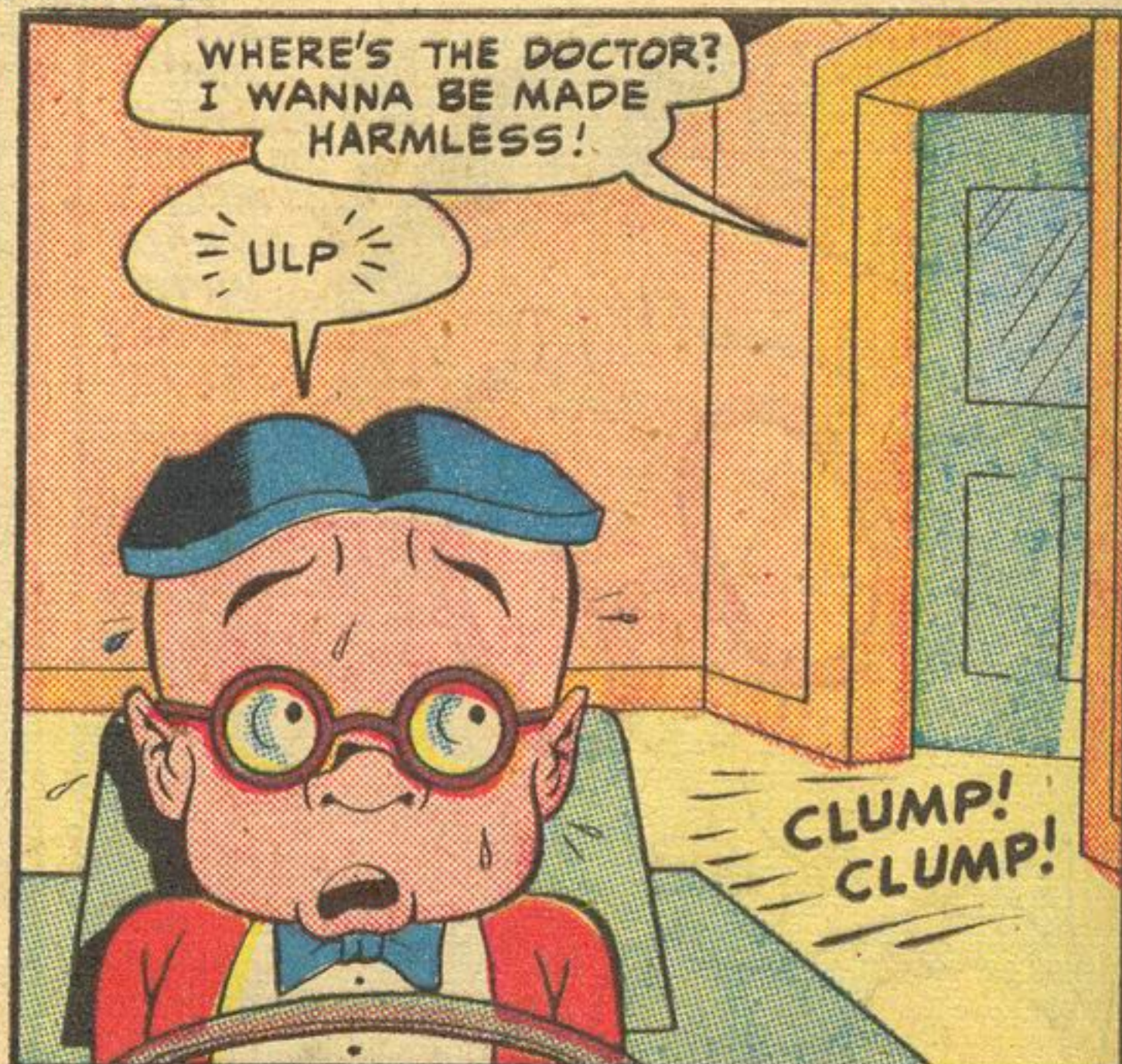
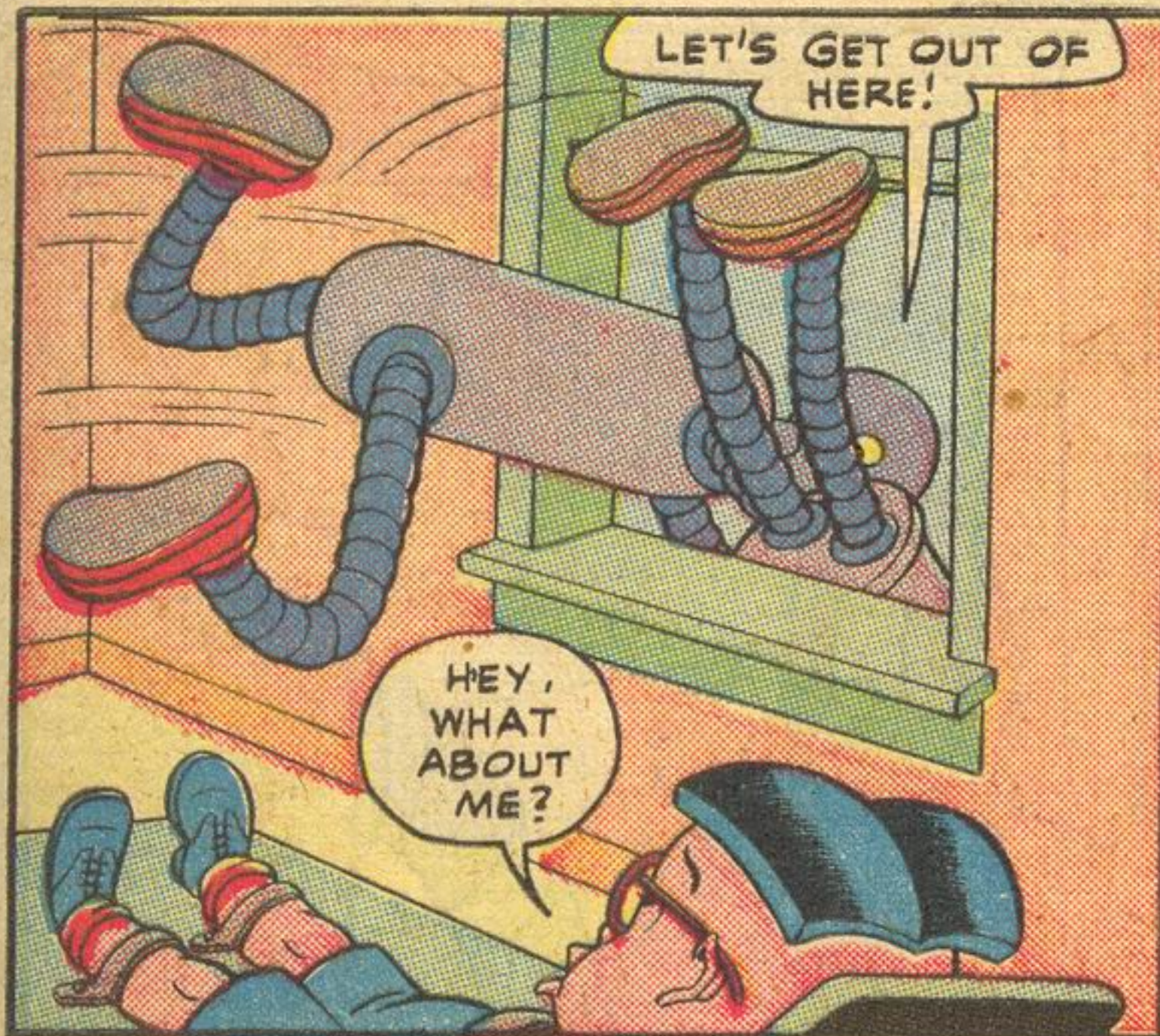
WAIT, DOC... I FEEL A NEWS FLASH COMING ON!

SQWA-AK! THIS IS A SPECIAL BULLETIN... THE ATOM BOMB WILD MAN HAS ESCAPED FROM THE RESEARCH LABORATORY AND WAS LAST SEEN HEADING TOWARD THE CITY HOSPITAL!

OH, MY GOSH! THAT GUY'S **DYNAMITE!**

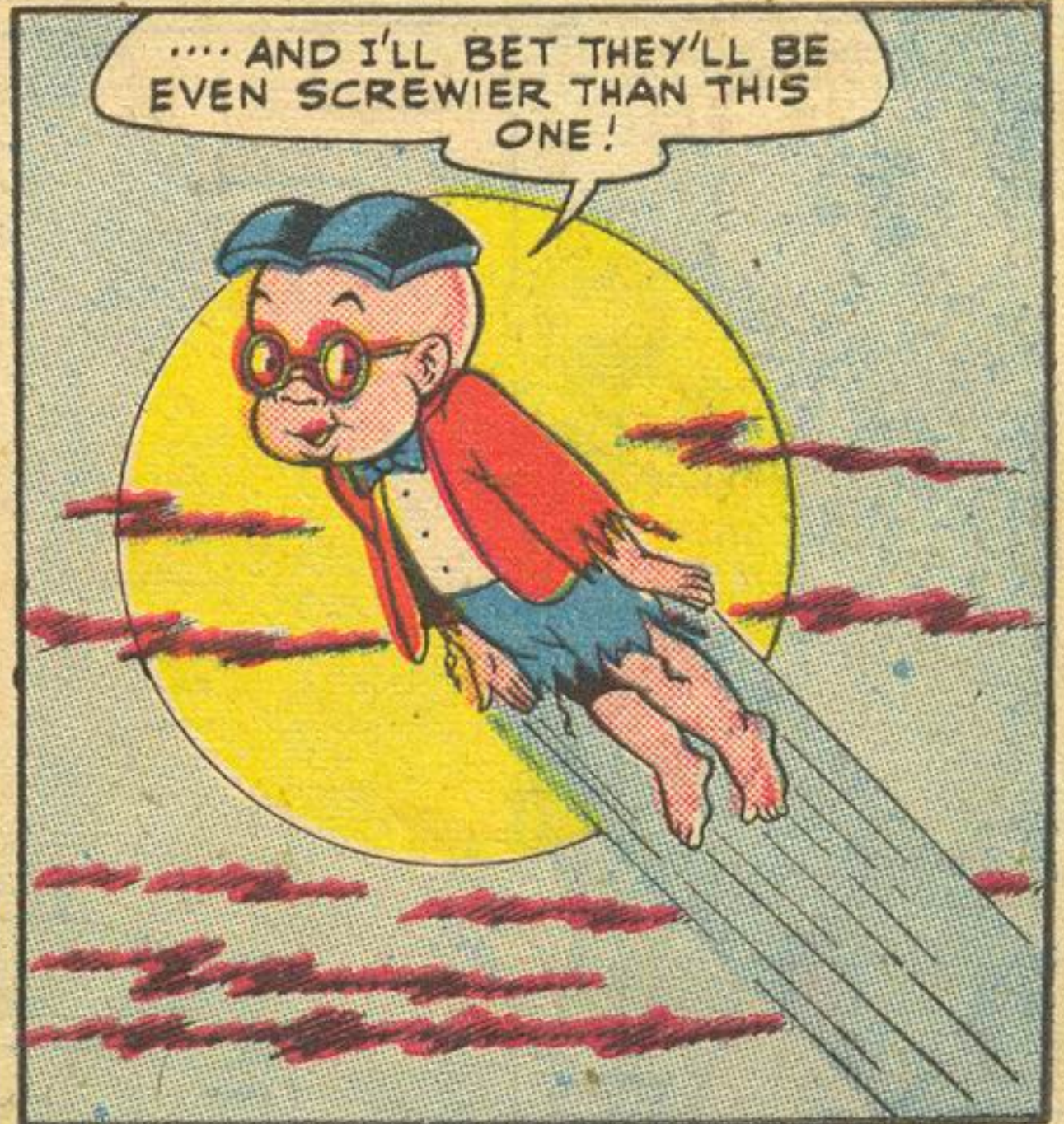
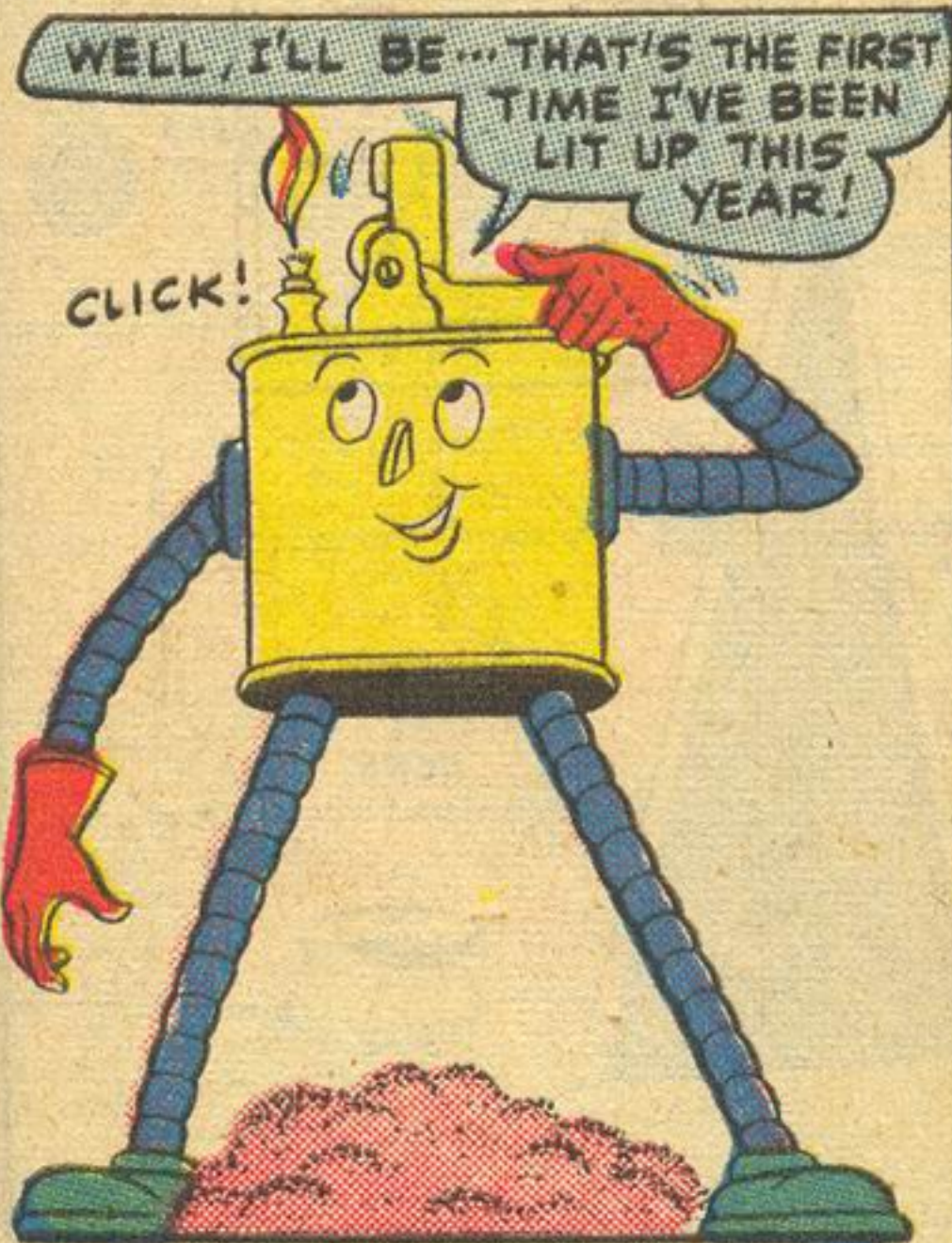
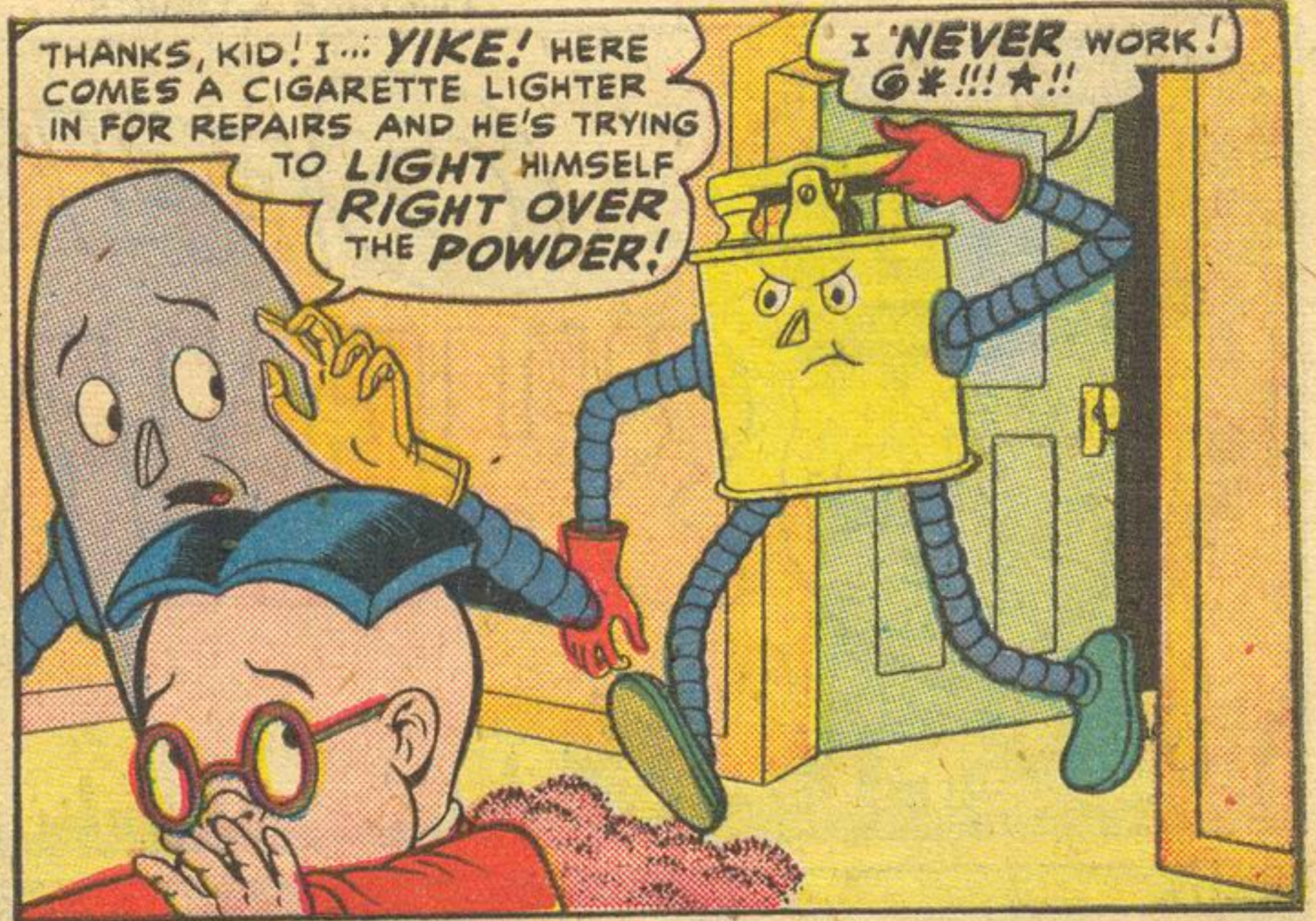
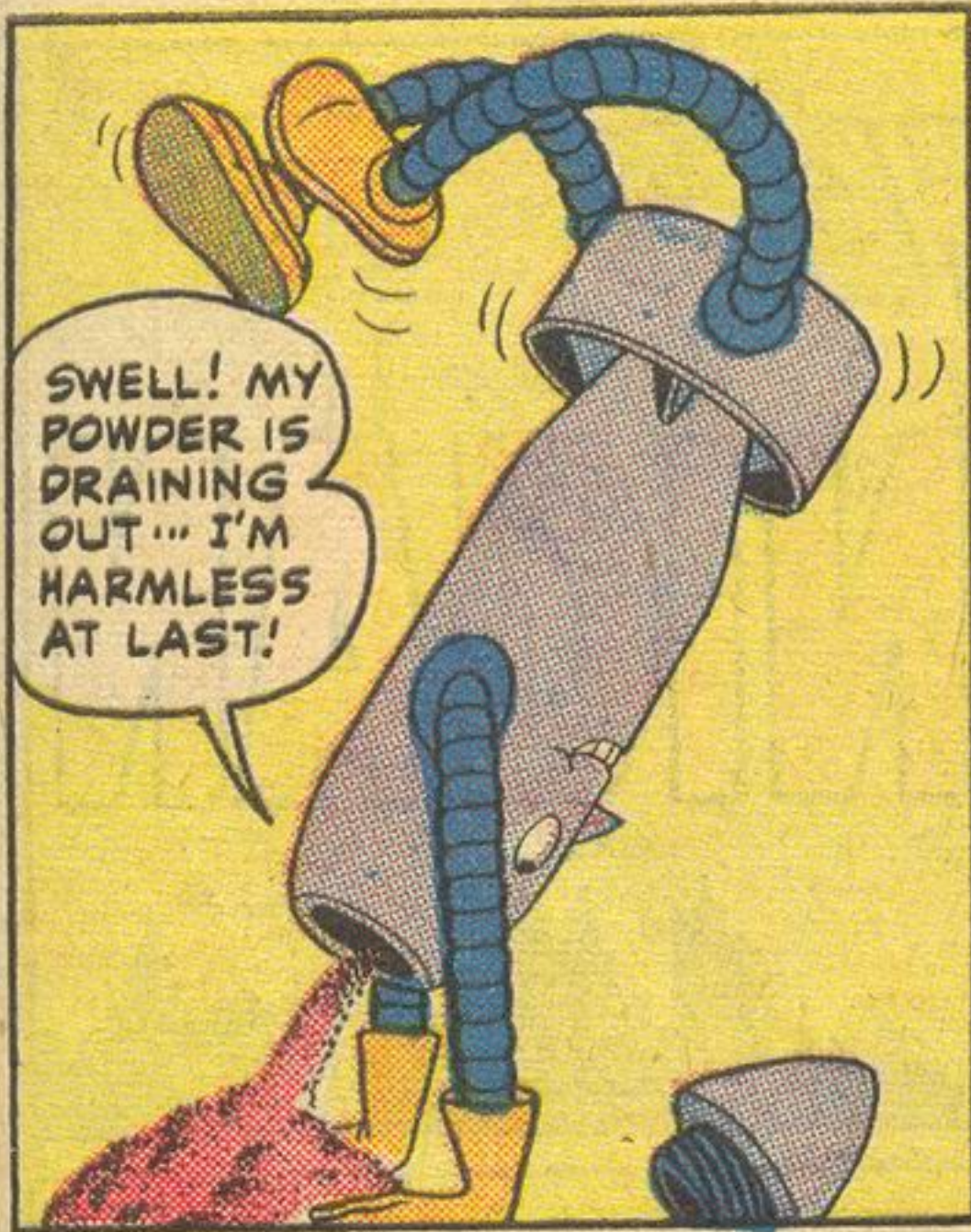




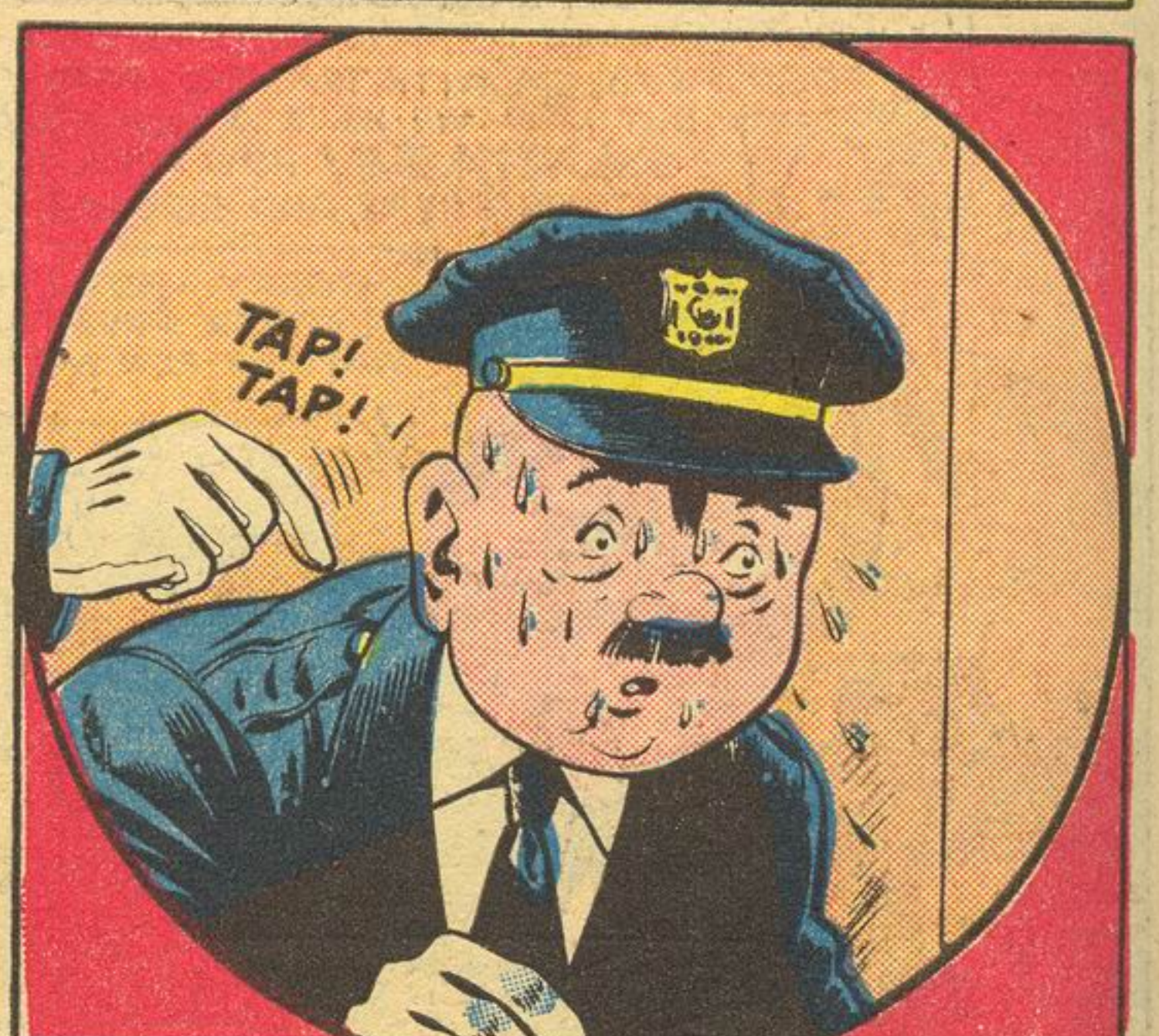
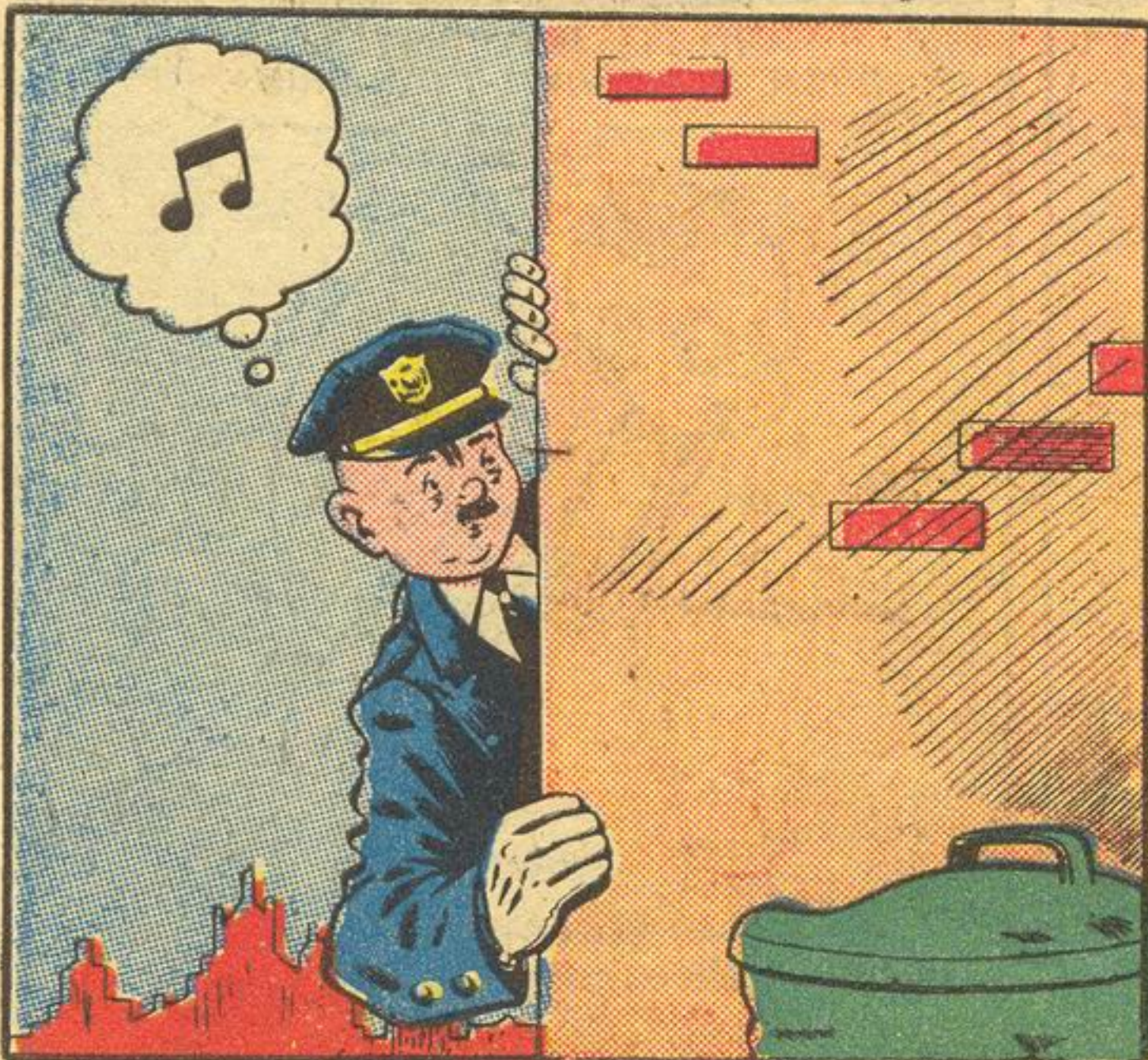
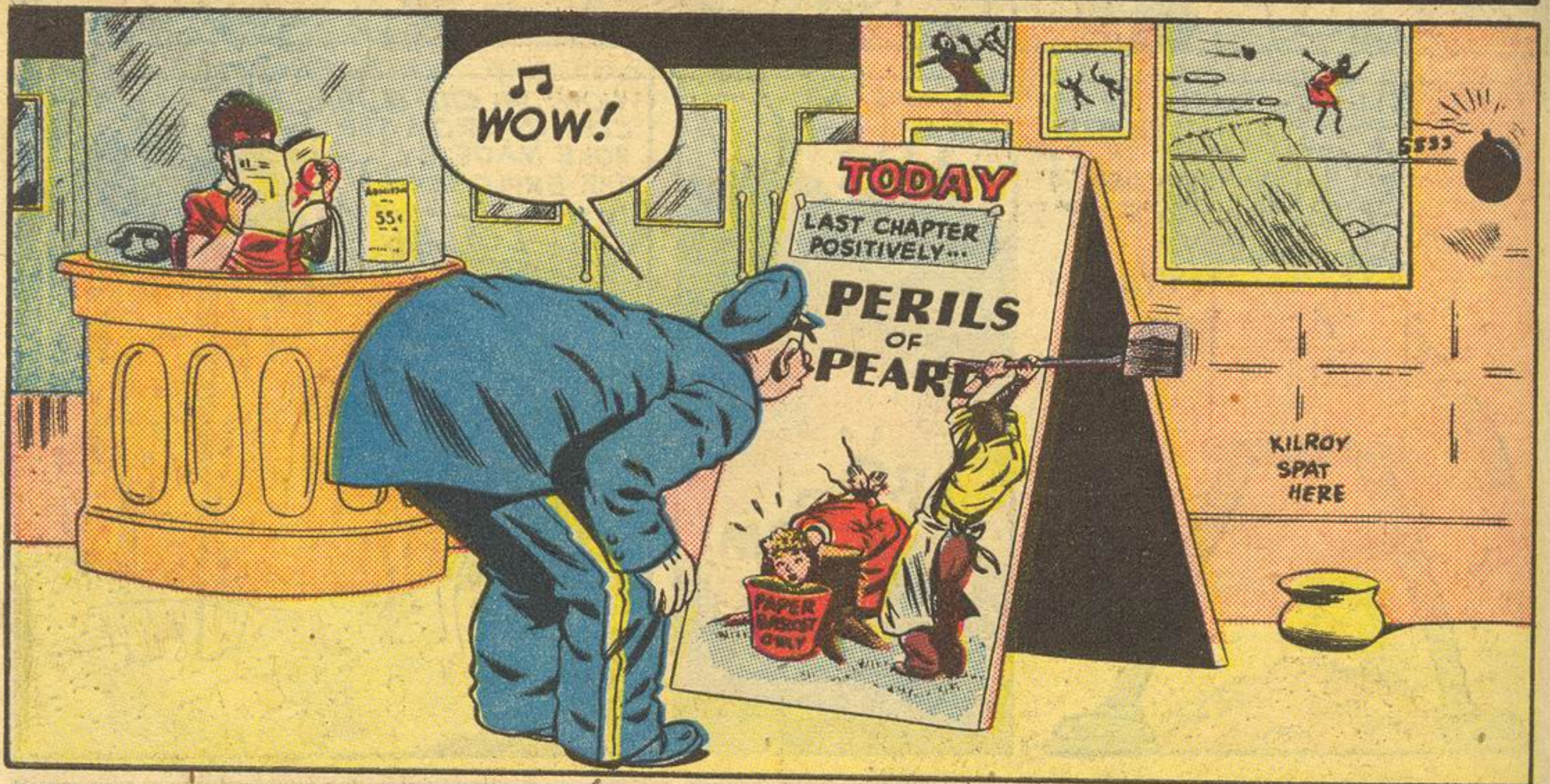




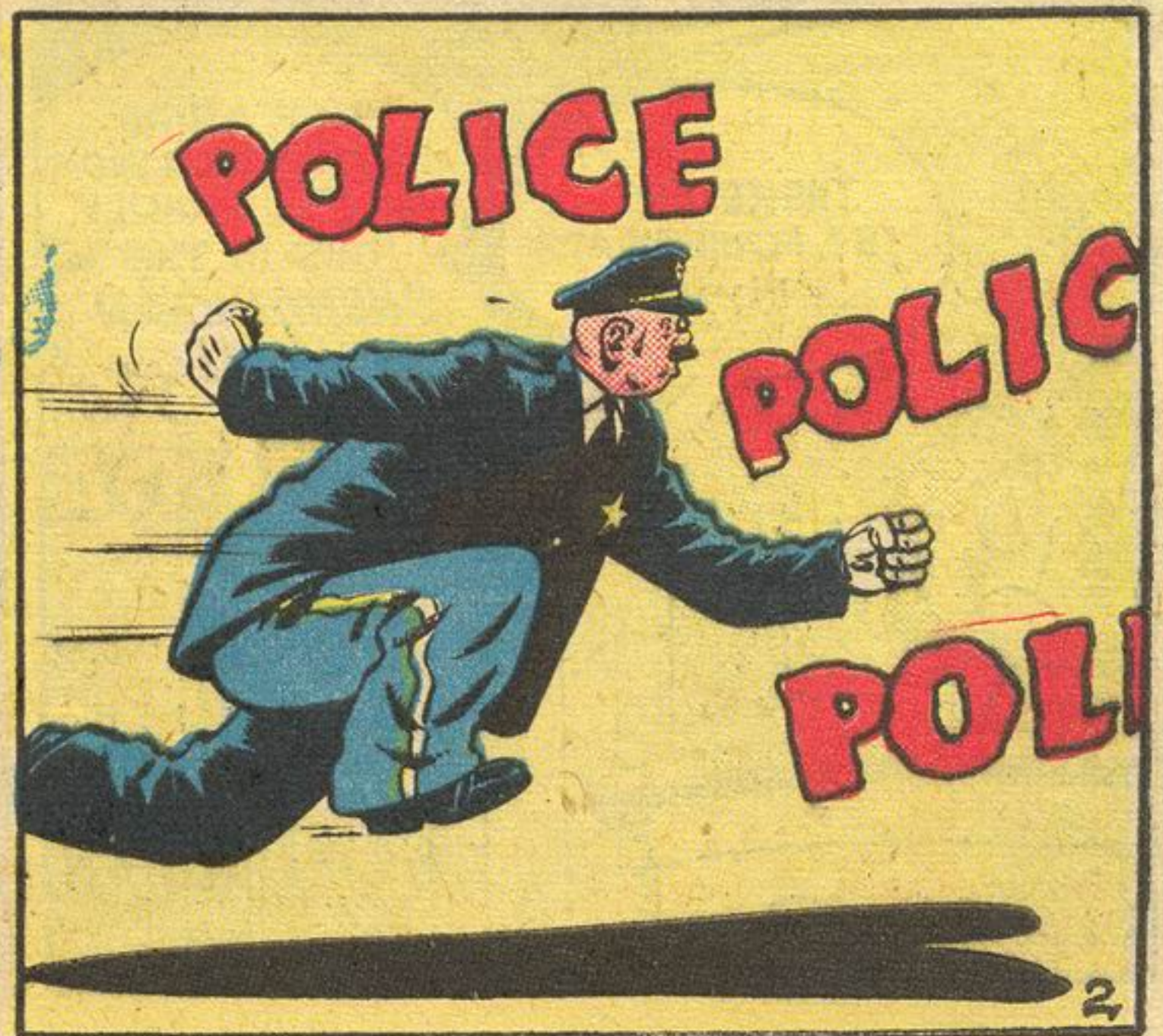
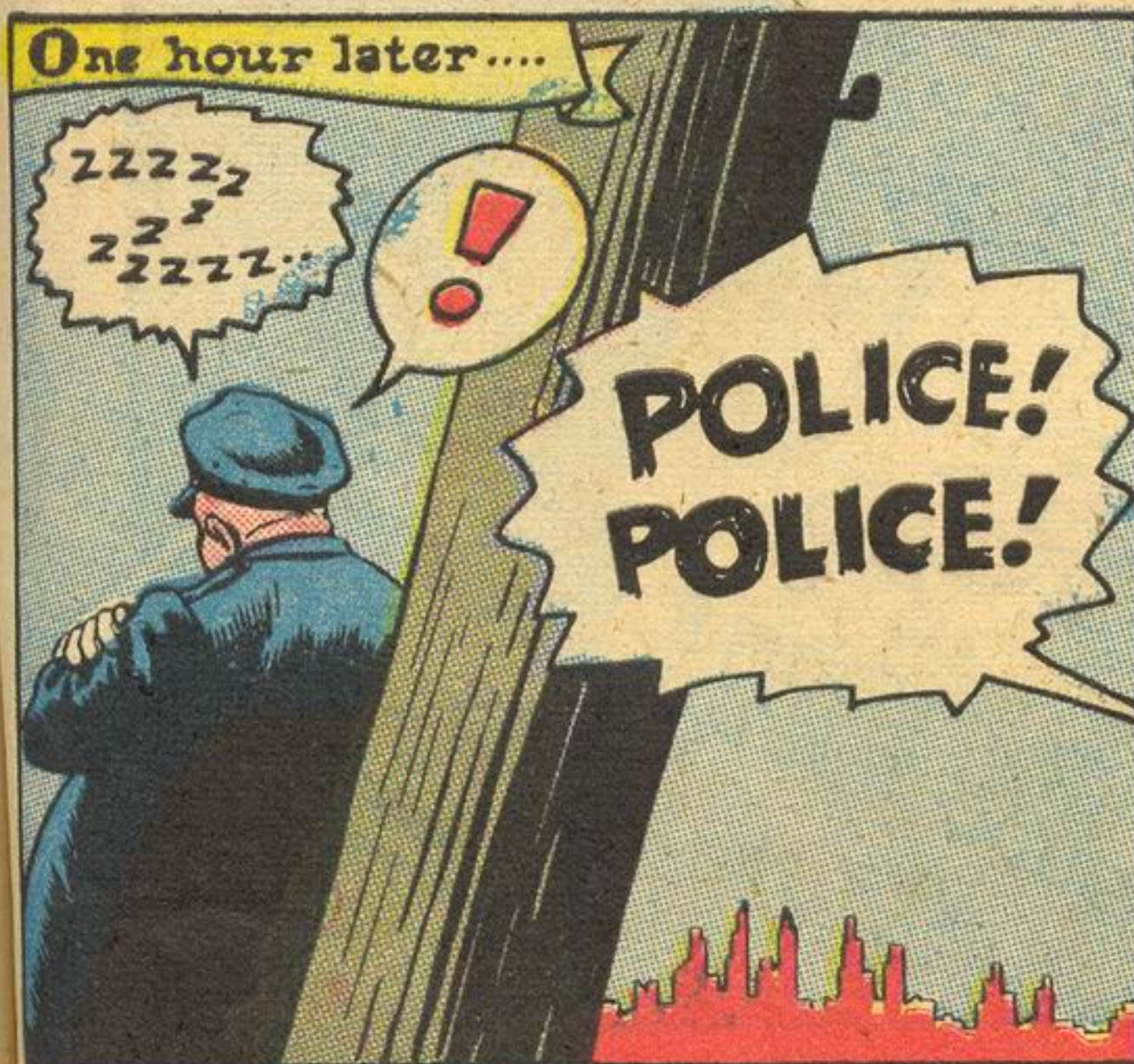
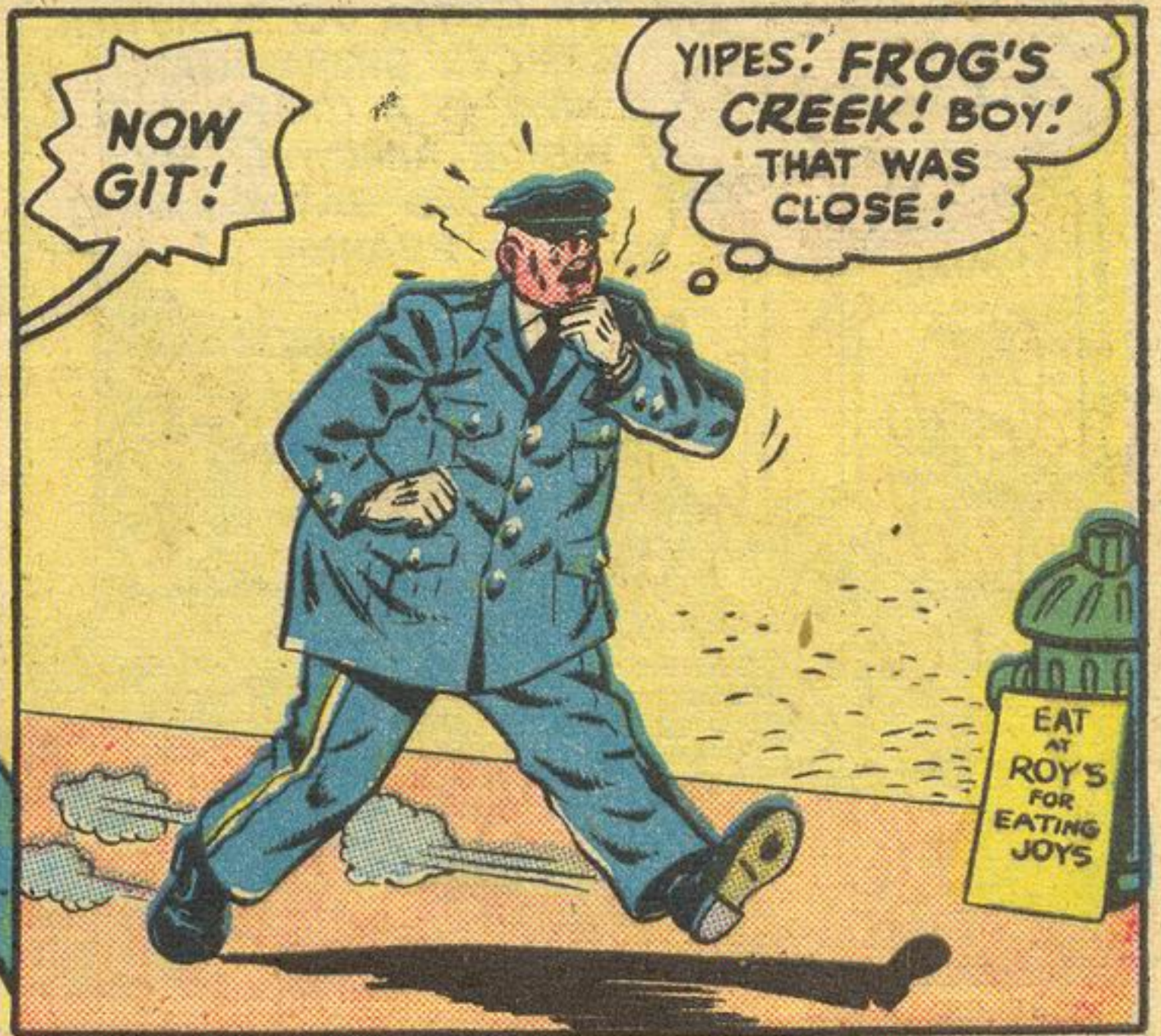
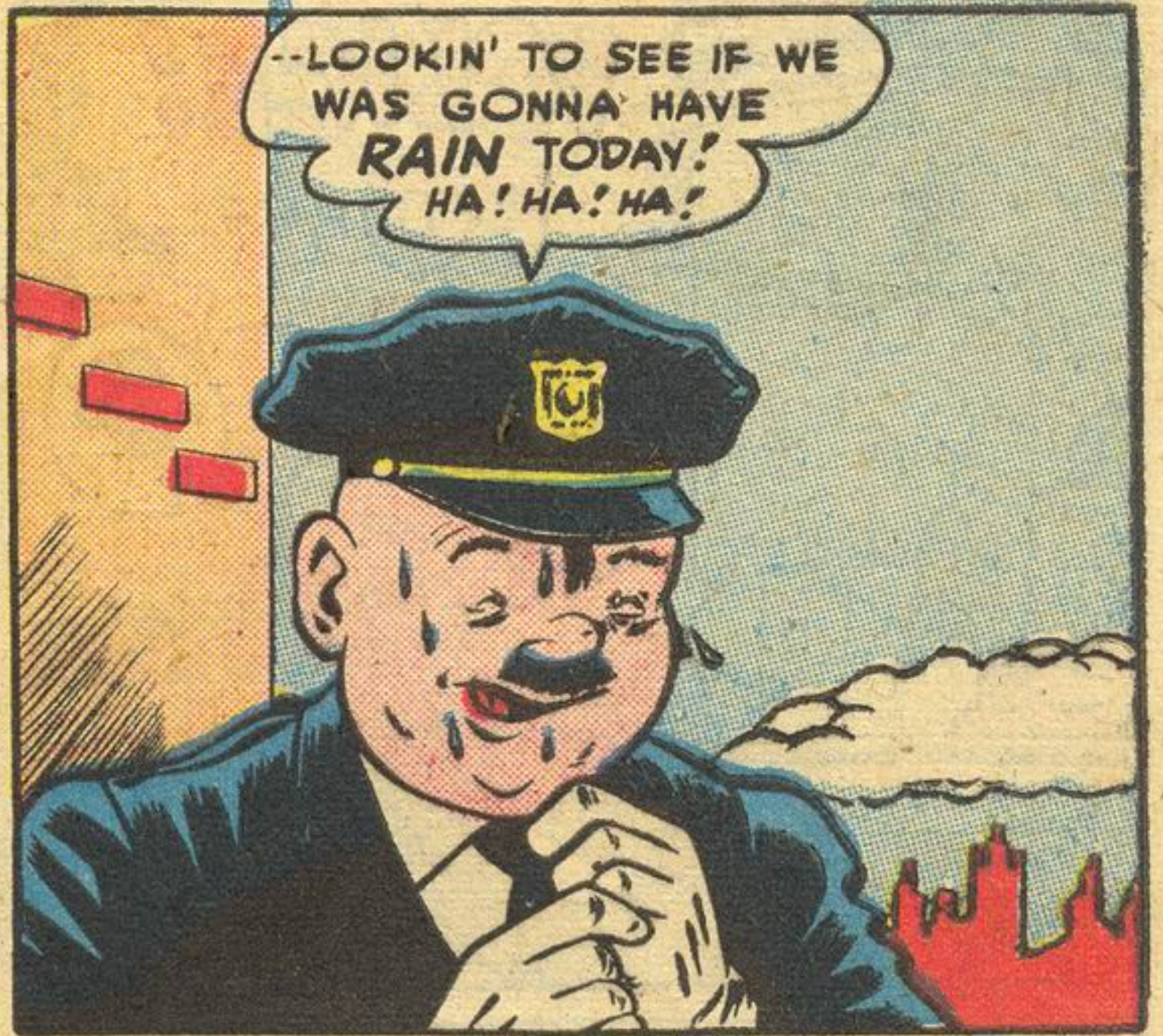
FEATURE COMICS



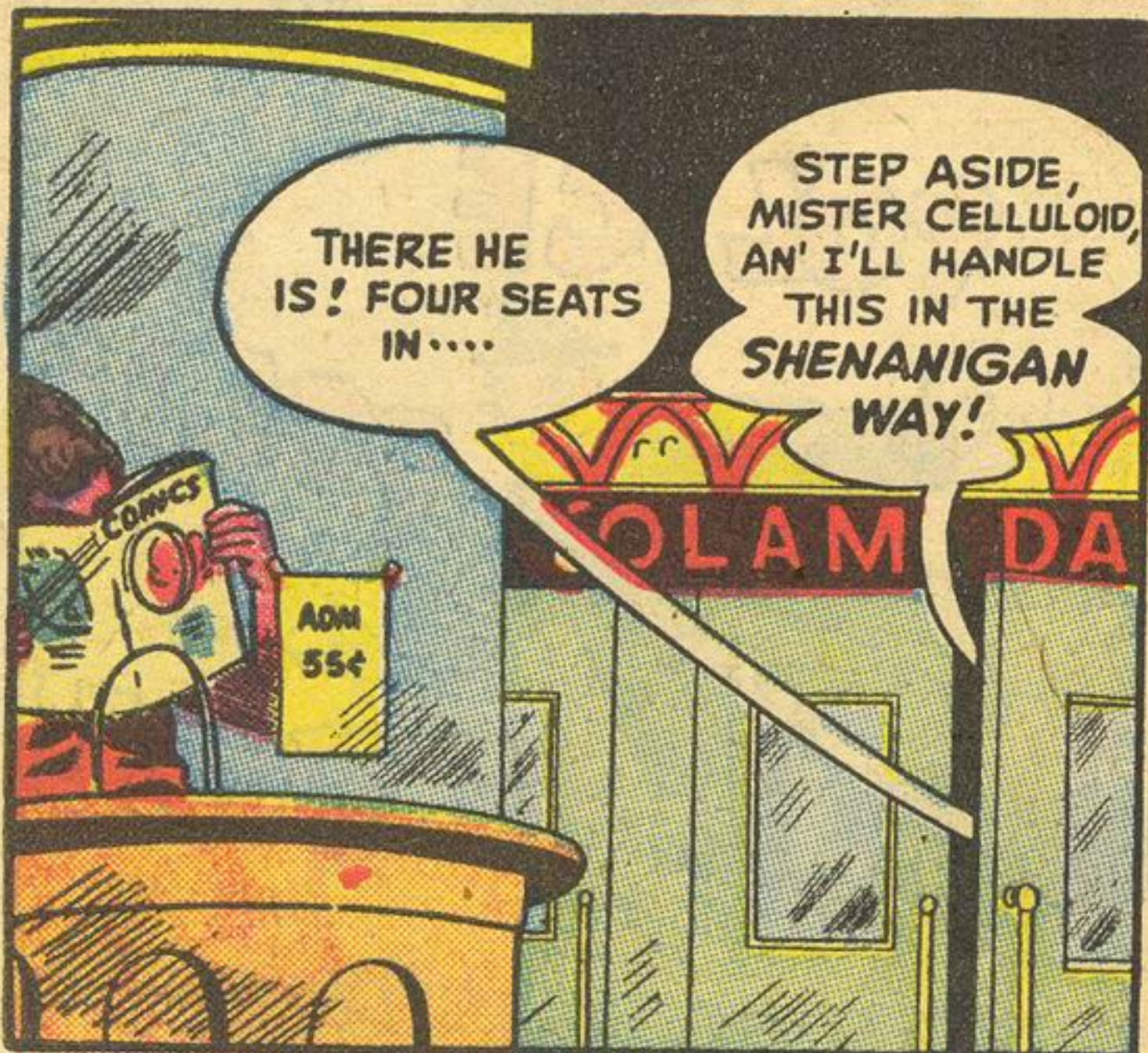




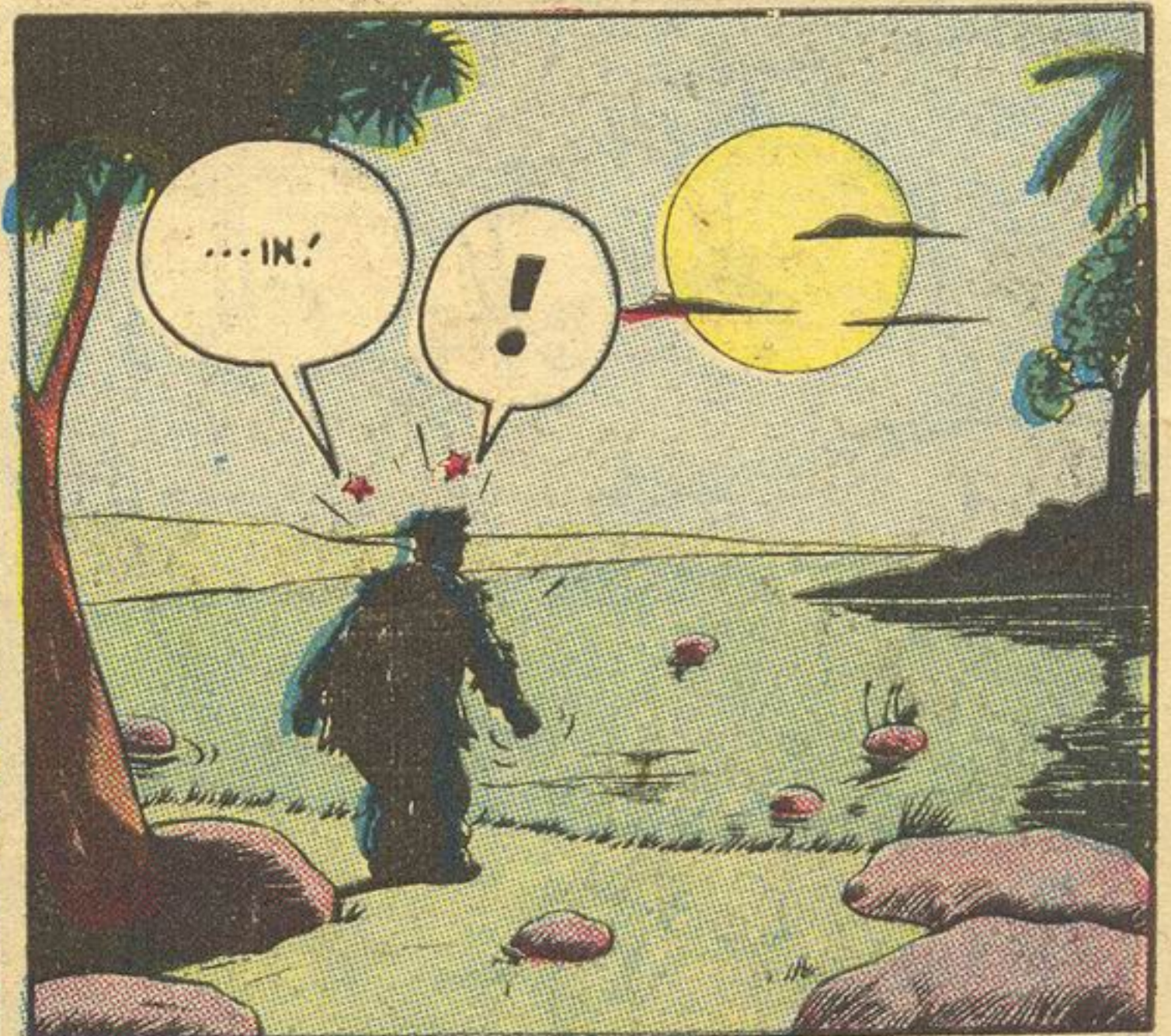
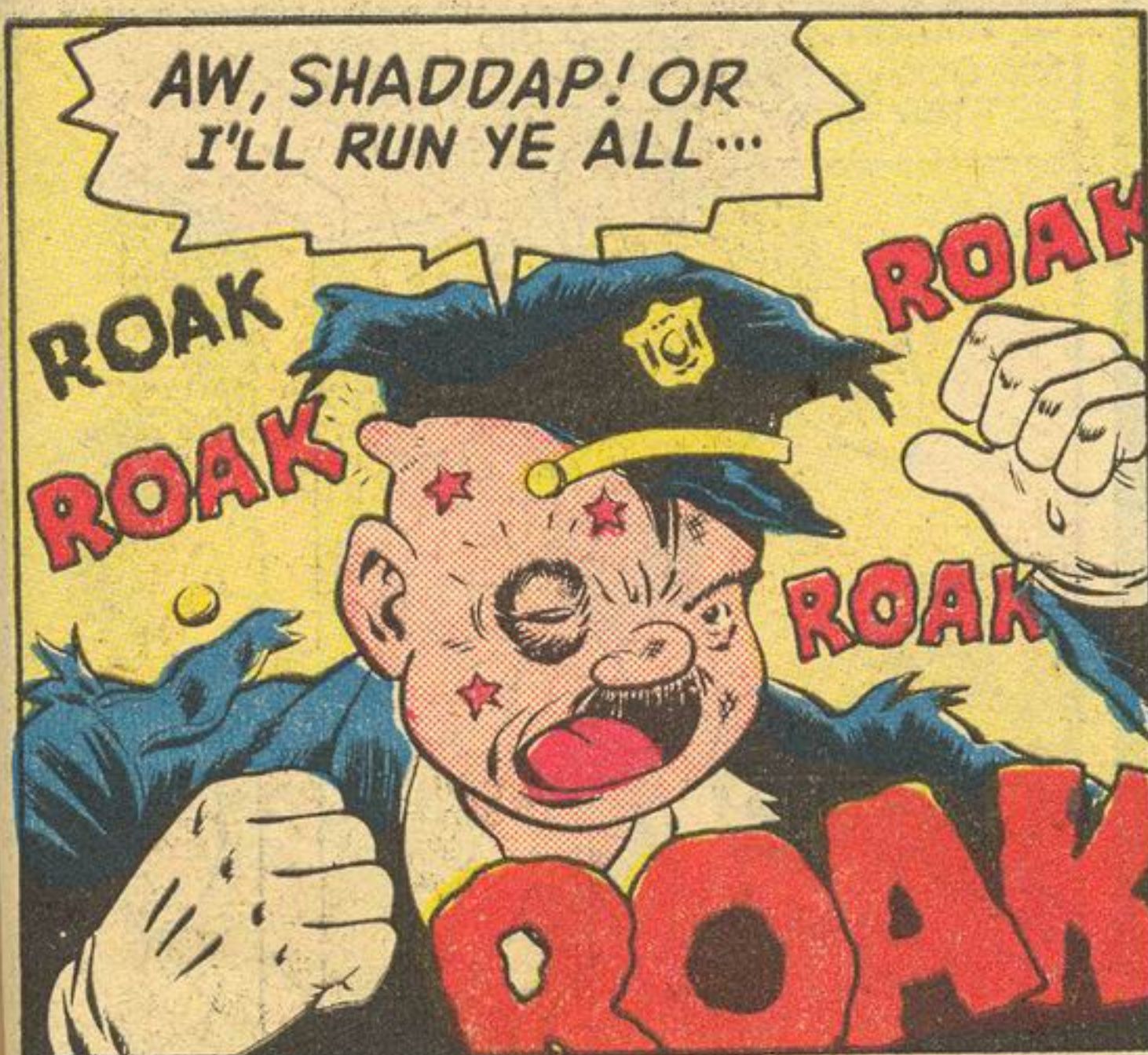
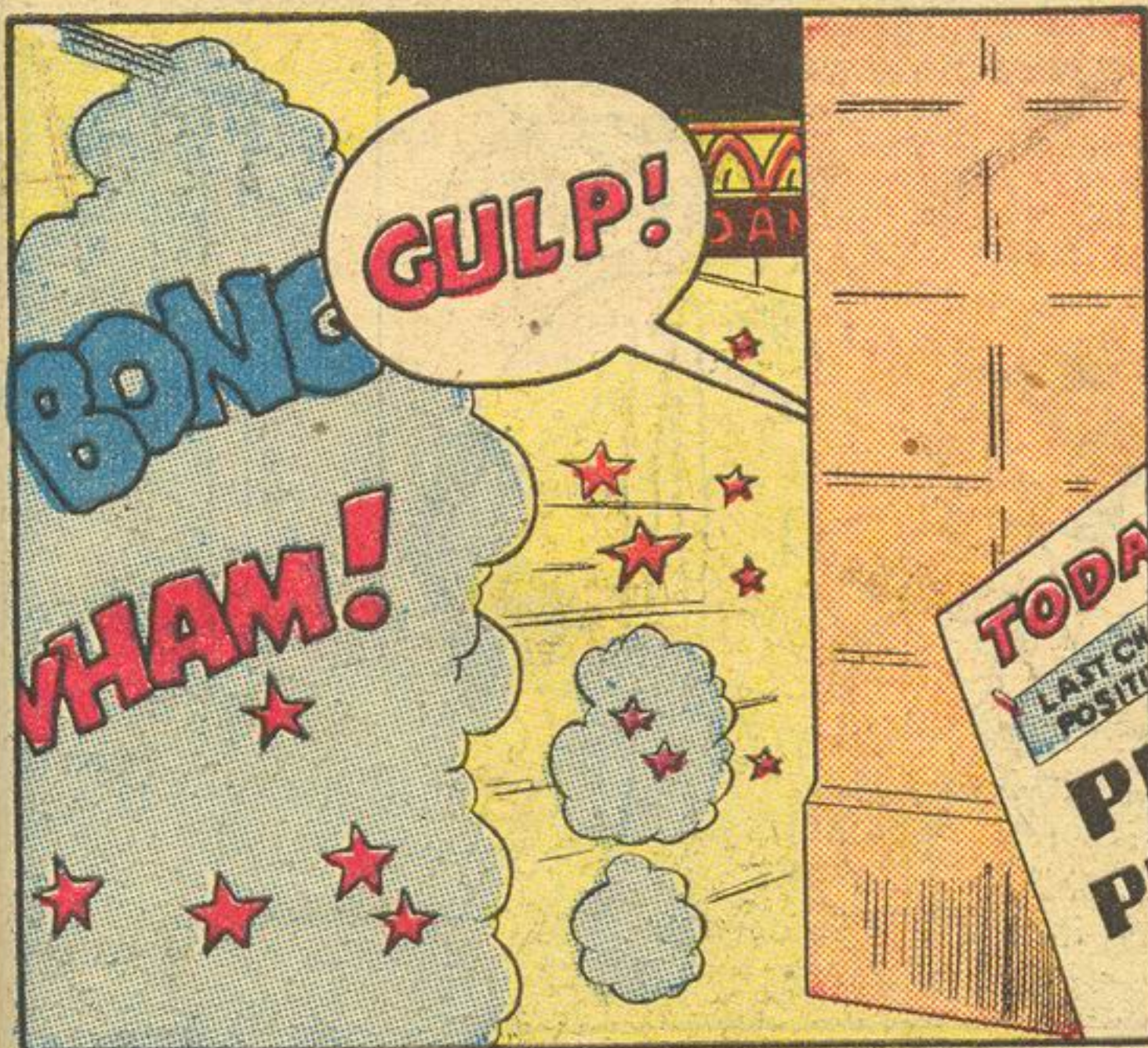
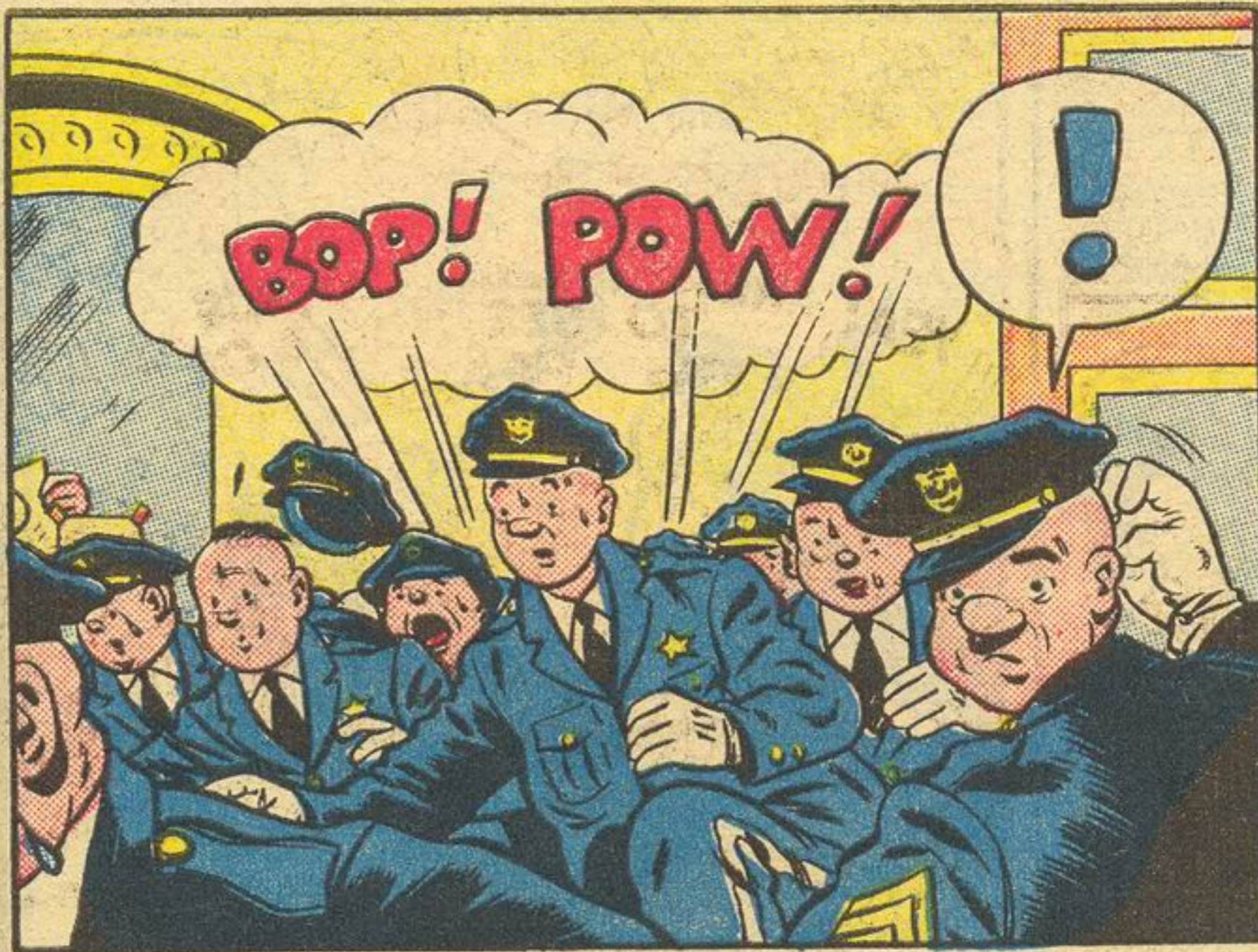






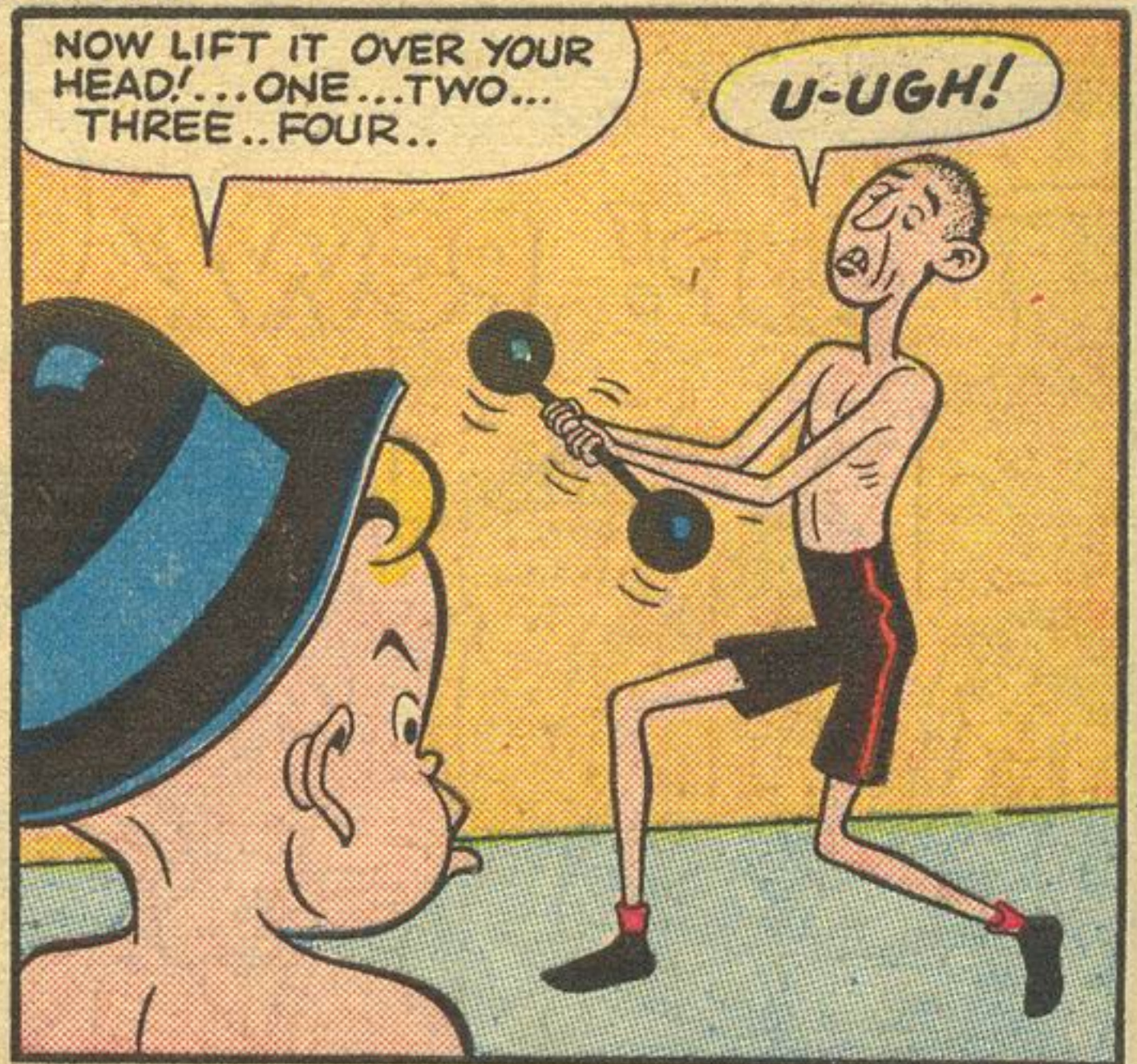
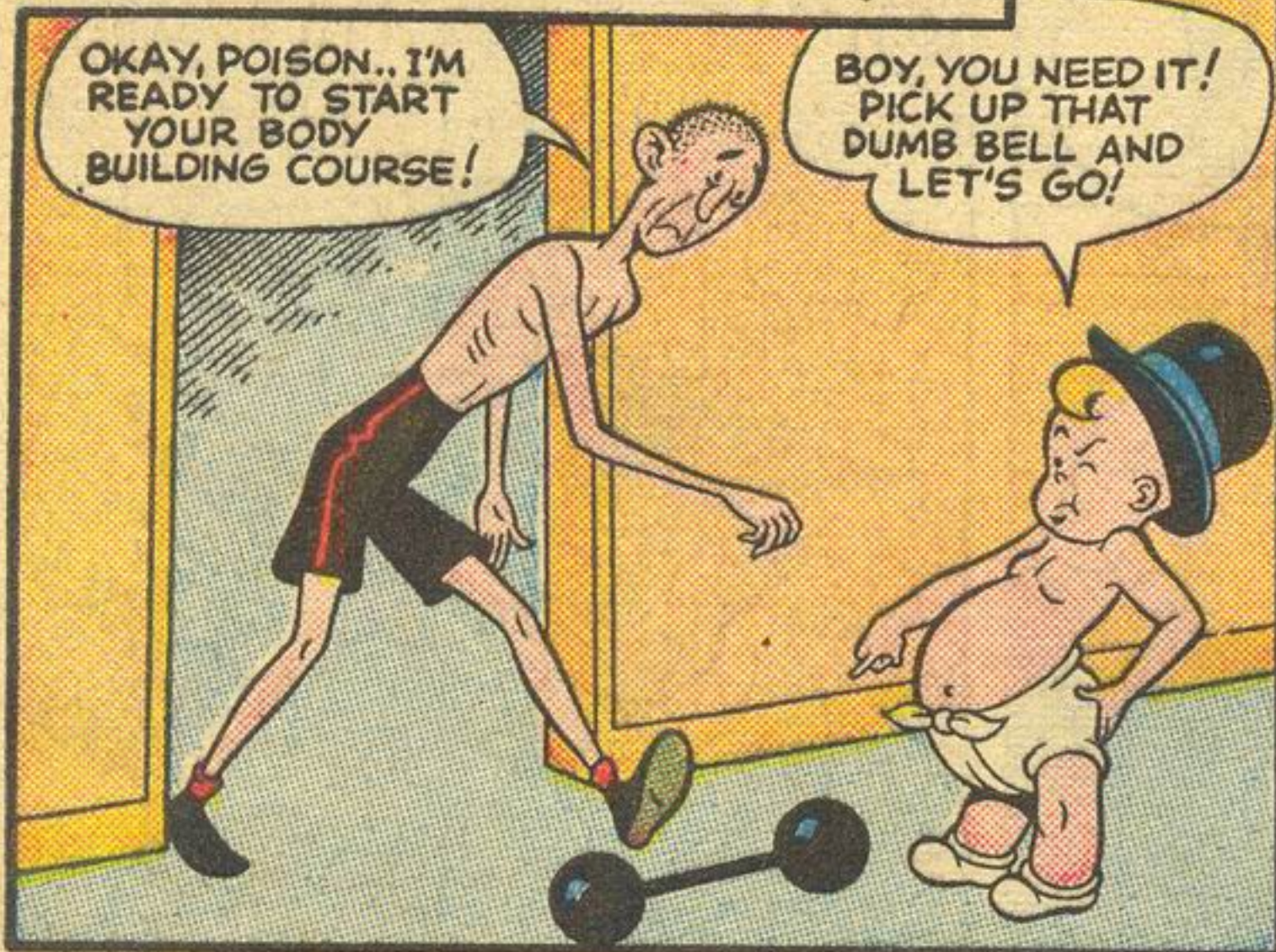




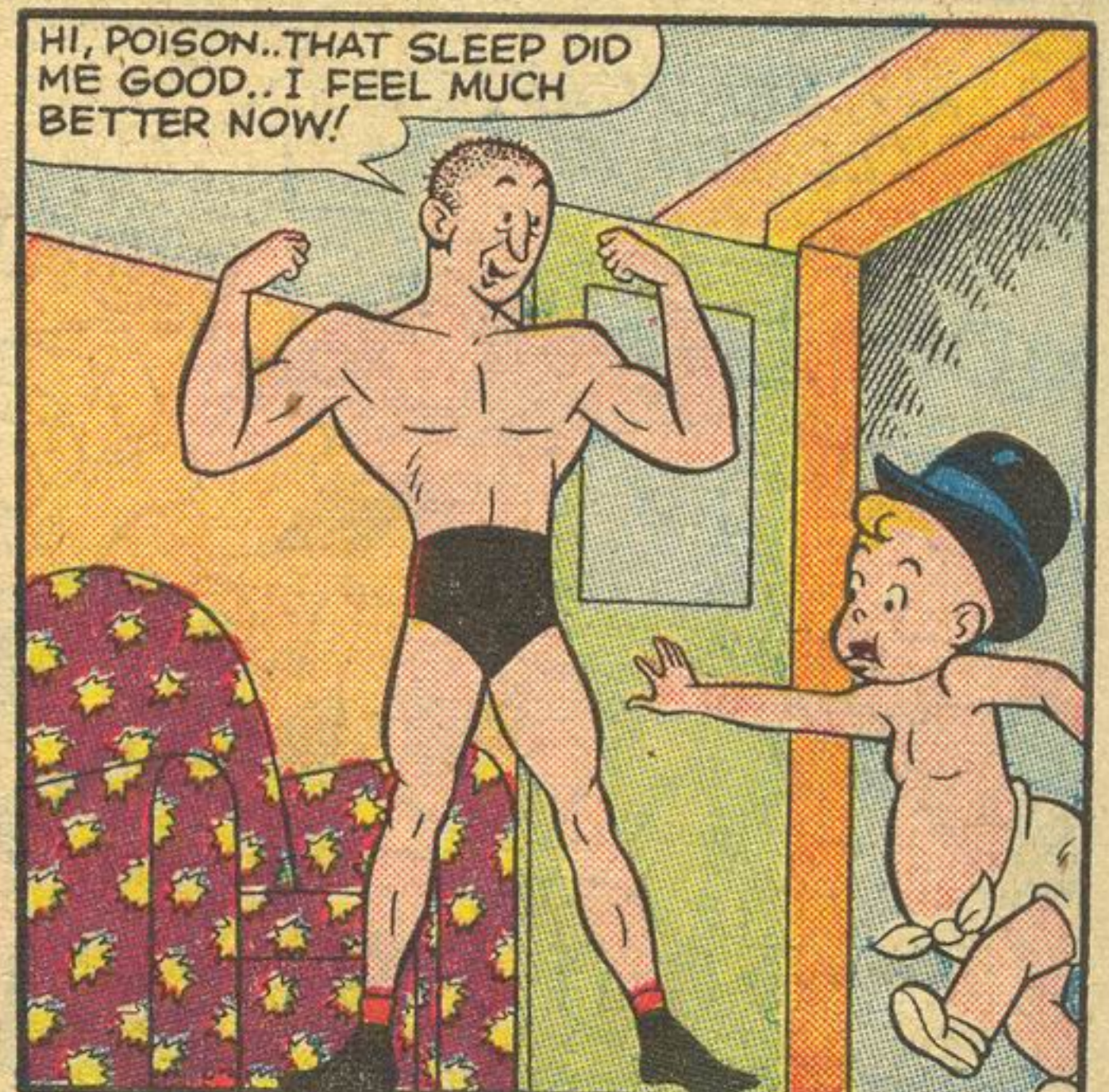
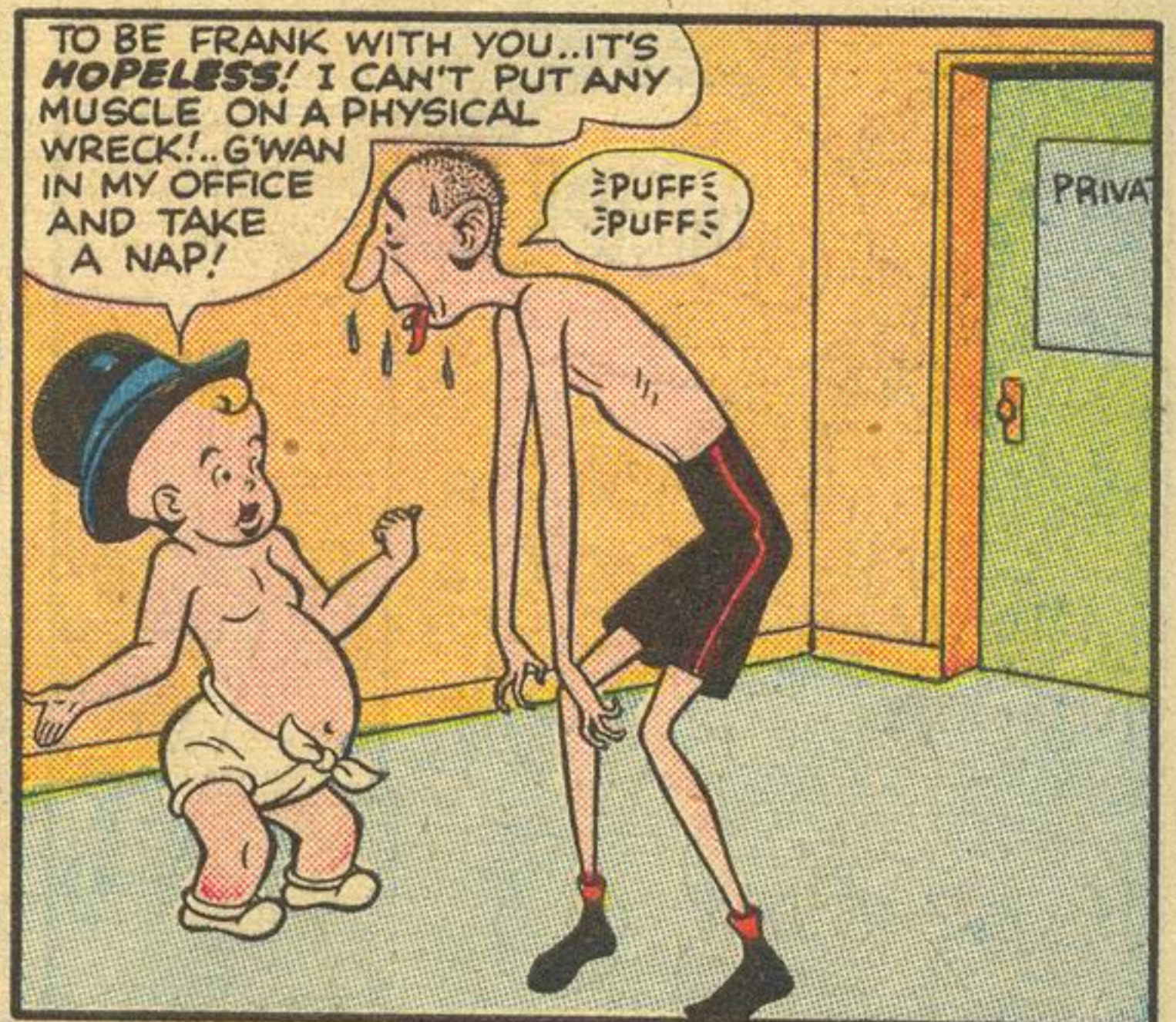
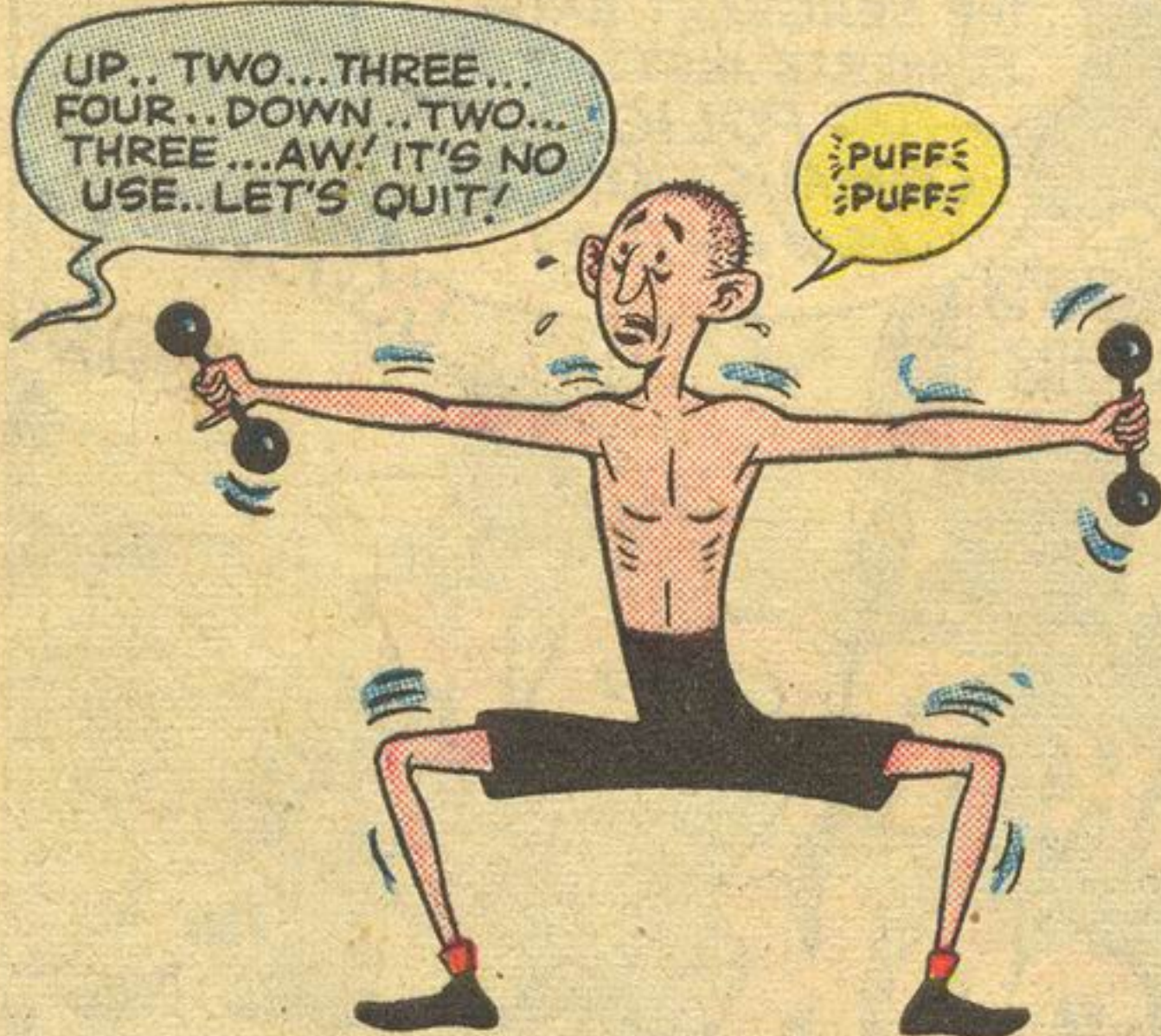




# POISON IVY



SIX HOURS LATER..



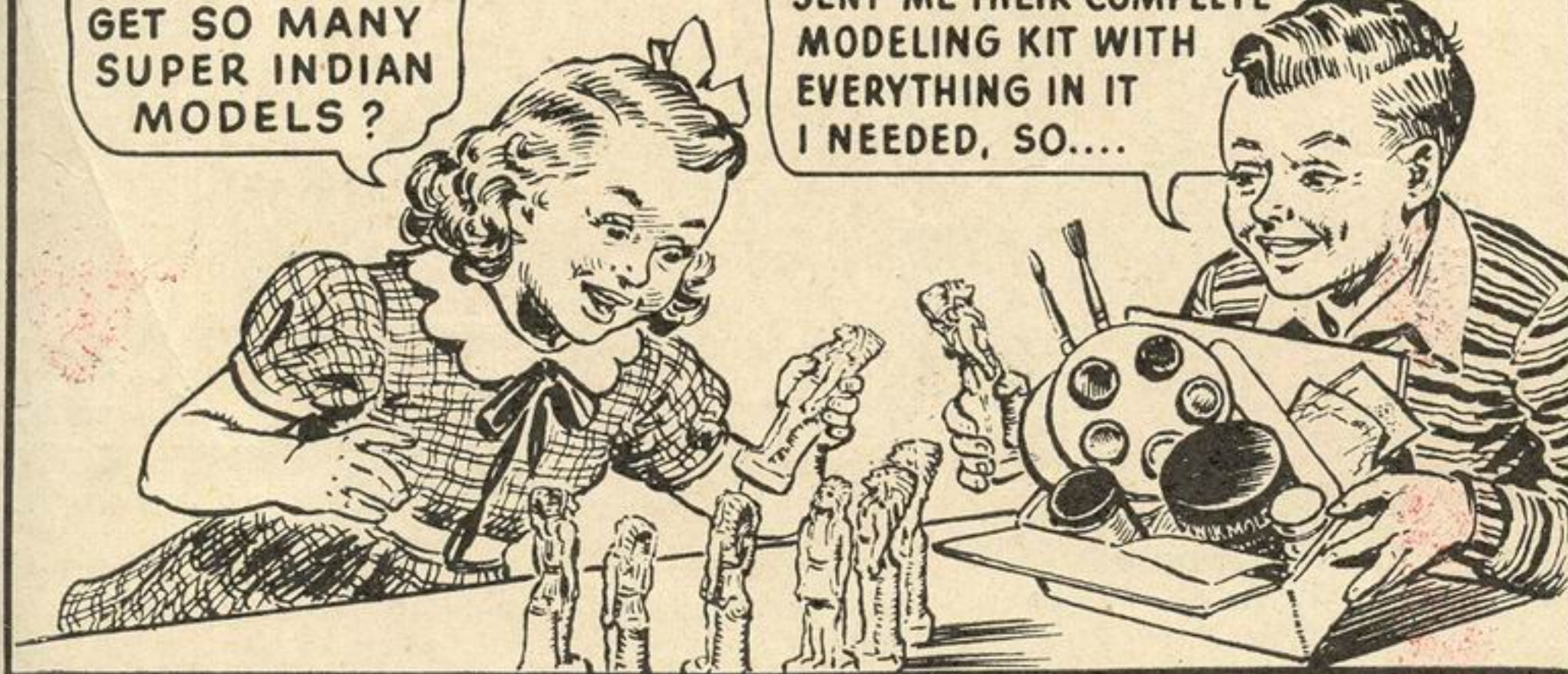


**BOYS!  
GIRLS!**

**Make Your Own Models OF  
DOGS, SOLDIERS—ANYTHING—  
THIS EASY NEW WAY!**

HOW DID YOU  
GET SO MANY  
SUPER INDIAN  
MODELS?

SIMPLE! RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS  
SENT ME THEIR COMPLETE  
MODELING KIT WITH  
EVERYTHING IN IT  
I NEEDED, SO....



.... I JUST PAINT THE  
INDIAN MODEL IN THE KIT  
WITH LIQUID RUBBER  
LIKE THIS!

LOOKS  
EASY!



YOU SAID IT! WHEN THE  
RUBBER DRIES, I STRIP IT  
OFF AND I'VE GOT A RUBBER  
MOLD OF THE INDIAN.

WHAT  
DO YOU  
DO WITH  
THAT?



JUST POUR MODELING  
POWDER INTO IT. THEN  
WHEN IT DRIES, I  
REMOVE THE RUBBER.

DOES THAT  
MAKE A CAST  
OF THE INDIAN?



YUP - JUST LIKE MAGIC! NOW I  
PAINT THE INDIAN. SHUCKS, I CAN  
MAKE HUNDREDS OF 'EM FROM THIS  
ONE MOLD—SELL 'EM, TOO! YOU CAN  
REPRODUCE ANYTHING  
WITH RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS.

GEE, THAT LOOKS LIKE  
FUN. I'M GOING TO OR-  
DER ME A KIT TODAY!



**NOW! NEW MOLD-ART KIT CONTAINS EVERYTHING YOU  
NEED—FUN TO DO—EARN MONEY AT THE SAME  
TIME . . . NO ART SKILL NEEDED**

Here's more fun and excitement than you've ever known before! This amazing Rubber-For-Molds complete Mold-Art Modeling Kit contains everything you need to reproduce statuettes, plaques or any other models quickly, easily and at a sensational low cost. Just coat any subject with the liquid rubber in the kit, allow it to dry, strip it off . . . and you have a mold that can be used to make hundreds of castings like original subject. Kit includes Indian warrior model to start you off. New improved illustrated, easy-to-follow book of instructions (50¢ value) makes it simple to make your own models. Start new fascinating hobby—even make it profitable! Order your introductory trial kit today.

**COMPLETE  
KIT ONLY**

**\$1.49**

**SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER**

**START YOUR OWN  
BUSINESS**

molding toys, novelties, statuettes, book-ends, etc. in spare hours. Great hobby brings fun and opportunity for big profits. Send coupon for trial kit including big new instruction book showing how to mold all kinds of objects today



**SEND NO MONEY**

Fill in coupon now to get your complete RUBBER-for-MOLDS Kit. Send no money. On arrival, pay postman only \$1.49 plus postage for the complete kit of 14 different items. Then follow the easy instructions. If you don't agree that this is the most exciting outfit you've ever seen, if you aren't delighted with the wonderful results you get, simply return the unused portion of your kit in 10 days and your money will be refunded immediately. Don't wait. Start this fascinating hobby, learn how to make extra spending money by mailing coupon right now.

**PROFESSIONALS!**

There's No Finer Rubber For Molds!  
... Popular Prices In Pints, Quarts,  
Gallons.

Kit contains 50¢ value Instruction Book, 14 Different Items—Everything You Need! Famous Indian warrior model in bright colors; generous supply of finest liquid rubber; molding powder; base on which to mount subject; shellac for fastening to base; brush for spreading rubber; extra brush; sandpaper; talcum for dusting; talcum pad; spatula; palette of colors to paint models.

**RUSH THIS 10-DAY TRIAL COUPON!**

**RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS, Inc., Dept. 53 L  
6044 Avondale, Chicago 31, Illinois**

Please send me your complete RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS Modeling Kit, including 50¢ Instruction Book, for which I will pay postman only \$1.49 plus postage. (Send \$1.49 with order, we pay postage.) I will return Kit in 10 days if I am not satisfied and you will refund my \$1.49.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (print plainly)

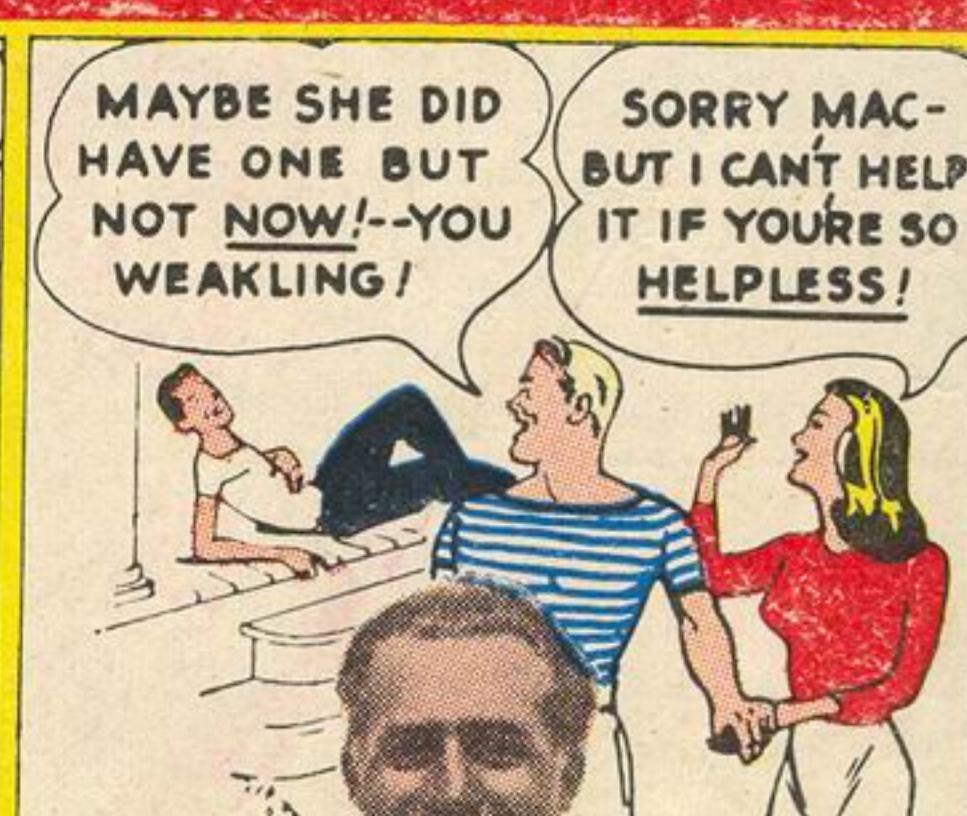
Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS, Inc., Dept. 53 L, 6044 N. Avondale, Chicago 31, Ill.**



# HOW JUST TWO WORDS TURNED MAC INTO A HE-MAN!



**I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too  
—in Only 15 Minutes a Day!**

If you (like Mac), are fed up with being "pushed around"—if you're sick and tired of having the kind of a body that people PITY instead of ADMIRE—then give me just 15 minutes a day! That's all I need to PROVE I can make you a NEW MAN!

I know what I'm talking about. I was once a thin, peepless, 97 pound "bag of bones" myself. Then I discovered my now-famous secret, "Dynamic Tension." It turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And I have used this secret to rebuild thousands of other scrawny, half-alive weaklings into perfect, red-blooded specimens of real HE-MANHOOD. Let me prove that I can do the same for YOU."

## "Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy NATURAL method will

make you a finer specimen of REAL MANTHOOD  
than you ever dreamed you could be'

I don't care how old or young you are or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add **SOLID MILE** to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time!

**FREE BOOK**

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book — FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension." Shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally Charles Atlas, Dept. 3309 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



Charles  
Cittas

— actual photo of Charles Atlas, winner and holder of the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3309**

115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

**I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me — give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."**

Name..... Age.....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address .....

City ..... Zone No.  
(if any) ..... State .....